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# Chatterbox

EDITED BY JERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.



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# CONTENTS.



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|                                     |                         |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| About Shells                        | 12                      |
| A Memorable Christmas Eve           | 30, 34                  |
| A Cripple for Life                  | 58                      |
| A Bad Name                          | 71                      |
| A Soft Answer                       | 94                      |
| Archbishop Potter                   | 95                      |
| A Gallant Rescue                    | 98                      |
| An Adventure with a Panther         | 114                     |
| Anecdote                            | 142                     |
| A Curl cut off with an Axe          | 151                     |
| A Slight Mistake                    | 152                     |
| A Trip to the North Sea             | 164, 171                |
| Algeria and the Arabs               | 186, 197                |
| A Mischievous Parrot                | 187                     |
| A Royal Pair                        | 233                     |
| Apple The                           | 235                     |
| A Horse's Petition                  | 242                     |
| A Word on Bathing                   | 250                     |
| Alice Winham's Dream                | 255                     |
| A Heavy Snowstorm                   | 270                     |
| Asleep and Awake                    | 298                     |
| A Raven Chatterbox                  | 314                     |
| A Strange Pet                       | 370                     |
| Another Chapter on Annelids         | 404                     |
| Anecdote of Dr. Johnson             | 411                     |
| Bustings, The                       | 57                      |
| Beaver, The Young                   | 155                     |
| Blind Folk                          | 178                     |
| Brave Little Belgians               | 196                     |
| Black-Cap and Nightingale           | 204                     |
| Bathing                             | 250                     |
| Bullfinch, Hawfinch, and Greenfinch | 277                     |
| Brave Fiddle                        | 388, 397                |
| Out from a Boy's Book               | 2, 18, 42, 138          |
| Clever Animals                      | 5                       |
| Chinese Mandarin                    | 138                     |
| Chamois Hunter                      | 279                     |
| Columbus in Prison                  | 311                     |
| Cochin-China Tiger                  | 319                     |
| Country Boys                        | 351                     |
| Charlie on the Bridge               | 383                     |
| Cross Questions                     | 402                     |
| Don't Gossip                        | 79                      |
| Do you want a Boy, Sir?             | 85                      |
| Dr. Livingstone's Dog               | 194                     |
| Diamonds                            | 238                     |
| Don't Give Up                       | 238                     |
| Danger at Dinner                    | 341                     |
| Drowning the Squirrel               | 375                     |
| Every Country has its Gifts         | 103                     |
| Edward's Wish                       | 194, 302, 314, 322      |
| Escape of Stephanos                 | 259                     |
| Extravagance                        | 273                     |
| Fly-fishing                         | 181                     |
| Female Heroism                      | 286                     |
| Father's Vineyard                   | 330                     |
| Good for Something                  | 59                      |
| Grove Lodge                         | 90, 74, 82, 90, 98, 106 |
| Guinea-Pigs                         | 127                     |
| Gyp                                 | 146                     |
| Goldfinch and Linnet                | 245                     |

|                                   |                              |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| How to make a Kaleidoscope        | 74                           |
| Hot Cross Buns                    | 143                          |
| Hawaiian Children                 | 162                          |
| How I became a Printer            | 268                          |
| Hans Christian Andersen           | 298                          |
| Hungarian Gipsies                 | 344                          |
| Horror of telling a Lie           | 354                          |
| I shall dine to-morrow            | 262                          |
| I'm sure to be Disappointed       | 119                          |
| Izaak Walton                      | 212                          |
| Inchbrook                         | 354, 362, 371, 379, 387, 394 |
| It stings!                        | 391                          |
| Italian Grayhound and Puppies     | 402                          |
| Jackdaw's Nest, The               | 147, 158, 162, 170, 178      |
| Joseph Haydn                      | 368                          |
| Katey the Terrier and Letter      | 322                          |
| Love the best force               | 20                           |
| Lost Gerald                       | 132                          |
| Lobsters                          | 192                          |
| Louis XI. and the Astrologer      | 281                          |
| Laurence Lane's coming Home       | 292                          |
| Legend, A                         | 389                          |
| Matthias, the Miner's Boy         | 79                           |
| Martin Luther                     | 92                           |
| 'Milk oh!'                        | 103                          |
| Mohave, The                       | 108                          |
| Mare and Foal                     | 159                          |
| Michael de Ruyther                | 210, 218, 226                |
| Musquitoes                        | 261                          |
| Money without Silver or Gold      | 382                          |
| Northumberland Fish-women         | 15                           |
| Nestor, the Bull-dog              | 90                           |
| News                              | 266                          |
| National Salutations              | 346                          |
| Nanaah                            | 374                          |
| Napoleon II.                      | 407                          |
| Organ Man, The                    | 151                          |
| Obedience                         | 239                          |
| Oysters—Gratia—for One Hour only! | 406                          |
| Pat Brady's Leap                  | 94                           |
| Put the bright side out to Mother | 183                          |
| Philip and Alice                  | 221                          |
| Palindrome, The                   | 250                          |
| 'Possum up a Gum-tree             | 254, 258                     |
| Poor Little Polly                 | 262, 271, 274                |
| Poachers, The                     | 267                          |
| Promises to God                   | 285                          |
| Poor Widow's Boy                  | 398                          |
| Roasted Chestnuts                 | 81                           |
| Rabbits                           | 132                          |
| Remarkable Fish, A                | 342                          |
| Raphael Sanzio                    | 357                          |
| Salt-Money                        | 5                            |
| Sparrows and Starlings            | 101                          |
| Sweep, The                        | 111                          |
| Sea-Worms                         | 181                          |
| Story of a Great Statesman        | 165                          |
| Sea-Gulls                         | 170                          |
| Spiders and their Webs            | 190                          |
| Sketch, The                       | 228                          |

|   |                         |
|---|-------------------------|
| Stephen's Work                            | 275, 282, 290, 302, 306 |
| Swain's Jumps                             | 327                     |
| Sky and Tit-Larks                         | 349                     |
| The Hermit of the Forest                  | 6, 10, 22, 26           |
| The Quaker's Gift                         | 19                      |
| The Captive Wood-Chuck                    | 23                      |
| The New England Fisher-Boy                | 38, 45, 50, 62, 66      |
| That's How                                | 50                      |
| The Hottentot Kraals                      | 54                      |
| The London Cabman                         | 55                      |
| The Cabmen of St. Petersburg              | 60                      |
| The Twin Monkeys                          | 66                      |
| Thrushes and Blackbirds                   | 68                      |
| The Flying House                          | 77                      |
| The English Labourer                      | 82                      |
| The Inventor of Potatoes                  | 86                      |
| The Way of Death                          | 93                      |
| Two Sides to Fortune                      | 100                     |
| The Little Stranger                       | 102                     |
| Tom Holdfast's First Trip                 | 109                     |
| The Wand of Truth                         | 110, 117                |
| The Lace Handkerchief                     | 122, 134, 142, 146, 154 |
| The Scattered Pearls                      | 126                     |
| The Girl who would not Shut the Door      | 180                     |
| The Intelligent Stork                     | 140                     |
| The Nurse's Blessing                      | 175                     |
| The Unselfish Soldier                     | 191                     |
| Take another                              | 199                     |
| The Old Church Tower                      | 205                     |
| The Skylark's Song                        | 215                     |
| The Singing Student                       | 236                     |
| The Coastguard's Tale                     | 234, 242, 250           |
| Two More Captives                         | 243                     |
| The Great Wind and Water Machine          | 246                     |
| The Falling House                         | 251                     |
| The Turkey                                | 258                     |
| Three Cherry-Stones                       | 266                     |
| The Rat and its Burden                    | 282                     |
| The Gambler                               | 283                     |
| The Eagle's Nest                          | 286                     |
| The Silver Dollar                         | 294                     |
| The Zouave's Cat                          | 301                     |
| The Grateful Swallow and the Faithful Dog | 309, 314, 322           |
| The Purse of Gold                         | 310                     |
| The Value of a Chatterbox                 | 315                     |
| The Lost Bird                             | 318                     |
| The Roman Triumph                         | 323                     |
| The Bastille                              | 325, 331                |
| Three Curious Needles                     | 330                     |
| The Fisher Friends                        | 334, 338, 341, 346, 359 |
| The Diver                                 | 341                     |
| The Mad Dog, or True Bravery              | 342                     |
| The Village Schoolmaster                  | 347                     |
| The Caliph and his Physician              | 351                     |
| Two Talks to Myself                       | 359                     |
| The Little Colporteur                     | 362                     |
| The Squirrel and the Magpie               | 367                     |



# CONTENTS.

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| The Generous Foldiers . . . . .                 | 373 |
| The Captain's Story . . . . .                   | 378 |
| The Tits . . . . .                              | 381 |
| The Little Pheasant Gatherer . . . . .          | 386 |
| The Husband who was to mind the House . . . . . | 390 |
| The Little Fishery . . . . .                    | 395 |

|                                      |        |
|--------------------------------------|--------|
| The Two Dogs . . . . .               | 396    |
| The Substitute . . . . .             | 403    |
| The Robins and the Wrens . . . . .   | 405    |
| The Legend of Hans Keller . . . . .  | 410    |
| Uncle Jack . . . . .                 | 124    |
| Wild Sam and Blind Millie . . . . .  | 43, 51 |
| Water-Ouzel and Kingfisher . . . . . | 141    |

|                                 |     |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| Wagtails and Swallows . . . . . | 173 |
| Words, Words, Words! . . . . .  | 307 |
| Wild Bull . . . . .             | 207 |
| Whatever You Like . . . . .     | 247 |
| Without Arms . . . . .          | 395 |
| Woodpeckers . . . . .           | 317 |

## POETRY.

|                                      |     |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| Alleyne's Grammar-School . . . . .   | 15  |
| A Song about Buntings . . . . .      | 38  |
| A Carol for Christmas-tide . . . . . | 40  |
| A Song about Blackbirds . . . . .    | 69  |
| A Song about Finches . . . . .       | 246 |
| Birdie Robin . . . . .               | 84  |
| Boys' and Girls' Rights . . . . .    | 199 |
| Baby is King . . . . .               | 394 |
| Be Strong . . . . .                  | 404 |
| Christmas Carol . . . . .            | 35  |
| Caasablanca . . . . .                | 154 |
| Do Your Best . . . . .               | 380 |
| Found Dead in the Street . . . . .   | 88  |
| Holy Thursday . . . . .              | 218 |
| Habitch and Hattich . . . . .        | 298 |
| I am the Family Cat . . . . .        | 72  |
| Johanny McCree . . . . .             | 182 |
| Lady Edith . . . . .                 | 183 |
| Little Fanny . . . . .               | 338 |
| Lily . . . . .                       | 274 |
| Mr. Isaac Walton . . . . .           | 213 |

|                                       |     |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| Mary's Treasures . . . . .            | 412 |
| New Version of an old Fable . . . . . | 140 |
| Our Little Fattie . . . . .           | 590 |
| 'Possum up a Tree . . . . .           | 258 |
| Principle put to the Test . . . . .   | 285 |
| Rejoice in May . . . . .              | 184 |
| September . . . . .                   | 827 |
| Song about Sparrows . . . . .         | 102 |
| Song of the Shoeblick . . . . .       | 167 |
| Song of the Warblers . . . . .        | 306 |
| Song of the Woodpecker . . . . .      | 318 |
| Strawberries . . . . .                | 220 |
| Stauf the Dragon . . . . .            | 395 |
| The Lifeboat . . . . .                | 4   |
| The Snowdrop . . . . .                | 7   |
| The Shadow on the Blind . . . . .     | 30  |
| The Man in the Moon . . . . .         | 47  |
| The Months . . . . .                  | 67  |
| The Doctor on the Stairs . . . . .    | 76  |
| The Sailor-Boy . . . . .              | 106 |
| The Sweep . . . . .                   | 111 |

|                                    |     |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| The Dying Slave . . . . .          | 115 |
| The Snowflake and Citron . . . . . | 127 |
| To a Frog . . . . .                | 136 |
| The Daisy-Chain . . . . .          | 157 |
| The Bee's Sermon . . . . .         | 174 |
| The Cottage-Door . . . . .         | 194 |
| The Telegraph-Boy . . . . .        | 202 |
| The Blind Child . . . . .          | 232 |
| The Sand-Maker . . . . .           | 247 |
| The Gentle Finch . . . . .         | 278 |
| The Two Hermits . . . . .          | 301 |
| The Beggar Baby . . . . .          | 364 |
| Tommy Miller . . . . .             | 384 |
| The Rhyming Alphabet . . . . .     | 356 |
| The Two Weavers . . . . .          | 391 |
| The Five Children . . . . .        | 402 |
| The Am in the Pound . . . . .      | 410 |
| Where do the Swallows go . . . . . | 174 |
| Your Mission . . . . .             | 150 |
| Young Again . . . . .              | 346 |

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

### COLOURED FRONTISPIECE—"TOM'S SUPPER."

#### TITLE-PAGE. CONTENTS.

|                                      |        |
|--------------------------------------|--------|
| At the Window . . . . .              | 4, 292 |
| A Cripple for Life . . . . .         | 57     |
| A Cabman of St. Petersburg . . . . . | 61     |
| A Cat . . . . .                      | 72     |
| Adventure with Panthers . . . . .    | 113    |
| A Frog . . . . .                     | 124    |
| Algerian Donkey-Boy . . . . .        | 135    |
| Algiers . . . . .                    | 188    |
| Arabs . . . . .                      | 197    |
| Algerine Shoeblicks . . . . .        | 200    |
| A Royal Pair . . . . .               | 224    |
| A Blind Child . . . . .              | 232    |
| Alice Winham . . . . .               | 256    |
| A Turkey . . . . .                   | 257    |
| Arthur . . . . .                     | 272    |
| Asleep and Awake . . . . .           | 277    |
| Anderson Reading . . . . .           | 300    |
| A Tiger . . . . .                    | 320    |
| A Strange Pet . . . . .              | 369    |
| Annelids . . . . .                   | 404    |
| Brig. The . . . . .                  | 5      |
| Buntings . . . . .                   | 8      |
| Birds . . . . .                      | 68     |
| Brother and Sister . . . . .         | 93     |
| Bessie and Grandmother . . . . .     | 120    |
| Blind . . . . .                      | 177    |
| Bathing . . . . .                    | 249    |
| Bullfinch and Greenfinch . . . . .   | 277    |
| Brave Fidèle . . . . .               | 339    |
| Baby is King . . . . .               | 393    |
| Brave Fidèle . . . . .               | 397    |
| Christmas-tide . . . . .             | 40     |
| Caught in a Tree . . . . .           | 41     |
| Carriage and Pair . . . . .          | 52     |
| Cabman, The . . . . .                | 56     |
| Chinese Mandarin . . . . .           | 137    |
| Chaffinch and Nightingale . . . . .  | 304    |
| Children Walking . . . . .           | 217    |
| Chamois Hunter . . . . .             | 280    |
| Colony of Beavers . . . . .          | 156    |
| Columbus in Prison . . . . .         | 312    |
| Country Boys . . . . .               | 352    |
| Charlie on the Bridge . . . . .      | 384    |
| Doctor, The . . . . .                | 76     |
| Dog and Donkey . . . . .             | 148    |
| Danger at Dinner . . . . .           | 340    |

|                                      |                |
|--------------------------------------|----------------|
| Don't give up . . . . .              | 328            |
| Do your best . . . . .               | 329            |
| Drowning the Squirrel . . . . .      | 376            |
| Ezekiel and Old Poppel . . . . .     | 9              |
| Ezekiel and Daniel . . . . .         | 29             |
| English Labourer . . . . .           | 81             |
| Echinus and Helmet-Crab . . . . .    | 244            |
| Escape of Stephanos . . . . .        | 260            |
| Esquimaux . . . . .                  | 316            |
| Escape from the Bastille . . . . .   | 333            |
| Found Dead . . . . .                 | 181            |
| Fly Fishing . . . . .                | 265            |
| Female Heroism . . . . .             | 332            |
| Father's Vineyard . . . . .          | 60             |
| Good for Something . . . . .         | 85             |
| George Seeking Work . . . . .        | 128            |
| Guinea-Pig . . . . .                 | 145            |
| Gyp . . . . .                        | 245            |
| Goldfinch and Linnet . . . . .       | 252            |
| Governess and Children . . . . .     | 8, 24, 48, 64, |
| Hand-Shadows . . . . .               | 80, 96         |
| Horse's Petition . . . . .           | 51             |
| Hottentot Kraals . . . . .           | 241            |
| Hot-Cross Buns . . . . .             | 144            |
| Hawaiian Children . . . . .          | 161            |
| Henry Roberts and Tom . . . . .      | 229            |
| Pain . . . . .                       | 344            |
| Hungarian Gipsies . . . . .          | 318            |
| Isaac Walton . . . . .               | 218            |
| Isaac Walton's Tomb . . . . .        | 340            |
| Italian Boy and Guinea-Pig . . . . . | 392            |
| It Stings! . . . . .                 | 401            |
| Italian Greyhound and . . . . .      | 125            |
| Puppies . . . . .                    | 180            |
| John Armstrong . . . . .             | 364            |
| Jackdaw . . . . .                    | 365            |
| Joseph Haydn at Home . . . . .       | 377            |
| Joseph Haydn at School . . . . .     | 73             |
| Jack Withers in the Ship's . . . . . | 267            |
| Hold . . . . .                       | 321            |
| Kaleidoscope, The . . . . .          | 12             |
| Keeper, The . . . . .                | 17             |
| Katey . . . . .                      |                |
| Little Fishermen . . . . .           |                |
| Little Burke . . . . .               |                |

|                                     |     |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| Little Tommy Miller . . . . .       | 353 |
| Lady Edith . . . . .                | 189 |
| Lobsters . . . . .                  | 192 |
| Lily . . . . .                      | 273 |
| Laurence and the Overseer . . . . . | 293 |
| Martin Luther . . . . .             | 92  |
| Milkman, The . . . . .              | 104 |
| Mohave Indians . . . . .            | 108 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Graham . . . . .       | 183 |
| Mare and Foal . . . . .             | 160 |
| May . . . . .                       | 184 |
| Martin trimming the Ship . . . . .  | 264 |
| Mary's Treasures . . . . .          | 412 |
| Northumberland Fish- . . . . .      | 16  |
| Women . . . . .                     | 89  |
| Nestor, the Bull-Dog . . . . .      | 170 |
| Nurse's Blessing . . . . .          | 408 |
| Napoleon II. . . . .                | 25  |
| Old Poppel . . . . .                | 87  |
| On the Ice . . . . .                | 100 |
| On the Deck . . . . .               | 263 |
| Opossum, The . . . . .              | 189 |
| Our Little Fattie . . . . .         | 268 |
| Printer, The . . . . .              | 400 |
| Poor Widow's Boy . . . . .          | 32  |
| Roasted Chestnuts . . . . .         | 33  |
| Robin, The . . . . .                | 121 |
| Rabbits . . . . .                   | 248 |
| Robert Brown . . . . .              | 313 |
| Raven, The . . . . .                | 324 |
| Roman Triumph . . . . .             | 357 |
| Raphael Sanzio . . . . .            | 21  |
| Shells . . . . .                    | 36  |
| Shadow, The . . . . .               | 44  |
| Shepherds Watching . . . . .        | 101 |
| Sam Leading Blind Millie . . . . .  | 112 |
| Sparrows and Starlings . . . . .    | 132 |
| Sweep . . . . .                     | 153 |
| Susan . . . . .                     | 157 |
| Sea-Worms . . . . .                 | 163 |
| Ship on Fire . . . . .              | 169 |
| Shining Meadow . . . . .            | 183 |
| Shoeblick . . . . .                 | 220 |
| Sea-Gulls . . . . .                 |     |
| She Kneet to Pray . . . . .         |     |
| Strawberries . . . . .              |     |

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Sky and Tit-Larks . . . . .                       | 349 |
| That's How . . . . .                              | 49  |
| Twin Monkeys . . . . .                            | 65  |
| The Sailor-Boy . . . . .                          | 105 |
| The Dying Slave . . . . .                         | 116 |
| The Tree Fell with a Crash . . . . .              | 149 |
| The Organ-Man . . . . .                           | 152 |
| The Dead Bear . . . . .                           | 172 |
| The Telegraph-Boy . . . . .                       | 301 |
| The Dutch Admiral . . . . .                       | 309 |
| The Skylark . . . . .                             | 216 |
| The Wedding-Dance . . . . .                       | 221 |
| The Singing Student . . . . .                     | 225 |
| The Children and the Apple . . . . .              | 261 |
| The Rat and its Burden . . . . .                  | 284 |
| The Gambler . . . . .                             | 288 |
| The Eagle's Nest . . . . .                        | 305 |
| The Beggar Baby . . . . .                         | 326 |
| The Bastille . . . . .                            | 341 |
| The Fisher Friends . . . . .                      | 341 |
| The Diver . . . . .                               | 348 |
| The Village Schoolmaster . . . . .                | 350 |
| The Idle Boy . . . . .                            | 361 |
| The Squirrel Colporteur . . . . .                 | 363 |
| 'Their poor Horses longed to enter too' . . . . . | 372 |
| The Tits . . . . .                                | 381 |
| The Little Pheasant Gatherer . . . . .            | 385 |
| The Robin and the Wrens . . . . .                 | 405 |
| The Ass in the Pound . . . . .                    | 409 |
| Unhidden Guests . . . . .                         | 394 |
| Valley of the Dove . . . . .                      | 218 |
| Violin played with Feet . . . . .                 | 296 |
| Walking up Stairs . . . . .                       | 1   |
| Water-Ouzel and King- . . . . .                   | 141 |
| Fisher . . . . .                                  | 164 |
| Walrus on the Ice . . . . .                       | 173 |
| Wagtails and Swallows . . . . .                   | 208 |
| Wild Bull . . . . .                               | 233 |
| When I was a Lad . . . . .                        | 308 |
| Wreck, The . . . . .                              | 317 |
| Woodpeckers . . . . .                             | 337 |
| Where did they come from? . . . . .               | 345 |
| Young Again . . . . .                             |     |



No. 1. Dec. 1, 1868.

Weekly—One Halfpenny.

# Chatterbox.

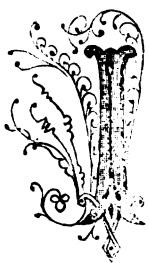


'I have a vivid recollection of walking up-stairs.'

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## CUT FROM A BOY'S BOOK.



NO. I.—MY FIRST NIGHT AT SCHOOL.

WAS a very small boy. I don't know that it is allowable to put this fact forward as an excuse for any little weakness I may have to chronicle, but still the fact is there. I was very small; I had been ill, and was not muscular to speak of; and I was crouching in the corner of an easy-chair which almost swallowed me, with a book in my hand, when

I heard something not to my advantage. At least so it appeared to me.

'He can go next week,' said my father.

I got a little farther into my corner, and said to myself, 'That's me!'

A voice which I felt to be compassionate, replied slowly, 'Yes,—I suppose so.'

My father rustled his newspaper and took off his spectacles.

'Will you see that he is ready, my dear? He has been sadly neglected; I mean he'll find himself sadly behindhand, but that's his health and couldn't be helped. It's a good school. I have every confidence in Mr. Berry.'

Immediately a gentleman with a sharp nose came and looked at me out of my book; and after him a troop of boys, big ones and smaller ones, but none so small as I was myself. And, thinking not so much of the actual going to school as of one great horror connected with it which oppressed me, I'm afraid that a great round drop fell upon the image of the sharp-nosed gentleman and blotted it out.

By-and-bye my father went out, and my mother came up towards my arm-chair, but she didn't look at me.

'You like to go to school, Robin?'

'No,' I replied, promptly. 'But it isn't school I'm afraid of; that is, not exactly.'

'What is it, then?'

'The first night.'

The mischief was out now, and I sat up and faced the consequences boldly.

'Little Trevor said when he was down here, that they tar and feather a new boy the first night; or else they show him Little Venice. I don't know what Little Venice is, and I don't know what it is to tar and feather a boy, but —'

'Nonsense!' interrupted my mother. 'Your Cousin Trevor has been to sea and was thinking about sailors' tricks. I thought you had more pluck, Robin!'

I did not answer, for I had nothing to say: and it doesn't matter what my mother said. If I pretended to be comforted, I was not. I had told the truth. It was not school as a whole that had any terrors for me, but the one actual, horrible reality which had to be undergone before I could attain to school-days. The master would have to examine me. The boys would examine me. They would say I was skinny. They might even pinch me to see *how* skinny. They would probably pull

faces at me, and shy inkstands at me—possibly full ones. I was to have new clothes, but I took a dismal view of the change; and even a slight difference in the cut of my jacket failed to give me more than a moment's pleasure. The clothes were new, to be sure, and glossy; how would they look when they had been tarred and feathered—whatever that might be?

It wasn't only little Trevor, the middy, that had excited my dread: I had read of tricks played upon new boys, the remembrance of which came out upon my forehead in a cold dew whenever any of my mother's preparations got in my way.

'If the first night were over,' I said to myself, 'I shouldn't care. But it never will be.'

I made up my mind that when I grew up and got into Parliament there should be an act passed for abolishing schools. The plan afforded me a dreary satisfaction, but it could not help me over my present difficulty. I got paler and skinnier every day that week, and my appetite failed. I used to think and think about it till that first night seemed to grow into a living THING; with eyes in it; hands upon it; inkstands all over it. But I did not tease any one with my dread.

'You are not afraid now, Robin?' said my mother, as she bade me good-bye in the hall. But though she looked a little sorry I couldn't tell a story about it.

'Yes, I am. But I shall not be to-morrow morning; that is, if I am alive to-morrow morning.'

You can laugh if you like, young gentlemen, but I had really brought myself to believe that it was very doubtful. And when I stood in Mr. Berry's study and saw my father get into the carriage and drive away, I felt indeed that it was all over with me, and I should probably never see him again.

'Now,' said the sharp-nosed gentleman, leading the way and opening a door, 'this is the school-room. At present no one is here, I see, but Mr. Fell; but you will make acquaintance with your friends presently.'

I walked into the vast desert where the forms and desks bore silent witness to the crowds of victims that had gone before me. There was no fire, for it was Midsummer; but I crept up to the grate as if somehow there must be the remains of former warmth about it; and I was chill, and had a lump in my throat. Then I began to examine the person to whom my future master had alluded as Mr. Fell. I found that he was rather odd-looking. He could hardly be called a boy, and yet he was not a man. He was tall and lean; he had little sprouts of whiskers, and some fluff which promised a moustache; and he seemed to be busy taking my portrait, since he had a piece of paper before him and a pencil in his hand, from which he looked up now and then at me with what I thought must be an artist's eye—though there were spectacles over it.

Now I had no objection to sitting for my portrait; but there was a creepiness about being at once pounced upon and taken down in this way that began to tell upon me. It was, of course, connected in some way with the dark night's work to come. I turned my back upon the lean lad, and looked up

the chimney, but still I felt him taking my likeness. I was getting nearly desperate enough to speak when he suddenly got up and came towards me, looking at his paper.

'Robert Burke, age thirteen. Lowest form. Last boy. Bedroom, No. 4.'

Having said this, he rung a huge bell, and the boys came trooping in. I didn't care. I had certainly conceived a wild idea of throwing myself upon the lean young man's mercy, but on the whole I was glad to be spared this. He wore spectacles. There must be something I considered not quite right about a boy who wore spectacles, and chose to sit in a chill desert instead of playing at cricket outside. I knew they had been playing cricket, because I had heard the thud of the ball as the bat caught it.

There were prayers; then supper, which I could not eat; and then bed.

The crisis of my fate was approaching. I cannot say that I became insensible, because I have a vivid recollection of walking upstairs, and being propelled forward rather suddenly at the door of No. 4. But for all that, a sort of faintness must have been creeping over me. I remember trying to count the enemies who had me in their dread power. In vain. A strange mistiness had got into the room, out of which I heard a terrible voice say, 'Wilkins, lock the door!'

This was, of course, the preliminary. I was trying to take off my jacket at the time, but my fingers missed the button. I heard the key turn in the lock of the door; I heard a chuckling laugh, and footsteps coming near me. My heart gave a great jump,—came up into my throat, and stopped there. Somebody's arms had seized me; there was a buzzing in my ears, and then a wonderful space, all white, with stars floating about it. And it seemed to me that I had been up to the moon and was falling—falling for ever, but couldn't get back to the earth.

The next thing I remember was a rough voice,—the same that had commanded the door to be shut, speaking very close to me.

'Undo his choker, Peterson minor, and take that water away, can't you? Do you want to drown the chap!'

I opened my eyes. Something cold was on my forehead, my waistcoat was open; I was lying back on the pillow of the bed I had been standing near; somebody's arm was under my shoulders, and a pair of round eyes were fixed upon mine.

'You're all right now, eh, Burke?'

I sat up and looked at the boys gathered round my bed. They were rather giddy, and swam a little yet.

'I'm very sorry,' I began.

'Bosh!' said Peterson minor; upon which the boy whose arm was under my shoulder threw a pillow at him.

'Shut up, Peterson minor! You're always jawing. You've no sense of what is proper. Been ill lately, Burke?'

'Yes,' I said, 'I have.'

'Better jump into bed then, smart. Old Fell

won't be long till he's here for the light; trust him. Come, let's have your togs off. Why, what a skinny little chap you are, eh? What do you mean by it?'

I don't know why, but though this was the voice I had thought so terrible, I looked up and laughed.

'I knew you would call me skinny,' I said. 'The fact is, I am skinny. I can't help it. I'd be fatter if I could. Thank you.'

For he had put me into bed and was tucking me in with hands that might have been rough and clumsy, but were certainly kind.

'There, shut your peepers, and snooze away. We nave to tumble out of it jolly soon in the morning, I can tell you. Now, you fellow, look sharp. We can't ask Old Fell "Who's there?" more than six times when he finds the door locked, you know.'

I watched the boys hurrying their clothes off with a shadowy return of my old presentiments. I had heard terrible stories of the martyrdoms to which new boys were subjected on the score of saying their prayers; and I fully expected to see my schoolfellows jump into bed at once without any thought of such a preparation. But they did not. They knelt first, every one of them. I had an inclination to get up and kneel too; but somehow it seemed to me that I might hurt Peterson major, who had tucked me up; and, besides, as I was really rather sick and giddy, I thought I had better wait. By-and-bye Wilkins was ordered to unlock the door; the lean boy came in and said, 'Time's up!' and looked over his spectacles all round the narrow beds, giving, as I thought, especial attention to mine, and raising the light.

'Are you there, Burke?'

'Yes, sir.'

Then he went away, and a titter ran round the beds.

'Wonder where he thought you had got to?'

'Little Burke calls Old Fell "sir." What a lark!'

'I suppose,' said Peterson, 'you're such an uncommon small chap, that he couldn't see you. Good-night, Burke.'

The others said good-night and then there was silence. I wasn't sleepy. I was thinking about them all, and about my horrible dread of this night. And I wondered, too, how many wiser and bigger boys than I was, went out into the world making mole-hills into mountains, and being frightened at them. Presently I sat up to say my prayers. When I had finished, the moon shone out all at once from behind a cloud and lighted up the white beds, especially the one nearest to me, where Peterson slept. It fell on his face as he lay with one arm thrown up above his head, and he was smiling in his sleep. Whatever he was thinking about he muttered something as I looked at him that sounded like 'Good-night.'

A queer sort of choking feel came into my throat as I thought how different it was all from my fears, and how good they had all been to me. And so, sitting up in the moonlight in the quiet room, I put my hands together and said again softly, 'Good-night. And I hope I shall be good to you too, every one of you. I'll try.'





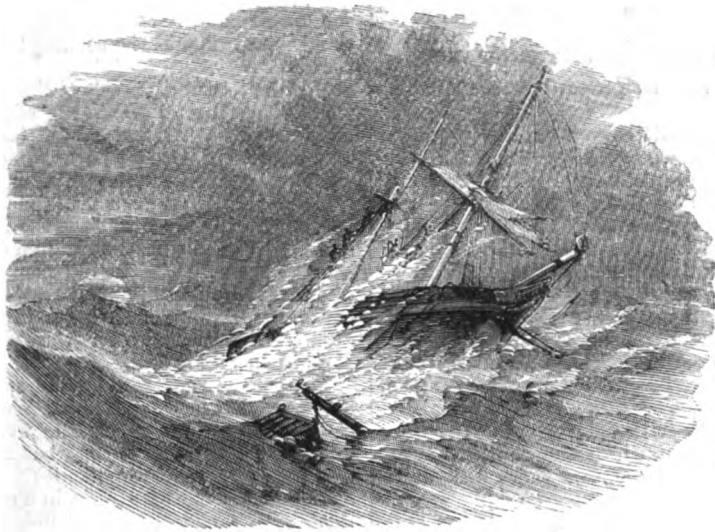
### THE LIFEBOAT.

By the Author of 'Mary Powell.'

**T**HE night is dark, the winds are high,  
Black clouds race o'er the stormy sky;  
The lashing waves, with hollow roar,  
Resound along the rocky shore.

'Nurse! nurse! I fear! Arise—awake!  
I feel the bed beneath me shake.'  
'Hush, dearest lamb, and turn to sleep,  
The Lord His watch will o'er us keep.

'Return to rest, my sister sweet:  
Like snow-flakes are your chilly feet;



The Brig.

You feel, within my warm arms pressed,  
An icicle upon my breast.

'What use your tearful eyes to strain  
Through casement splashed with driving rain?  
You cannot help, you cannot see—  
Return, my sister sweet, to me.'

'Ah! some girl, young as I, may cling,  
Bound to some tall mast, shivering:  
Some sea-boy, perched on dizzy height,  
May vainly look for beacon light.'

'Comrade, what ho! art deaf or dead?  
We muster, by our captain led.  
A brig has struck.'—'I come, I come!  
One kiss, good wife; I'll soon be home.'

More dark the night, the wind more high,  
Booming like heaven's artillery.  
Like egg-shell crushed, a boat will be—  
God help the perishing at sea!

A minute gun sounds o'er the blast—  
'O sister! are you sleeping fast?  
I strain my sight, my ears I strain,  
To know if—Hark! it comes again!

'O that I were a man to go  
And help the poor ship suffering so!  
The yawning timbers soon must part—  
They knock against my troubled heart.

'Can nought be done?' 'Yes, we may pray;  
God hears believing prayer always,  
And bids us watch, that we may know  
And feel, at least, for others' woe.

'Thank God! brave men are hurrying past  
Towards the beach, with help at last.  
O that their aid in time may be—  
The Quiver lifeboat puts to sea!'

### CLEVER ANIMALS.

**B**EES are geometricians. The cells are so built as with the least quantity of material, to have the largest sized spaces and the least possible waste from holes.

The crow, the wild turkey, and some other birds, are arithmeticians.

The torpedo, the ray, and the electric eel, are electricians.

The nautilus is a sailor. He raises and lowers his sails, casts and weighs anchor.

Whole tribes of birds are musicians.

The beaver is an architect, builder, and wood-cutter. He cuts down trees, and builds houses and dams. The marmot is a civil engineer. He not only builds houses, but makes drains to keep them dry.

The white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers.

Wasps are paper-makers, and caterpillars are silk-spinners.

The squirrel is a ferryman. With a chip or piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream.

Dogs, wolves, jackals, and many others are hunters.

The white bear and the heron are fishermen.

### SALT MONEY.

**T**HERE are many things used as money besides metals. Thus in some parts of India, cowry-shells are used as coin. In the Arctic regions, where iron is scarce, even rusty nails are used as money, instead of gold or silver. But the strangest of all money is that used in Abyssinia. Instead of metals they use salt-bricks, which are about eight inches long, and an inch and a half in breadth. They are shaped like a scythe-stone. Each brick is worth about twopence.



## THE HERMIT OF THE FOREST.

A CHRISTMAS STORY FROM AMERICA.

From the German, by James F. Cobb, Esq.



HEREVER we in Europe see a town or a village we think that people have lived there for a long time. The oldest people speak of their grandfathers who lived in these houses before them, and the place was always called by the same name as it is now, and probably will be till the end of time. Old chronicles tell how here a knight first built

his castle, and close by it, in the valley by the river-side, a church was erected, and then gradually work-folk and traders settled down under the protection of the castle, and near the church, till at last a village arose, or a town, sometimes with walls and trenches round it.

In America it is quite different, and was still more so some fifty years ago. There are villages and towns there which seem to have grown out of the earth, and in ten years' time a traveller scarcely knows a district again, it is so greatly changed.

Thus it was with a cheerful village called Neubruch, not far from a great forest. Old people still lived there who could remember how a German peasant cut down the first trees, built himself a land-house, and cleared and dug over a piece of land round it.

The soil was rich and good, and so other settlers had come—mostly working people from Germany—who built better houses of wood and stone, and now there stood a clean, pleasant-looking little village there, with about forty houses, before many of which there were flower-gardens with roses, stocks, and carnations blooming in them, just as they used to do in the German fatherland. The men tilled the fields, the women minded the household work, merry troops of children ran hither and thither, and there was nothing here to tell that fifty years ago all had been forest and wilderness.

The inhabitants of Neubruch had no church as yet, they had to go nearly six miles to the town to reach one; but they had a school, and a good schoolmaster, who had been about a great deal in the world, and who managed the children wisely and well.

The school-house, which both boys and girls attended, stood in an open space at the end of the village, and had an excellent play-ground round it, which the boys liked quite as well as Mr. Bauer's lessons, although they were all fond of him. There, in play-hours, they had all sorts of games, and made plenty of noise. The girls generally assembled on a little hill behind the school-house, and played at quieter games. The boys did not trouble themselves much about them, except when the girls called out, 'Old Poppel is cooking.' Then the boys sprang up the hill and stood on tip-toe, or climbed up the highest rocks. All gazed over into

the neighbouring forest, and, if they saw a thin column of smoke arise from it, then there was a shout, 'Old Poppel is cooking! Old Poppel is cooking!'

Now and then, after school-times, a troop of the wildest lads went towards the edge of the forest, and then through it to the first cleared spot, where, on a barren hill, stood the dwelling of the old man whom they called—no one knew why—'Old Poppel.'

Children often take a cruel pleasure in teasing and tormenting those who are the least able to bear it patiently; and thus the children of Neubruch had soon remarked that the old man—who was also called 'The Hermit of the Forest'—could not bear children, and was often quite furious when they came near him; and for this reason they took pleasure in vexing him.

As soon as they saw by the smoke rising from his house that he was at home, they approached as near as they could up to the wretched hut, and raised the cry, 'Old Poppel, what are you cooking? Old Poppel, how do you like it?' Then, when the old man came out of his hut in a rage and ran after them with a cudgel in his hand, the whole troop fled till they were out of the wood, when they would call out once more, 'Old Poppel, you can't catch us!'

The parents, indeed, did not like this game, for there were all sorts of strange and gloomy stories about Old Poppel. Some said he was a leper who dared not live among men; others that he had a heap of gold and silver buried in his hut, though he seemed so poor.

'I believe that he is a murderer,' said a spiteful old woman; 'he beat a man to death, then dragged his corpse through the forest, and buried it there under the hill; now he can't leave the place for fear the body should be found.'

'He is not such a very old man,' said a wood-cutter; 'I saw him once from a distance. From his walk I should say he was a strong man. I advise you, don't let the children go out there any more, he would make little of striking them dead, and burying them behind his hut!'

No one had heard yet of a child ever being lost there; only fat Willie, who had waddled out with the others and could not run away so quickly, had once received a blow from the cudgel on his head, which had given him a terrible bruise; and since then the schoolmaster had forbidden these expeditions into the forest.

The schoolmaster was the only man who, when he went to walk in the forest, had ever been seen to speak to Old Poppel. For this reason the children looked on their schoolmaster with still more awe, and the older people, too, thought a good deal of it; and all wished to know who this mysterious old man really was, and whence he came. But this the schoolmaster could not tell them; only he said that he thought that the old man was not so very bad—he was a melancholy, cross old fellow, who had suffered great misfortunes and wrongs from others, but that he was not wicked or cruel; and he had himself asked the schoolmaster whether fat Willie was much hurt.

The schoolmaster said that the boys should leave him alone, but this was just what the boys did not like to do; and because they dared not openly disobey the schoolmaster's orders, they tried to think of some excuse to go out again to the old man's hut.

Christmas was close at hand, and Christmas was cheerfully kept at Neubruch. The villagers who had come from England ate a merry dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding, while the German mothers decked a green fir-tree with small presents and many-coloured lights, as their mothers used to do before them in their distant home; and the German windows shone and sparkled brightly on that holy night.

This pleased the English children too. They also wished to have a German tree; and it soon became a universal custom in the village, and the children talked about it long before Christmas, as well as after. It was rather difficult to get the trees, as the pines grew a long way off, deep in the forest; but they managed as well as they could, and it was a special delight to get a large and beautiful Christmas-tree.

In a little cottage at the end of the village lived a quiet woman, named Mrs. Hall, who had little to do with the other people. Elsbeth, her only daughter, now about thirteen years old, was a merry maiden, much liked at school, because she was obliging and good-natured. The son of her neighbour, the rich butcher, Brosch—generally called 'Wild Harry'—was a great friend of Elsbeth's. She had washed many an ink-spot out of his shirt, and mended many a hole in his jacket, that his mother might not scold him, for Elsbeth had a quick and skilful hand.

'Elsbeth,' he said to her a few days before Christmas, 'you should see what a grand Christmas-tree my father has brought me from the town; it stands in the room behind our shop. My father *bought* it, you know,' he said, with some pride; 'he could not run all over the forest to look for one. What sort of a one have you got?'

'None at all,' said Elsbeth, as she tried not to make a sad face about it. 'My mother cannot go into the forest and fetch one, and she cannot afford to buy one. But I shall have a couple of lights,' she added, cheerfully, 'and then, I shall go into the street and see all the beautiful bright windows.'

Now Harry felt sorry that Elsbeth should have no tree, and yet he did not know how he could help her, for, even if he had wished to be so generous as to give up his own tree to Elsbeth, he knew that his father would not have allowed him, and that the other boys would have laughed at him.

Now in the night a clever thought came to Harry—at least he thought it very clever himself—and he could scarcely wait till morning dawned to make it known to the other boys in the school.

'Listen,' he began, 'the day after to-morrow is Christmas Eve.'

'Well, that is news, indeed,' said Jacob, the shoemaker's son, 'which Harry has just told us.'

'Listen,' continued Harry, taking no notice of the sneer, 'I believe we all have got Christmas-trees, but poor Elsbeth down there, she has none, because her mother cannot afford to buy her one.'

'Can't be helped,' said Jacob; 'I can't get her one either, the pines grow so far away in the forest.'

'Listen,' began Henry again, with a cunning look on his face, 'it is not cold to-day, we will go out and ask Old Poppel to give us the pine-tree which stands before his cottage for a Christmas-tree.'

Henry's bold proposal caused many shouts of amazement, and many seemed to fear the perils of the expedition.

'He is not so bad as he seems,' said Henry; 'though he looks so wild, and shouts and jumps after us, he has never really done us any harm. Who will go with me?'

'I, I, I will!' cried they all. They were all agreed when any mischief was to be done; and the girls, too, came skipping up, and wanted to be of the party. It was settled that they should go too, and very merry they all were.

'You must go with us too, Elsbeth,' said Mina, 'because you are to have the tree, you know. Only look how brightly the sun shines.'

'I should like it very much,' said Elsbeth, who longed to go out to the mysterious old man whom she had never seen except at a distance, 'but my mother would not allow it.'

'Well,' said Mina, 'don't ask her; your mother will not remember that this afternoon is a half-holiday, so do come; when you come back you can tell your mother all about it, and she won't be angry.'

Elsbeth consented, though she did not think it was quite right, and didn't half like the affair, 'Only don't say a word about it,' cried the others, 'so that the schoolmaster does not find it out; he would not allow it, for he is good friends with Old Poppel.'

So it was secretly settled that they should all meet at three o'clock in the afternoon, and go out to Old Poppel; most of them were really afraid, though they did not like to say so, and danger always makes an adventure more attractive.

'I am sure,' said Elsbeth, 'Old Poppel will be terribly angry.'

'Oh, but he won't do us any harm, and we can all jump better and run faster than he can, and there is nothing wrong in it; we only want to ask the old man for the tree, which is no use to him.'

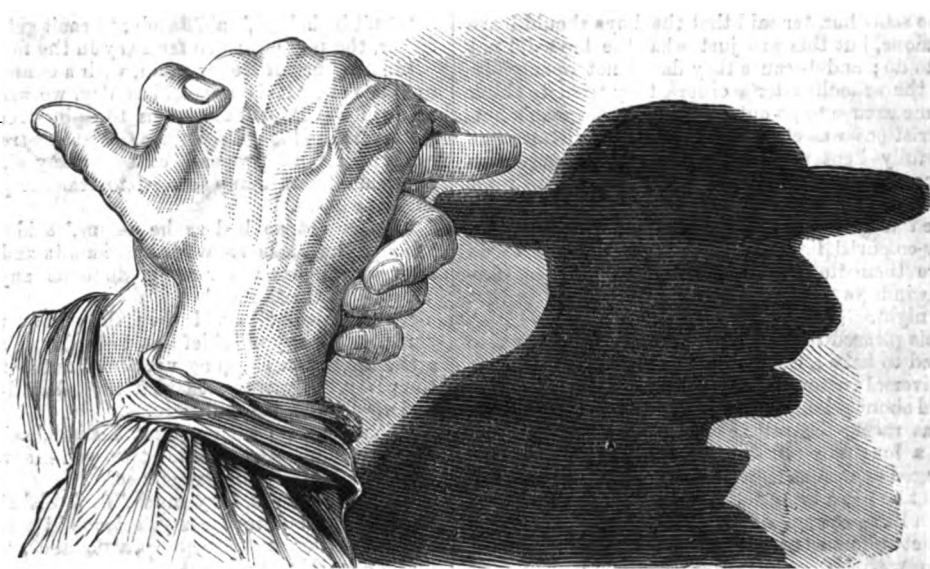
All had a secret pleasure in the expectation of this visit to the mysterious hermit, even though they were a little afraid. Elsbeth was among them, though she was often called by the others the prudent Elsie, and they all went merrily forward.

(To be continued.)

## THE SNOWDROP.

THE snowdrop is the herald of the flowers,  
Sent with its small white flag of truce to plead  
For its beleaguered brethren; suppliantly  
It prays stern winter to withdraw his troop  
Of winds and blustering storms; and having won  
A smile of promise from its pitying face,  
Returns to tell the issue of its errand  
To the expectant host.

WESTWOOD.



THE TRAVELLER.



THE WOLF.

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# Chatterbox.



Elsbeth bathing Old Poppel's Forehead.



## THE HERMIT OF THE FOREST.

(Continued from page 7.)



**OUT** in the forest, near a narrow ravine on the top of a bare hill, the wretched hut of Old Poppel stood. It looked anything but cheerful: no one could imagine that there was ever a festival day there, and that soon the merry Christmas bells from the village would sound forth in this desolate spot. The green fir-tree beside the hut was the only thing which did not look quite cheerless; but even that had grown crooked, and stretched out its one branch like a threatening arm. Old Poppel himself, with his grey hair, coming out of his tumble-down cottage in his tattered clothes, was the most doleful sight of all. He did not look as if he had ever felt one joy in his whole life; and if children had not been so mischievous and thoughtless they would have felt pity for such a poor old man rather than pleasure in teasing him.

But there was no *pity* in the breast of the wild Harry when, at the head of his little troop, he came up the narrow way towards the hill on which the dreaded Poppel dwelt. The six children who were to make the request had already been chosen: Elsbeth was among them; she came forward rather timidly, and asked in a whisper, 'What are we to say, then?'

'Oh, I know,' cried Henry boldly; but he started back somewhat, when suddenly the old man stood before him, and called out angrily, 'What are you doing here, you rascals?'

'We hope you will not be offended, old Mr. Poppel,' began Henry, 'we should like to have the tree before your door: you do not want it.'

'For a Christmas-tree,' said Elsbeth, as she looked with terror at the angry face of the old man.

'We will cut it down ourselves, we have brought an axe with us,' cried those behind, already in flight, for the old man was swinging his stick, and exclaimed,—

'You little pests, are you again come to mock and worry me? I will cut down your tree for you! I will break every bone in your bodies!' and the children rushed down the hill-side, the savage old man pursuing them with loud shouts. They were very much afraid of him, and ran as quickly as they could; those who could not run so fast as the rest, already began to cry, till one turned his head round, and exclaimed in triumph, 'Oh, he has fallen down; that serves him right!' Then the others cried out, 'Now break all our bones for us, Old Poppel! come on!'

Elsbeth, too, heard the noise, and looked round. 'See!' she said, 'the old man is lying still there on the ground; perhaps he has broken his leg, we must help him.'

'Catch us doing that!' cried the boys; 'why he'd strike us dead if we went near him. Let him lie there, he'll soon get up again.'

And all fled quickly homewards; some exclaiming with loud laughter, 'It serves you right, Old Poppel; now can you break our bones?' Others with an accusing conscience, because they felt it was wrong to let the old man lie there; but they were either too rude or too timid to go near him, and so they hastened away.

Elsbeth alone did not; she felt she could not do so, though she was very much afraid of the wicked old man, who now would be doubly angry.

She was trembling all over as she went up to the place where he lay on the ground. Yes, he was indeed a sad object, and at that moment he certainly was not to be feared. The stick had fallen from his hand, he lay there motionless; he had struck his forehead against a stone, and the blood was flowing down over his pale face and upon his grey, tangled beard.

Elsbeth remembered that a woodcutter who had been struck by a branch of a tree falling against his forehead, had once been brought bleeding and lifeless to their cottage, and that her mother had bathed his head with cold water, and thus restored him to consciousness; so she ran up to the hut, and went in, not without a secret dread, to look for some water. The inside of the hut looked gloomy and wretched enough; one could hardly make out whether the only room which the desolate place contained were a stable, a kitchen, or a bedchamber; at the back part the old donkey, which was now and then seen with the hermit, was tied up; on one side a couple of stones formed a rude hearth; on the other stood a sort of bed, covered with a sack of leaves. Elsbeth saw no water, but only a wooden bucket; with this she ran out; she had heard the bubbling of a brook, she got some of the icy cold water from it, and bathed the old man's forehead with her handkerchief. All fear of him had now vanished before the dreadful feeling lest he should be dead; and, when he opened his eyes and moved again, she was glad and thankful.

But the old man did not seem at all pleased when he revived. He grumbled, 'Wait till I get my stick, I will soon chase you away.'

But Elsbeth had now become quite brave, and said, 'I am sure you would not do any harm to a little girl who has done you no wrong; but only come inside now, it is so cold out here.'

'Yes, it is cold,' murmured the old man; 'go home and leave an old man to die.'

'Oh, no,' said the brave Elsbeth; 'you do not want to die yet;' and she began to fill her apron with dry fir-wood, as she had seen none inside.

'Go away, and leave my wood alone,' cried the old man.

'Yes, directly,' answered Elsbeth good-temperedly; and, with her apron full of wood, she ran into the hut, while the old man hobbled after her, growling.

Were you not afraid, little Elsbeth, to be quite alone in that smoky den with that dreadful old man? But the old man had now laid himself down upon his sack of leaves quite exhausted, and gazed with weary eyes at the busy little maiden: how she scraped together the glowing ashes in his fire-place, how she placed on them dried leaves and faggots, took a piece of paper out of her pocket, and made

a sort of bellows, with which she blew till a cheerful fire began to burn.

Elsbeth was scarcely thirteen, but her mother had early taught her all needful household work; and, as it was a pleasure to her to bustle about the house and help her weak and sickly mother, she had learned to do it well and skilfully.

Now she filled the old pot which lay on the floor with water, put it on the fire, and, turning round to the old man, she said,—

'You look pale and weak, you must be very cold; here is your cloak, will you not wrap yourself up in it? it isn't too handsome for that,' she added, with a smile, as she covered him up with the coarse garment. 'When that wood begins to burn it will be warmer.'

He pushed back her hand, and said, without anger, but without kindness, 'I am not cold; go home!'

'I will go soon,' said Elsbeth, with a smile; and now she found a broken plate, into which she poured some of the warm water. 'We must try and wash this blood away. Is there a sponge? No; then I must take the corner of my apron.'

Old Poppel must have been very weak, for he let the little girl wash his face and bleeding forehead, her soft hands gliding as lightly and coolly as snow-flakes over the dry, wrinkled skin of the old man; but the blood began to flow again after the washing.

'If I only had some cobwebs,' said Elsbeth. 'I remember that mother said nothing was so good to stop bleeding.' This want was very easily supplied in that dirty, smoky hovel, in which cobwebs hung like curtains. Soon Elsbeth, who was not afraid of spiders, had swept down a whole handful of cobwebs, and quickly stopped the blood.

'There,' said she, as she put fresh faggots on the fire. 'now I will go; are you better now? Does your head pain you less?'

'No,' growled he, 'go home.'

This grieved Elsbeth very much, who, in her heart, had hoped for one friendly word from the old man. She sadly turned away to go; but, when she got to the door and once more turned to look round, and saw the old man lying alone there in that wretched room, she was filled with such pity that she again went up to him and held out her hand.

'Poor man,' she said, 'have people been so very unkind to you?'

He jumped up, so that she drew back frightened, thinking he was going to strike her; but he only looked at her with sad, weary eyes, and asked, not in such a rough way as before, 'Why, child?'

'Why,' she said, now somewhat puzzled, 'because you are so cross and angry, and the day after to-morrow is Christmas-day. All people, even the very poorest, rejoice on Christmas-day, and visit each other. I think you are the only man in all the world who keeps no Christmas-day!'

'Christmas-day!' said the old man, gloomily, 'I no longer know what that is.'

'Oh! I can't believe that,' cried Elsbeth. She became quite eager and excited, and the old man looked more seriously and attentively into the child's face. 'Why, every one knows that it was on that day the Saviour came into the world, and He

was so good and so kind all His life long! And He made all sick people well again, and many that were dead He restored to life; and He never once was cross or angry, though wicked people tormented Him so, and nailed Him to a cross!'

Tears had come into Elsbeth's eyes; that very morning her mother had been reading again with her the story of the Saviour's death, and it had sunk deeply into her heart.

The old man bowed his head; in his heart the sacred story, as his mother had once told it to him, had perhaps revived with some of its old power.

But Elsbeth thought he had really never heard anything about it before, and that he was only sad at the blessed Saviour's death; so she said,—

'Ah, that is past long, long ago, and He is now in heaven, in great glory and happiness. But,' she said, softly and slowly, as if expressing her inmost thoughts, 'I think, whenever His birthday comes, He remembers how He was once a child. Little children think the Christ-child comes Himself and brings them presents; but my mother says that though we don't see Him, it is still the Saviour who comes on earth again at Christmas-tide and makes all hearts kind towards children; and then they receive beautiful Christmas-trees, and lights, and all sorts of good things, and dolls, and playthings; and even when a mother is very poor she gives her child something, for the Saviour loves all people.'

'All?' said the old man, sadly. 'No, there are people with whom the Saviour will no longer have anything to do.'

'I don't believe that,' said Elsbeth, shaking her head. 'My mother says it is never too late to come to the Saviour. But now I must go home, or my mother will be anxious. Good-bye, and come down to us if it keeps as cold as this; we are poor, but we always have a warm room; and—you must not take it amiss—but, if you were not so cross, I believe that many children would gladly come and gather wood for you.'

'No, no, little one; but wait a minute!' and, from a corner of his hut, he fetched out an old brown box, and took something out of it. 'Here, child, take this.'

Now Elsbeth was very curious to see what mysterious treasure, the old man would produce out of his box. She was somewhat disappointed when he took out a paper containing coarse maple sugar, which, in America, is prepared from the juice of maple-trees; the old man must have bought it a long time ago, for a cough. But she was a well-brought-up child, and knew that we should always express our thanks for a well-meant gift, so she said politely, 'Thank you very much. Mr. Poppel,' looking at him timidly all the time, as she was by no means sure if that was really his name; and yet she did not know what else to call him.

But Mr. Poppel was not at all angry; he stood for a long time under his door, and looked after the child as she tripped down the hill, and his face no longer looked dark and angry, and it was the first time for a very long period that he had done a good-natured action, though it was only giving an old piece of maple sugar.

(To be continued.)





### ABOUT SHELLS.

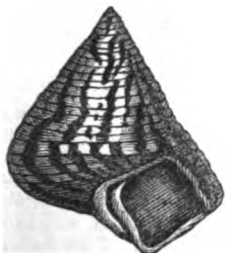
**I** HAVE had, from time to time, a great variety of shells in my aquaria and I think, perhaps, a short description of some of them may interest the readers of 'Chatterbox.'

In order to obtain live and perfect shells it is

necessary to dredge for them at sea, for those found on the beach are generally dead and broken, and their colours either very indistinct, or entirely faded.

Now and then live shells may be picked up on the sands after a high wind and very rough sea, but, as a rule, the collector must dredge for them if he wishes to get perfect specimens.

The shells called Trochs, or Top-shells, are very numerous on some of our shores, and a large quantity of different kinds and dif-



Trochus magnus.

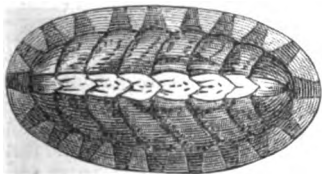


Trochus zizyphinus.

ferent sizes may be picked up in the course of an hour or two; but these broken shells, pretty as they may be thought, are very inferior to the live ones brought up by the dredging-net.

The two I have drawn, though not rare, are some of the prettiest kinds. (The colours of these shells vary, some of them being much brighter in hue than others.) The ground-work of the Trochus No. 1, is yellowish white, with marks of brilliant crimson, and the Trochus, No. 2, is fawn colour, marked with light pink. If a certain acid is put on

Top-shells the outer surface will be de-



Chiton marmoreus.



Chiton cinereus.

stroyed, and a coating of delicate pearly whiteness, shot with crimson, green, and gold, will be seen; in this state they are often made into ear-rings, breast-pins, and other ornaments. Top-shells have very curious tongues; Mr. Wood tells us in his book called 'Common Objects of the Sea-shore,' that when the tongue 'is properly displayed, it will appear furnished' with a set of very small, but very strong teeth; he also says that it is something like a small file, 'and is used not so much for tasting the food, as for a rasp, wherewith to cut it off. The Top therefore is a very useful inhabitant of an aquarium, for he saves much trouble in keeping the glass sides clean, and it is pretty as



Pencil-line Pecten.



Pecten opercularis.

well as useful, for its brilliant and delicate colours show to great advantage as it crawls about among the stones and sea-weed.

The next shells I will mention are those called

Chitons, or Mail-shells. They belong to the class of sea-slugs, their bodies are well protected by a thick coat, ar-



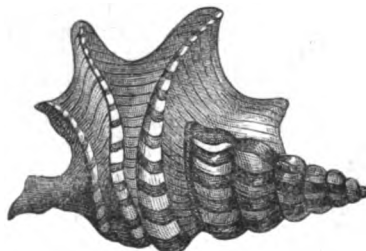
Necklace Natica.



Natica nitida.

ranged in light plates, something like ancient armour, from which they are called 'Mail' shells; the plates lap over each other, and are joined at the bottom to a narrow sort of band which goes quite round the animal.

If a Chiton is held in the hand it generally rolls itself up into a ball. Chitons move slowly along by means of one foot fastened to their stomachs, and of the same length as the creatures themselves. British Mail-shells are much smaller than foreign ones; the latter are often three or four inches long,



Pelican's Foot.

and two broad, whilst the largest British species is only an inch and a half in length, and about seven-eighths of an inch in breadth. The one I have copied was obtained off the Irish coast; the colouring is dark brown, with marks of olive green and chestnut.

A short time ago I had several live Chitons in an aquarium, but their numbers gradually diminished, owing, I expect, to the hungry crabs, who, taking advantage of some 'absence of mind' on the part of the poor Chitons, soon made their shells remarkable for 'absence of body,' for I found them lying empty amongst the pebbles.

Pectens, or Fan-shells, as



Dog Periwinkle.



Cowry.

children call them, are, I think, the most beautiful of British shells.

We have dredged up a great quantity at different times; and never have we found two alike. The colouring of some specimens is very gay—such as light brown, or red, marked with crimson, or fawn-coloured, streaked with orange and black; others

again, are all white, or pink, or yellow, as the case may be, with no marks on them at all; and some are brown, or chestnut, dotted over with little white points. I cannot tell you of half the beautiful tints and shades. Those I have drawn are by no means large specimens; the one with the hard Latin name is, I think, the prettiest I have ever seen. The top of the shell is orange-red, the middle green, mixed with mauve, and the lower part is salmon colour: these different hues are softened one into the other, except the rim which is very distinct. The marks are white, picked out with rich brown, the ears (as those parts of the shell are called which form the hinge) are faint salmon colour, with streaks of delicate green.

The best time to see a Pecten is after it has been in an aquarium (or any other vessel filled with sea-water) for two or three hours: its shell will then generally be open about a quarter of an inch; on each half of the shell we shall see a brightly coloured, narrow band, and on the edge of each band a row of tiny dots of the most brilliant hues, glittering and flashing as brightly as jewels; these dots are the pecten's eyes: two rows of white feelers are also attached to each narrow band: one row at the extreme edge of the shell, and the other at the lower edge of the band; they continually wave backwards and forwards, and look very light and graceful. Pectens do not crawl along like Top-shells, Chitons, and many others, but they spring lightly from place to place by opening and shutting their valves; it is a pretty sight to watch them dart about in an aquarium. These shells are sometimes called 'The butterflies of the sea.'

The Pelican's Foot is a pretty and curiously shaped shell. The name is given it from its having a large mouth, or lip, ending in several points, in shape and make somewhat like a bird's webbed foot. The size of this lip depends upon the age of the shell; when young it is small, but when the shell is older the lip increases in size. The marks on the Pelican's Foot are very numerous, and generally of a dark fawn colour, or reddish brown, on a surface of a much paler shade; the inside of the lip is quite smooth and of a faint buff or salmon colour.

Amongst the broken dead shells cast up by the waves on the shore, the Sea-snail or Natica, is common enough. It has a smooth shining surface, usually yellow or brown, with streaks of deep crimson on its spiral rings. The specimen, No. 1, in the illustration, is the largest species.

The chief peculiarity of this shell is the extraordinary way in which the animal spreads its body over its house when crawling about from place to place. Mr. Wood tells us that it is called the 'Necklace Natica' on account of the 'curious ribbon-like form in which its eggs are laid, somewhat resembling a broad necklace of pearls.'

The lesser Natica, in the illustration, is the prettier of the two shells; like the one just described, its surface is smooth and polished; the colouring varies very much; the particular shell I copied was bluish-white, with marks of pale mauve; the streaks are, you see, arranged in rows over the entire shell, not merely at the top, like those on the largest specimen.

The pretty little shells called Cowries or Tokens, are very plentiful on some of our coasts; like Sea-snails, they are famous for almost covering their shells with their bodies when moving about in search of food.

Cowries were valued much more highly a few years ago than they are now. The shells are generally white, tinged with pink, brown, or grey, and sometimes ornamented with dark spots.

Our next shell is the Dog-periwinkle—it is not at all rare—for I continually find it in a *live* state amongst the rocks and stones at low water, and in a *dead* state on the beach; but in spite of its being a common shell, we will not pass it carelessly over.

Some of the specimens are perfectly white, others are prettily branded with orange and white, or brown and white (like the one in the illustration); but its gay tints are not its chief recommendation. It was highly prized by the ancients on account of its having some yellowish matter in a sort of bag behind its head, from which a valuable purple dye was made.

I have read that the inhabitants of Tyre were famous for wearing purple cloth, the dye of which was procured from shells (B.C. 2112), and that it was also worn in Greece, B.C. 559. After having been lost for ages, the method of producing the Tyrian purple was discovered again in the seventeenth century. So you see the Dog-periwinkle is well worthy of being mentioned in this chapter 'about shells;' for though it is a common shell, and thrown on one side by collectors, yet the fact of its being so highly valued hundreds of years ago, gives it a claim upon our attention.

We were unfortunate enough to lose our dredging net one day when we went to sea for the special purpose of getting shells. I will tell you how it happened. It was time for us to give up dredging for that day, for the wind was 'freshening fast,' as the sailors say, and the waves were rising rapidly; however, as we had not dredged anything *very* valuable, we determined to throw the net overboard once more before we went home.

'One more haul won't make much difference in the state of the weather,' we said; 'it won't take long, and we *might* get something very rare.'

So the net was lowered 'for the last time,' and presently the sailor who was with us (and to whom the boat belonged) began to haul it up again.

But alas! scarcely had the sailor begun to pull in the rope than he stopped, shook his head gravely, and after another pull stopped again.

'What is the matter?' we exclaimed; 'not on a rock, surely?'

'Well, I can't say for certain it's a rock,' replied he, slowly; 'but she's struck on *something*—that's what she is! And what is more, I think she don't mean to come off again!'

'The only thing we can do is to hoist the foresail and let go the jib,' said the sailor, after about half an hour had been spent in these useless endeavours to release our net; 'perhaps if we sail over her, we'll drag her off backwards—'tis a poor chance, but the only one left.'



The man suited his actions to his words, and the result was that *The Bonnie Lass* moved on till the rope which had been at her bows was at her stern. A few moments of suspense ensued; the rope tightened—creaked—and then suddenly snapped asunder, and our dredging net was gone for ever!

'Eh, dear! there's a pity,' said the sailor; 'well—well, misfortunes *will* happen, and it is no use grumblin' at them! We may as well make haste home now; the wind is freshenin' fast, and will soon take us there!'

Our feelings when we landed that afternoon were very different from those with which we started; the wind 'freshened' rapidly, and the waves intruded themselves unpleasantly by splashing over the sides of the boat; the sun hid his face, and in the place of the blue sky of the morning were dark clouds and showers of rain. But I don't think this sudden change of weather would have been much heeded by us if we had not left our useful friend, the dredging-net, behind us.

A. C. WHEELEY.

### ALLEYNE'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

A.D. 1558.—A.D. 1858.

OH! stand we together,—together let us call  
On God on high who loves us, who loves and  
cares for all!

This world is for all men to learn to do His will,  
And school it is the world to us, our world for good  
or ill.

Let us live from henceforth truthful, from strife and  
discord free,

Let sin be seen how hateful, let goodness cherished  
be.

But slow are we to goodness, and prone we are to sin,  
We cannot fright our foes without, nor quell our  
foes within.

Yet if God be our bulwark, we'll stand though foes  
surround;

Our unity made stronger by bands of love fast  
bound.

But soon shall all be scatter'd, and toss'd the wide  
world o'er!

Where then shall be our unity, when hand join hand  
no more?

Oh! one we shall in heart be! God's spirit ever nigh  
Will guide us all where'er we are, to God our Tower  
on high.

W. W. H.

### NORTHUMBERLAND FISH-WOMEN.

PERHAPS few of our readers, except those who belong to the far North of England, have heard of Cullercoats. It is not surprising that they should not have done so, for it is a retired spot on the Northumberland coast. The sea is fine, the rocks are bold, the sands are good, and the air is bracing. One particular group of rocks, known as

'the Fairy Rocks,' from the fantastic shapes which they have assumed, are particularly well worth a visit. Tynemouth Priory, with its picturesque ruins, is close at hand, and the town of Newcastle is within a short distance.

However, the visitor at Cullercoats need not go very far to seek amusement. It is a pretty sight to see the fishing-boats go out to sea in fine weather, and to watch the brawny limbs and well-knit figures of the Northern fishermen, as they man their craft. It is no less pleasing sometimes to talk with one of these men, as he smokes his evening pipe close by 'the Beacon,' which does duty at Cullercoats for a lighthouse. The honest freedom and simplicity of these men, and the broad tones of their Northumberland dialect, at once arrest the interest and sympathy of strangers, and much more of those to whom that language is as their mother-tongue. Many a story might be told of these brave fellows venturing their lives to save their companions, and deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice have been performed on that rough rocky coast, which might not be unworthy of a place in the annals of our country.

The fisherman's help-mate, generally, is his wife, who is often scarcely inferior in muscular strength to himself. The dress of the Cullercoats fish-women, which is almost unique, is represented in the picture. Of late years considerable changes have taken place in their dress, but in their earlier and simpler days shoes and stockings were regarded in the light of luxuries. As it is, the majority of the 'fisher children' run about barefoot, and this, judging from their appearance, does not interfere with their health or strength.

The fish-woman acts as the sale-woman of the fish caught by her father, husband, or brother, as the case may be. Each morning these women may be seen making their way across the 'Loug Sands,' with their fish-kreels strapped upon their broad shoulders, and soon in the streets of Tynemouth and Newcastle is heard the cry of 'Fresh herrings, Caller herrings!' and other similarly tempting announcements, delivered with the strong intonation of their northern dialect. When the women are not employed in this way, you may see them sitting at their doors mending the crab-nets, cleaning and preparing the fish, or patching the great worn sail of a fishing smack with needlework not of the most delicate description.

It was said that Cullercoats was a very primitive place, but however much it may have been so in other respects, it certainly was not until very recently primitive in its religion. Until within the last two or three years Cullercoats had no church. By the munificence of the late Duke of Northumberland, who has in this point furnished a worthy example to Christian landlords, a pretty, solid-looking little church was erected, and the village has now the privilege of the regular spiritual ministrations of a clergyman of the Church of England.

One trait in the character of the Cullercoats people must not be omitted. Like all north-country people, they have a strong spirit of enterprise and independence. As with the pitmen, so with the



Northumberland Fish-women.

fishermen. Their houses, however humble and even of really good and durable furniture, which they dirty, will generally be found to contain some article have purchased for themselves.

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# Chatterbox.





## CUT FROM A BOY'S BOOK.



NO. II.—'WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?'

**I**HAD not been very long at school before I discovered that a small difficulty was hanging over me. I don't think I made a mountain of it; but it was there, in the distance, coming nearer—I might meet it any day.

There was, in fact, a split in the school. I don't mean that any boy had mutinied against any master, or even against Mr. Fell, whose place was so curiously uncertain and odd amongst us. It wasn't that at all. But Mr. Berry's school was 'mixed;' and there are, perhaps, no greater sticklers for social position than schoolboys. The boarders who came from a distance had a sort of contempt for the day-boarders out of the town; while the town boys disliked the country boys for being stuck-up: thus, at the time I entered it, the school was divided into two bodies. I don't know that Mr. Berry himself knew this, or that he would have taken any notice of it if he had. Perhaps not. But the disputes did at times threaten to grow rather warm, and I trembled as the question occurred to me, 'Must I take a side? and if so, which?' My father certainly did not live in the town; but that, even while it occurred to me, I felt to be a quibble. If our house was not actually in the streets, still we were townspeople. But then I was a boarder, and therefore might be considered on a level with the set of which Peterson major was the leader. Besides this, he had taken rather a fancy to me, perhaps on account of my size; he had on one or two occasions called me 'Cock Robin;' but this was privately, and I would not have liked it from any one else. And perhaps, too, his care of me in my fainting fit had given him a sort of proprietorship in me. Anyhow, my trial came. He was walking about one day when there had been a little bandying of words between the two sides, and he chanced to spy me crouching in a corner, and watching him rather anxiously.

'Hullo!' said Peterson, 'here's a recruit. Come, old fellow, are you town or gown, eh?'

Not understanding him, I was simple enough to say I didn't see any gowns, upon which he frowned dreadfully.

'That shows your ignorance of the world, Burke. When you know a little more of life, you will understand that gown and town mean respectively boarders and day-boys. We are gown, little Burke. They'—with a wave of his hand towards the opposite party—'are town! Now, Burke, you see your governor is not exactly living in the town—'

'But he is a townsman,' I interrupted. 'He was elected for the Stone ward without—'

'Not exactly in the town,' proceeded Peterson, blandly—'when you know a little more of the world, Burke, you will not interrupt the chairman—nor yet altogether in the country. Therefore you are—you are—upon my word, you are such an

uncommon cocky little chap, that I'm inclined to let you choose.'

I shrunk a little behind the back of my nearest neighbour. I couldn't get rid of the uncomfortable conviction that I ought to stand up for my native place; but then I didn't like to be looked down upon. I was not strong-minded. If town had been the weaker party, I would have stuck to it. I would indeed; but it wasn't. And I didn't think it wanted me. It was the stronger as to numbers; and it was looked down upon and considered low.

'How say you, my masters?' recited Peterson—he was rather of a dramatic turn—'shall little Burke choose, or shall he not?'

'Choose!'

'Toss up!'

This vulgar suggestion came, of course, from town, and was not noticed.

'We give you five minutes, Burke, to consider then. After that, the freedom of choice is withdrawn, and we—'

'Toss up,' repeated town, coarsely; 'he is but a skinny bit to quarrel about.'

I muttered something, was told to speak up, and didn't.

'You are aware, Burke,' said Peterson, 'that it is a very great honour to be allowed this choice?'

'Yes.'

'Oh, very!' from town.

'And if you were not descended in a direct line,' said Peterson, looking round, 'from a pillar of—in fact, a stump-erator—no, I don't mean that exactly—from a magistrate, then—you would not be permitted this honour. As it is—Wilkins, have the goodness to count sixty—fast. Good. One minute gone, Burke. Count without making a noise, Wilkins; on your fingers, or your buttons.'

In the midst of my perplexity my eye happened to fall upon a distant desk, where it remained transfixed. The long, lean Mr. Fell sat there as usual, absorbed in his work. He had a pen in his hand, but it was doing nothing; he had leaned his one arm on the desk, and his cheek upon that; his spectacles had fallen rather low on his nose, and he was looking over them at me. Such an odd look; as if this crisis were one to which he had been looking forward. I did not then know much about Paget Fell, or his exact place in the school; one day I was to be wiser, and know him better. Meantime, he had now and then to hear the lessons of the lowest form; and he had once or twice singled me out from amongst the others by a word of approval or a nod of encouragement. When I saw him looking at me in this odd manner, a sudden thought came into my head, and I ventured to say quietly, pointing towards the distant desk,—

'Which is he?'

'Burke,' replied Peterson, gravely, 'I am astonished at you. Which is *what*? Which is *who*? If you mean the individual in the corner, he is—no-body. What *do* you mean by it, Burke? Two minutes gone. Count a little faster, Wilkins, sir.'

But I still looked at the long, lean fellow with his head on his hand, and his expression had changed a little; the spectacles were pushed back again, and



The Shadow on the Blind.

'To my eyes her own she lifted,  
Pure and firm their deep blue gaze :  
"I still find the path of duty  
Easier than the world's wild ways ;

"Tell me not my youth is wasted  
When its brightest years are given  
Suffering age to help and strengthen  
Up the hill that leads to heaven."

M.

## THE HERMIT OF THE FOREST.

*(Continued from p. 11.)*

**I**T was a sunny winter's day ; the old man sat before his door, and let the warm sun shine upon him : it almost seemed, too, as if a sun had shone into his frozen heart and thawed the ice in it ; things came to his remembrance which for a long time he had not thought of ; and when at night he fell asleep on his rude couch, and the bright, clear, full moon shone straight down upon his face through the broken window of his hut, then wonderful dreams came to him.

He never could tell exactly what it was he dreamed, but his slumber was sweet and peaceful, as it had not been before for a very long time. Like pure gold and purple the morning light shone into his hut when he awoke ; and, as he stood before his door, it seemed to him as if the green fir-tree outside was pointing with one branch down to the men below, and with the other stretching joyfully upwards towards the bright blue sky.

A clever thought had come to the old man, too—a more clever one than that which came to wild Harry, the butcher's son, the day before ; he chuckled to himself whenever he thought of it, and could scarcely wait till he could carry it out in action. He kindled a bright fire, and cooked himself a better breakfast than usual ; then he brought the ass his fodder, and it certainly must have seemed very strange to the donkey when his master stroked him and patted him so kindly on the back ; such a thing had not happened to him before for a very long time.

'We are going out to-day together, old fellow,' said the hermit ; 'and you shall have a splendid feed of hay on Christmas-day.'

From an old mouldy chest he took out a cloak ; no one could have believed that the old man possessed such a fur-trimmed cloak. It was indeed somewhat dusty and moth-eaten, but it was warm and comfortable, and one could scarcely recognise the old man, so stately did he look when he wrapped the cloak round him.

When he had saddled his ass, he glided cautiously to the farthest corner of his hut, took up one of the boards in the floor, and drew out a well-filled purse, which he put into his pocket. It was not, then, all a false tale which the people told about his secret hoard of gold.

It was a pity that the boys of the village could not see him then, as he rode down the hill on his donkey, an empty sack spread upon the shabby saddle. But the boys would not trust themselves again so easily in the forest ; they had an evil conscience because they had left the old man all alone lying bleeding in the wood : they had not seen Elsbeth since then, and feared lest the hermit should be found dead and they should be accused of the murder : they did not feel at all cheerful, nor in a proper Christmas humour.

But the old man appeared to have forgotten everything which had vexed him ; so he looked quite happy as he trotted along on his ass, and muttered to himself, 'All sorts of pretty things, and dolls and toys. I will get them all.'

The donkey knew his way, it was the only one which he ever went, and was a ride of about two hours to the town. But the donkey and his master had never yet been into the town, it was in a poor, dirty, shabby-looking shop in the suburbs, that the hermit bought the few things he required—as tea, matches, dried fish, and suchlike—for his miserable home.

Up to this shop the ass trotted, but his master gave him a pat and said, 'Not there to-day, old fellow, forwards !'

So the donkey ambled through the gate into the town. On the day before Christmas, the people had plenty to do, so they did not take much notice of the strange old rider.

But he gazed into all the shop-windows, till at last he stopped his donkey before a toy-shop, which was now, on the day before Christmas, decked out into a regular children's paradise.

The donkey remained patiently standing while his master went into the shop, with his sack in his hand. The shopmen were highly amused at this singular figure, but when the rusty old man, in the moth-eaten fur cloak, drew out a heavy purse full of money, they jumped up and hastened to serve him. They spread out before him the loveliest dolls, with wax heads and glass eyes, mossy gardens with woolly sheep in them, poultry-yards with feathered hens and peacocks, boxes with kitchen-utensils, and painted porcelain cups and coffee-pots : it was a real pleasure to see with what delight old Poppel took up one after the other, and laid them on one side ; the shopman wrapped them all up carefully in paper before they were put into the sack. 'Something more for girls ! Now, too, playthings for boys !' he ordered over and over again ; and carts, balls, boxes with soldiers, whips, swords, and guns—all found their way into the sack, till it was so full that the donkey could scarcely carry it.

'We shall hope to see you again soon, sir,' said the shopman, laughing, when he had paid for his purchases, but the old gentleman who had not for a long time been treated so politely, had not enough yet ; he went now into a lollypop shop, and he smiled to himself as he crammed the sweetmeats into his cloak-pockets. Lastly, he turned into a book-shop, and the bookseller looked at him in amazement when he asked for the picture and A B C books, which many years ago used to be popular among children.

But at last the old gentleman and his ass were loaded enough ; the donkey had been treated with fresh hay, so that he must have felt in quite a Christmas humour, and he had a bag of it too on his back, as they contentedly trotted homewards.

There is an old fable of a post-horn, in which all the tunes which the post-boy used to blow through it were frozen ; and when the post-horn was hung up, before the warm fire, all the melodies were thawed, and the tunes sounded forth of themselves,



a slight smile twisted his lips. Something about this smile irritated me. It seemed to say, 'Of course! come out from the herd of your fellow-townsmen, and join the upstarts. It is what I've known all along.'

I don't know that Mr. Fell actually thought all this; I incline to believe he did not, but I was irritated. The impulse was strong upon me then to walk away from the orator and range myself on the opposite side. I should have done it, but at that moment the lips of the town leader opened, the voice of the town leader spoke,—

'Who killed Cock Robin?'

There was a dreadful silence in the room. I felt the angry red in my cheeks; it burnt fiercer and fiercer. I glanced at Peterson major, and saw that he was coughing behind his hand to hide a laugh. I looked all round the ranks, and saw suppressed laughter everywhere, but open merriment and sneers on the Carroll side. Worse than all, Mr. Fell's other hand had come up and covered his face altogether.

In my anger and mortification I went straight up to Carroll, the boys making way for me.

'You have no business to call me names,' I said; 'and you are a cad!'

'Who'll make his shroud?' asked Carroll, over my head, as if he had not seen me.

'I, said the Beetle, with my thread and needle, I'll make his shroud.'

'A cad!' I repeated, more loudly; 'you are all of you cads. I choose gown.'

The next moment I was ashamed of my passion; but Peterson rapped the desk with his ruler, and there rose up a great 'Bravo! Three cheers for little Burke!' I was surrounded, hoisted on the shoulders of a boy very little taller than myself, and carried round the school-grounds in triumph. It was very uncomfortable, and a little dangerous; but I bore it. I had made my choice.

I didn't know why, I don't know even now; but, as I passed Mr. Fell's desk that evening in all the glory of my new election, I couldn't help lingering. I wanted him to speak to me. Not that I liked him; I was, in fact, rather bitter against him; but, for all that, I could not help stopping.

But he did not even look up. 'At last, I said,—

'I know you think I chose wrongly.'

He made a little impatient movement.

'I don't think at all about you, Burke.'

This irritated me still more.

'Yes you do, sir,' I said. I had not yet been quite laughed out of the sir. 'I saw you looking at me, and you were thinking about me. You won't tell me *what* you think, but I don't care. Maybe I'd have stuck by town only for you.'

'That is not the truth, Burke,' said Mr. Fell, calmly. 'I have not said your choice was wrong, but I say that it was weak to let a bit of schoolboy ridicule drive you into it. I had nothing to do with your making it, but I can tell you what had; and I'd remember it, if I were you, when ridicule tries to drive you into a corner again.'

'Then what was it, sir?'

'It was "Who killed Cock Robin?" that did it.'



## THE QUAKER'S GIFT.

EVI, can you make up your mind to live at home, and be a farmer?'

'I would rather be a tanner than a farmer.'

'Very well,' answered his father, who was willing to let Levi follow his own tastes, as he was now seventeen years old; 'very well, my son, I will try and find a place for you.'

Very shortly a place was found for Master Levi with a good Quaker.

When the youth presented himself at the tannery, the honest Quaker said,—

'Levi, if thou art a good lad, I will do well by thee; if not, I will send thee home again. All the bargain I will make with thee is, that thou shalt do as well by me as I do by thee.'

'Very well, sir,' said Levi; 'I will do my best.'

Levi now went to work with hearty good-will. He worked hard, read his Bible, said his prayers, and was steady, honest, and good-natured. The Quaker liked him. He liked the Quaker. The Quaker was satisfied, and Levi was happy; the years of his apprenticeship passed pleasantly away.

One day Levi's master said to him,—

'Levi, I think of making thee a present when thy time is out.'

Levi smiled at this pleasant piece of news, and said, 'I shall be very happy to receive any gift you may be pleased to make me, sir.'

Then the Quaker looked knowingly at Levi, and added, 'I cannot tell thee now what the present is to be, but *it shall be worth more than a thousand pounds to thee!*'

'More than a thousand pounds!' said Levi to himself, his eyes sparkling at the bare thought of such a costly gift. 'What can it be?' That was the puzzling question which buzzed about in Levi's brain from that time until the day before he was out of his apprenticeship. On that day the Quaker said to him,—

'Levi, thy time is up to-morrow; but I will take thee and thy present home to-day.'

Levi breathed freely on hearing these words. Dressing himself in his best suit, he soon joined the Quaker, but could see nothing that looked like a gift worth over a thousand pounds. He puzzled himself about it all the way, and said to himself, 'Perhaps, my master has forgotten it.'

At last they reached Levi's home. After he had been greeted by his friends, the Quaker turned to him and said,—

'Levi, I will give thy present to thy father.'

'As you please, sir,' replied Levi, now on the very tiptoe of expectation.

'Well,' said the Quaker, speaking to Levi's father, 'your son is the best boy I have ever had.' Then turning to Levi he added, 'This is thy present, Levi, A GOOD NAME!'

Levi blushed, and certainly he felt disappointed when his golden visions so suddenly vanished away. But his sensible father was delighted, and said to the Quaker, who was smiling waggishly,—

'I would rather hear you say *that* of my son, sir, than to see you give him all the money you are worth, for, *A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.*'

Levi's father was right, and the young man's *good name* did more for him in after-years than could have been done by any sum of money.



### LOVE THE BEST FORCE.

TWO little boys were on their way to school. They were brothers, and their names were John and Frank. John was the elder of the two, and he liked to rule Frank by sharp words; but Frank did not like to be ruled in that way.

'Come on — quicker, quicker. What a slow coach you are!'

said John.

'It is not late, and the day is hot,' said Frank.

'I tell you I want to get to school to clean out my desk,' said John. 'Come! you *shall* come.'

And then John tried to pull Frank along by main force; but the more John pulled, the more Frank made up his mind not to yield.

While the dispute went on, they came to a place in the road where a man was trying to make a horse pull a great load of stones. The horse had stopped to rest, when the man began to beat him.

This the horse did not like, for he had tried to do his best; so he stood stock still. In vain did the man lay on the lash; the horse would not start. In vain did the wicked man swear at him; the horse did not mind his oaths.

Just then a young man came up, and said to the man with the load of stones, 'Why do you treat a good, brave horse in that way? He would pull for you till he died if you would only treat him kindly. Stand aside, and let me show you how to treat a good horse.'

So the man stood aside; and the young man went up, and put his arm round the neck of the horse, and patted him on the back, and said, 'Poor old fellow! It was too bad to lash you so, when you were doing your best, and just stopped a moment to take breath.'

And so the young man soothed the poor beast by kind words and soft pats with his hands; and then said to him, 'Now, good old horse, see what you can do! Come; we have only a few steps more to the top of the hill. Get up now. Show you will do for love what you would not do for blows.'

The horse seemed to know what was said to him, for he started off, and was soon at the top of the hill.

'There, my good friend,' said the young man to the driver, 'I hope you see now that *love is the best force*; that even beasts will do for you, when you are kind, what they will not do when you are harsh.'

John heard all these words, and they set him

thinking. At last he said to Frank, 'It is a hot day, Frank; and it is not late. Let us walk through the lane to school.'

'No, John,' said Frank, 'I will take the short cut, and will walk just as fast as you want me to. So come on.'

'Frank,' said John, 'Love is better than hate, isn't it?'

'Oh, a thousand times better!' cried Frank.

As chance would have it, they that day read in school a fable, two thousand years old, which I will now tell you.

The North Wind and the Sun had a dispute as to which could show the more strength. They agreed that the one that could strip a man first of his cloak should be the victor.

First, North Wind tried his strength; he blew and blew, with all his might; but, blow as hard as he could, he could not do much. The man drew his cloak round him more and more tightly; he would not let it be torn from him. So at last the North Wind gave up the strife, and called on the Sun to see what he could do. The Sun shone out with all his warmth. The man could not well bear the heat; he soon grew so warm that he had to take off his cloak; and so the Sun became the winner in the trial.

Love has more strength than Hate.

### THE SHADOW ON THE BLIND.

FLITTING o'er the darkened window

Comes the shadow of a face,  
Through the chamber gently moving,  
With a slow and gliding grace.

Up the street two friends are passing,  
'Neath the shadow on the blind;  
Now awhile they gaze and linger,  
Then they leave the house behind.

'Still she keeps her loving vigil,  
Watching by her father's bed;  
Never choosing that a hireling  
Should attend him in her stead.

'She wastes youth, and health, and beauty,  
In that darkened, airless room;  
Yet you say her gentle features  
Show no trace or shade of gloom.

'Tis an overstrained devotion  
In a girl so young and fair,  
Thus to quit the broad, glad sunlight  
For a sick-room's fevered air.'

'Once I said, Your life is passing  
Like a weary lingering dream;  
Like a brook that travels onward  
In a straight unvaried stream!

one after the other. The heart of the old man must have been like this frozen post-horn, and all the blessed Christmases with their happy tidings, which he had disregarded, had now thawed in it, and this was why he now came home so richly laden.

That night, too, he had pleasant dreams; it seemed as if old age and heart-ache had passed away from him, as if he were a happy boy again, and the holy Christ-child Himself was present with him. 'Give me something too,' he begged, as in his dream the Christ child was again about to fly up to heaven, but he only heard the sweetest sounds, as beautiful as that angel's song on the first Christmas-Eve, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men.'

That was a busy day for the old man when he got up next morning, never in his life had he had so much to arrange; the only man he knew in the village, the schoolmaster, had come up at his request to him, and was in his hut. But when he said to him, 'Listen, schoolmaster, I want just for once to give all the young people down in the village a happy Christmas-Day; will you help me a bit?'

The schoolmaster looked at him quite frightened, evidently thinking that old Poppel had at last really gone mad.

'I scarcely know what has come over me,' continued the old man; 'but I have not for many years done any one a pleasure, and whenever I have seen children, I have scolded them and chased them away; now I wish that for once we should all have a happy Christmas together, so that they should no longer fly away from me.'

'Yes!—but—how—wherefore? and have you found a treasure?' inquired the astonished schoolmaster, as he beheld all the collected stores which the ass had carried from the town.

'No,' said the hermit, sadly. 'I am not so poor as my miserable life would lead you to think, but I am an unhappy, solitary, old man, to whom nothing in this world any longer gives pleasure, so for a long time now I have neither done myself nor any one else any good with my money. It was not always so, schoolmaster. Far, far away from here, in the neighbourhood of New York, I owned a neat little farm, and, as I early lost my good wife, I loved my only child so deeply that I gave the girl everything which her eyes desired, allowed her to do everything she liked; she had not a single wish which I did not strive to satisfy. My Ellen became self-willed and headstrong, but she was a beautiful girl, the joy and pride of my heart. Then a man came into our country, he said he was a count or something of the kind; he was not long there before he desired my Ellen for his wife. I never thought much of him; I flatly refused him, and told him that such a wandering fellow without work or occupation should never have my child. But Ellen cried and wept, and said that she would have him. I spoke the gentlest words to her, promised her every kindness if she would only remain with me—my only and darling child. I said I was sure that man would certainly make her unhappy; I would go away with her wherever she wished. Never did a father so implore his own child. But in the night she ran away

from me, and left me quite alone; me, her poor father, quite alone in the world, and I would have given my heart's blood for her! Then my heart became like a stone, in downright hatred towards all men, because all seemed to me evil and false, after my child had so deceived me, and whenever I saw any children I became quite savage, for I thought how my Ellen used to play about like them, and how she had been the joy of my heart. I shut myself up in my house, and no more spoke to any one.'

'And did you never hear anything more of your daughter?' asked the schoolmaster.

'Once,' said the old man, mournfully. 'I do not quite know whether I dreamt it, or whether it really happened; one moonlight night there was a knock at my window, more than a year after my child had fled from me. When I got up, a pale woman stood outside in the bright moonlight, with a child in her arms, and implored piteously, 'Father, let me in!' Then my anger overcame me, and I exclaimed, 'So now you wish to come in, and I entreated you not to leave me, but you went away from me! Now you may reap where you have sown!' and I shut the window, and lay down in my bed. But I could sleep no more; I got up once again and looked all round about outside the house, but there was not a trace of any one there. Next day I inquired of all the neighbours if any of them had seen a woman with a child thereabouts, but they had not, so I thought that perhaps after all it was a dream. From that hour I have not had a moment's rest. I went away—far, far away—up here. I did not wish to see men's faces any more, so I came up to this lonely hut, and have lived like a beggar while I hoarded my money; often have I thought that perhaps I did not dream that night, and my child might have returned once more if I had not closed the door against her! Do you really think it was a dream, schoolmaster?'

'I don't know,' said he; 'your daughter indeed committed a great sin, but—I don't mean any offence—you too were guilty. You wished to have pleasure and delight in your child, but you did not enforce obedience; a child to whose will a parent yields in everything, must become self-willed, and if your daughter ever return, you too should kneel down with her and pray to God, "Lord, forgive us our sins."'

'I have often thought so,' said the old man, sadly; 'and since that little girl from the village has been with me, more so than ever, all through the night I pondered over it; and that is why I want now for once to give a pleasure to all the children, because I shall never have child or grandchild to whom I can give any joy.'

'Well! we will soon arrange that together,' said the schoolmaster, who was a good, kind-hearted man, and often felt sorrowful that he had nothing to give away himself.

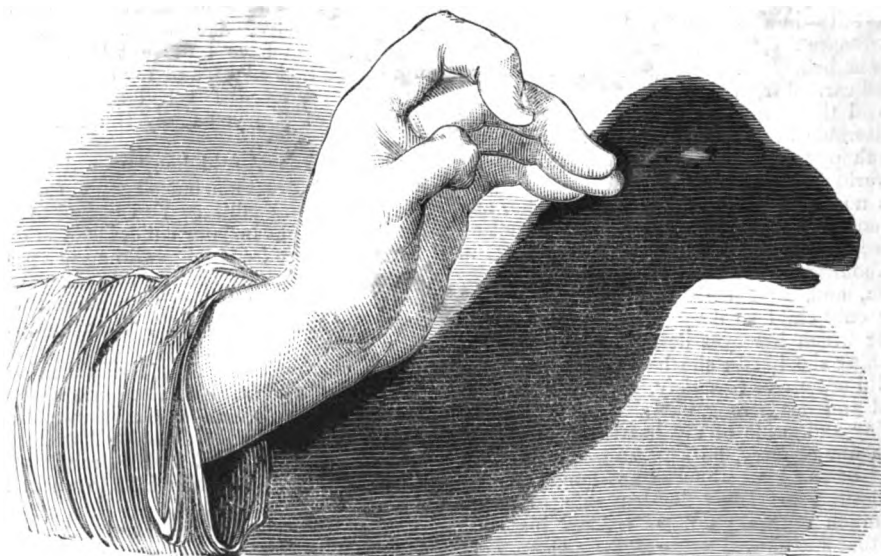
(Concluded in our next.)

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THERE is no kind of knowledge which, in the hands of the diligent and skilful, will not sooner or later turn to good account.



THE HARE.



THE CAMEL.

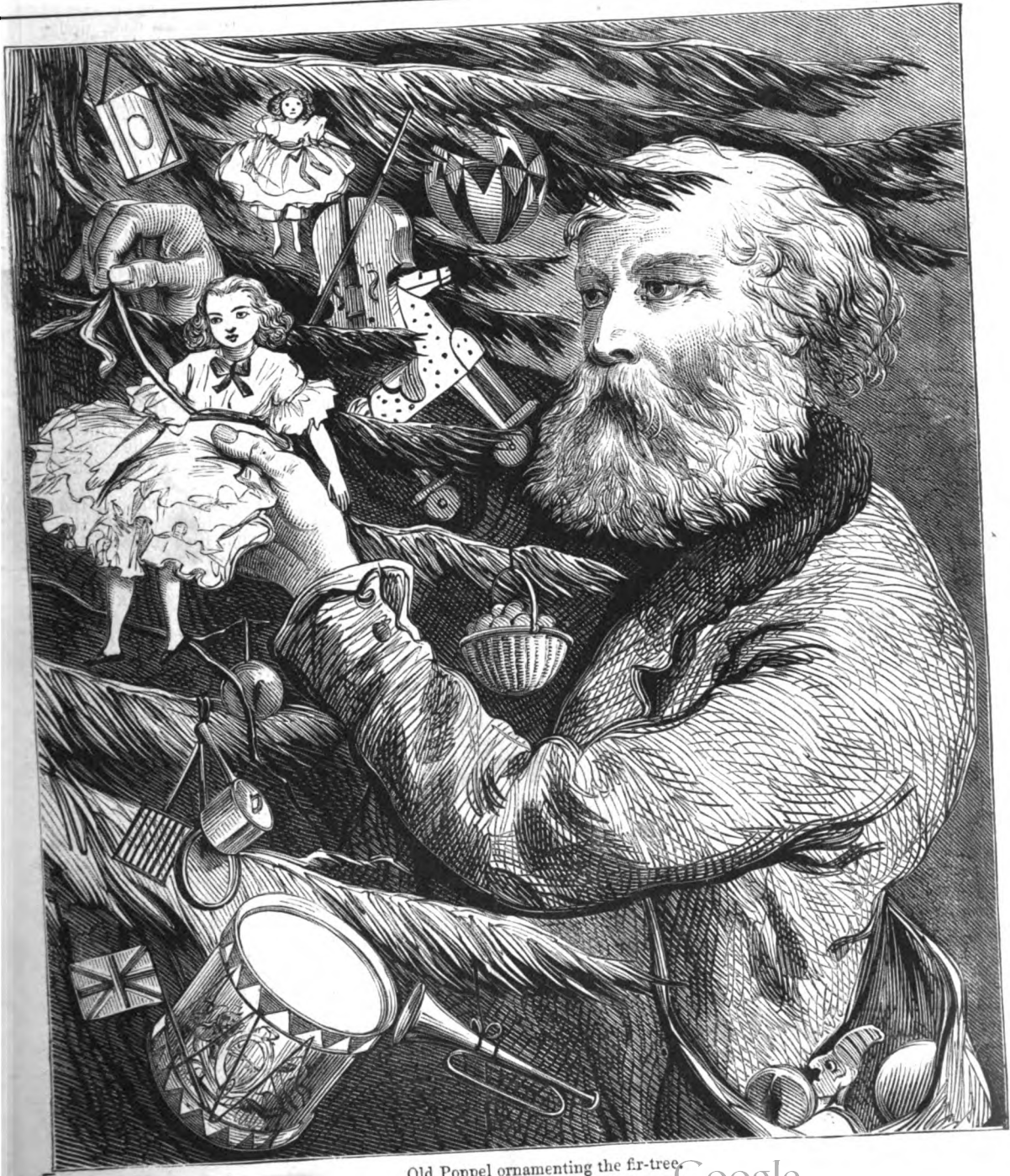
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# Chatterbox.



## THE HERMIT OF THE FOREST.

(Continued from p. 23.)



I was a holiday in honour of the morrow being Christmas-Day, and yet a throng of children, great and small—in fact, all who were able to walk, stood before the school-house, as if suddenly seized with a desire to go to school.

But the children of Neubruch were not so fond of learning as all that. They were all staring at a

white sheet of paper which the schoolmaster had nailed upon the school-house door, on which was written in large letters:—

'The Hermit of the Forest invites his friends, the children of Neubruch, to pay him a visit together this afternoon, when the school-bell rings.'

This was indeed a strange event!

'I shan't go there,' said Henry; 'he wants to tempt us out to cut us all to pieces!'

'Perhaps there are a great many more bad men hidden somewhere out there,' suggested another.

'Or perhaps he has got a dog which he will set at us,' said Jacob.

'I think that he will make his ass mad, and let him loose on us,' was stupid Lisa's view of the matter, which was received with a burst of laughter.

'I don't think he will do any harm,' said Elsbeth, who had just joined the group; 'and if my mother lets me, I shall go out to him.'

'I too—I too,' exclaimed many of the children, with whom curiosity was stronger than fear.

'You may go safely, I am sure, children,' said the schoolmaster, who was just coming out of the door of his house. 'I am going with you myself, and will pledge myself to your parents that no harm shall happen to you from the old man.'

But still the parents were not quite easy about the matter, when the children rushed home breathless and told them about this strange invitation; in spite of the schoolmaster's promise, they only consented unwillingly to allow them to go up to that mysterious old man, who they supposed had now gone completely out of his mind, but the young people had become so wild with curiosity and expectation, they would scarcely have been able to keep them back.

Elsbeth had told her mother everything which had happened to her at the hut when in the forest on the day before, and her mother was very thoughtful about it, but she readily gave her leave to go with the others. 'Who knows,' she said, with a sorrowful smile, 'that as the old man already gave you some sugar, that he may not this time give you something better; and I alas! can give you nothing, poor child!'

The day was bright, and the sun shone almost as if were Easter and not Christmas-tide, when, at the appointed time in the afternoon, the well-known school-bell sounded forth, for which all the children, neatly and warmly dressed, had been waiting with impatient desire. The little flock appeared from all

sides, and entered the wood in groups or singly, some hand in hand, the schoolmaster at the head.

At the entrance of the ravine, he arranged them all in orderly ranks. With beating hearts they marched up the hill; there stood old Poppel, again dressed in the curious fur cloak, before his door, under the fir-tree which the naughty children two days before came to demand from him.

But what a fir-tree that was now! Nobody had ever seen one like it! There were no lights on it, but in the bright sunshine all the splendid things which hung from it shone and sparkled like a rainbow.

The children at first stood still in wonder. But Harry, who knew what was the right thing to do, threw up his cap in the air, and cried out merrily, 'Long live Old Poppel!' and 'Long live Old Poppel!' sounded forth from all the various gruff and soft voices of the young assembly. Some girls added politely to it, 'old Mr. Poppel,' but he did not hear that.

'Now, Mr. Schoolmaster,' he said, 'you know best what each would like, will you be kind enough to give each something from the tree in the name of Old Poppel?'

The children were now quite still, and gazing at the wonderful tree, the same tree which formerly had stood looking so melancholy before the gloomy hovel, stretching out its branch like a threatening arm.

'All in order—in two ranks,' commanded the schoolmaster. 'Boys to the left, and girls to the right! Henry Brosch, and you, Elsbeth, come forward, you are the eldest, you can help me, behind there are a couple of baskets, which I sent out here this morning, give them to me; there's a knife there too.'

It was a pleasure to see how the gifts were cut down one after the other, and how they were distributed. Every one received something so much better than he had expected, not a breath of envy or discontent was heard, it was to the children like a happy dream; those, too, who had little brothers and sisters at home, who could not come, received playthings to take to them.

The old man sat at the threshold of his hut, behind him his faithful donkey was tied up, who, to-day, was enjoying more fresh hay. The old man beheld the children's happiness, he heard their joy, and his heart grew warm within him, and his eyes moist with tears—it was long indeed since he had shed any—not since his little Ellen had played at his feet, and merrily brought him the flowers or stones which she had found.

In wild delight at all their gifts, and in eager desire to show them to their parents, the greater part of the youthful company had run off down the hill, but Elsbeth went up to the old man, held out her hand to him, and said, 'I thank you, sir; I thank you very much indeed!' The others remarked this, and then one after the other they came back and thanked him, and 'Long live the Hermit of the Forest!' sounded in all tones of voice, as they sprang down the hill (the schoolmaster had hinted to them that this was much more polite than Old Poppel), and

for a long time the old man heard the merry chatter of the delighted children.

'Would you ever have thought *he* was so good?' said a little girl, in amazement to her companion; 'just taste my sweetmeat, isn't it nice?'

'I shall go out there again, and gather wood for him,' said a great boy, in a gush of gratitude. 'Such a ball, and such a picture-book, as I have got, hurrah!'

'And such a splendid doll as I have,' cried little Annie, with delight. 'Look, it has a pink frock!'

Such merry chattering and laughter the old forest had never heard till to-day, as the happy children danced and skipped homewards.

Old Poppel was now spoken of throughout the village with gratitude and much amazement. He still sat before his hut, the schoolmaster and Elsbeth were with him, they could not leave him all alone so soon.

'Well, child,' said the schoolmaster at last, 'now we must go too; your mother will be anxious if you do not come soon.'

'Oh, you must not stay all alone,' Elsbeth said to the old man; 'it will be so cold up here.'

'I am no longer so lonely as formerly,' said the old man, kindly.

'But you should come with me,' begged Elspeth, again; 'now everybody will like you.'

'Not everybody!' said the old man sadly, and shook his head.

'Oh, yes, indeed!' repeated the child, and while she looked thoughtfully into his face, she asked, 'Had you ever any children?'

'Yes!' answered the old man, with deep pain. 'I had a child, and I do not know whether she died in cold or wretchedness. Oh! if I had only opened my door to her.'

Shocked at the old man's grief, Elsbeth leaned against the schoolmaster. 'Look, Elsbeth,' cried he, 'here is your mother coming up here! She is anxious about you, I ought to have taken you home sooner.'

'Where has my Elsbeth been staying so long? the others have come home!' inquired her mother as she came up. Her child sprang to meet her, but the pale woman remained standing in amazement when she saw the old man in his fur cloak standing under the door. 'Who is that?' she cried in terror and surprise.

'Oh! old Poppel, mother; he who once used to run after us, but is now so kind—just look at my work-box!'

But her mother did not look at Elsbeth's work-box, and the silk handkerchief which she had received. She and the old man stared at each other as if they were bewitched, till both cried out almost at the same moment—

'Is it you, then! Oh, my father!' 'Ellen,—Ellen, my child, can it be you?'

And they smiled, and wept, and embraced each other, and Ellen asked, 'Oh, father, can you forgive me?' and the father exclaimed, 'Oh, my child, it was you then! and I drove you from my door.' Neither of them took any more notice of the wondering Elsbeth nor of the schoolmaster till the latter

clasped his hands and said, 'The Lord's counsel is wonderful, and His ways past finding out.'

Now the old man (whose name was not Poppel, but Robert Hall) was easily persuaded to go down with them to the village. Poor as the cottage of Elsbeth's mother was, yet it was a comfortable mansion compared with that wretched hut in the forest.

Elsbeth, to whom it seemed all a dream that old Poppel should be her grandfather, made a warm fire, upon which she put the tea-kettle; her mother had no Christmas present for her, but she had obtained a little Christmas tree, which now, as it had become dark, she lighted up. By its light the old man sat and rested; his daughter sat on a stool at his feet, and told him all the heart-sorrow which she had borne since they had been parted from each other.

'O father! there is no happiness in a union which a parent's blessing has not consecrated,' confessed the penitent woman, weeping. 'You were right; he was not a good man who persuaded me to disobey my father. I passed many grievous days with him; two years after I left you, he forsook me and my little child, and went away to California. I never heard of him again.'

'Oh, Ellen, and it was you who came that night?'

'I wished to arise and go to my father, and say unto him, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee!" When you sent me away I acknowledged that it was God's judgment, and willingly would I have died, but my child looked at me with such bright eyes, and stretched out its little hands to me. So I wandered about in misery till I came to a farm, where they took me in as a servant, and allowed me to keep my child with me. I worked faithfully. I thought I would make up to my child in what I had failed towards my father, and would bring her up in the fear of God and in obedience; and God be praised, my Elsbeth is a good, obedient child. I have often inquired after my father, but your house and farm were sold, and no one knew anything about you. When I had earned enough to be able to live by myself, I came over here; I had always longed to enjoy a home of my own with my child. Here we could live by the work of our hands, but I never thought that the good God would be so merciful to me, and lead me back again to my father. And for how long a time have we been so near to each other and never known it?'

Then the father told of the long, sad, solitary time which he had passed, and after that they sat silently and quietly together, with the child between them, and all was peace and reconciliation.

The schoolmaster had gone away softly; he had fetched a couple of boys and girls who wished to do a special favour to Old Poppel. The little Christmas tree had long since burned down, only the full clear moonlight streamed into the low room, when the Christmas song, sung by sweet children's voices, sounded outside under the window—

'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men.'

Spring was early that year, and no one would have recognised the cottage of Elsbeth's mother



when the first roses bloomed in the little garden—so imposing had it become with its snow-white walls, green shutters, and red-tiled roof. A room had been built for the grandfather, and a stable behind for the donkey.

But nobody would have recognised Old Poppel either, who was now called Mr. Hall, as he—not in his old fur cloak by which his daughter knew him again, but in his neat, respectable clothes—sat on the sunny bench before the house-door, and cheerfully greeted the passers-by.

'The old man has grown ten years younger,' remarked one of the lads who saw him. 'What, ten?—no, twenty!' said Henry, the butcher's son, who had become great friends with him. 'One would not know him at all, he looks so spruce and tidy!'

'There, do you hear?' said the schoolmaster, laughing, for as an old friend of the family he often joined them at dinner; 'isn't that a compliment?'

'My Ellen, too, has not grown any older,' said the grandfather, contentedly, as the well-dressed woman, with cheerful face, passed to and fro; 'and as far as it depends upon me she shall never look sad and wretched all the rest of her life.'

The daughter nodded affectionately at her father,

then she asked rather anxiously, 'Where has Elsbeth been so long?'

She sprang in at that very moment with laughing eyes, glowing red cheeks, and her fair hair flying over her face.

'He is found, grandfather,' she cried merrily. 'Your old companion—our good donkey—is found! All the boys went out to look for him when they heard that your ass had strayed. And do you know where they found him? Out there, on the hill, beside your old tumble-down hut. They wanted to build him a summer-house there for old remembrance sake.'

'Don't insult my old hut,' said Hall, smiling.

'Oh, grandfather, how sad and wretched you were out there!' exclaimed Elsbeth.

'You are right, child; I was a sad and lonely old man, full of ungodly hatred and remorse, till a brave little maiden once came out to me. And if you hadn't come the ice would not have been melted from my heart, nor the mist dispersed from before my eyes. O child! what a good angel it was who brought us together!'

'It was the Christ-child,' exclaimed Elsbeth, as she gazed at him with deep, loving eyes; 'surely it was the dear, holy Christ-child!'

### THE CAPTIVE WOOD-CHUCK.



A COUPLE of boys were at it, firing snowballs, and the hardest they could make, up into a tree. What was that for? What was the mark? A poor little grey kitten, who fled there for safety. At last a snowball hit its head; it fell to the ground dead, as I thought. What a shout of delight the boys gave! But while they still continued to pelt it, kitty roused up and tried to escape from its merciless enemies. It ran, and they gave chase, and soon all were out of sight.

'Only a little sport,' these boys called it. But what enjoyment is there in treating animals with cruelty? What happiness is there in killing them? God has certainly made them with the same beautiful and curious workmanship with which He has made you. He cares for them as He cares for you. 'His tender mercies are over all His works.'

Did you ever hear about the woodchuck which sometimes breakfasted and dined on the vegetables in old farmer Webster's garden? Well, there was one. It was up in New Hampshire. The farmer had two sons, Ezekiel and Daniel, and Ezekiel set a trap for the woodchuck, and caught him. 'Now we'll kill the thief,' cried Ezekiel. 'You've done mischief enough to die, Mr. Woodchuck, and you shall die.'

'No, don't,' begged his brother, pitying the poor

captive; 'take him into the woods and let him go.'

The boys could not agree, so they carried the case to their father.

'There is the prisoner,' said the farmer; 'you shall be the counsel, one for and the other against his life, and plead the case before me. I will be judge.'

Ezekiel opened the case, arguing the harm the prisoner had already done in the garden. He spoke of the time and labour spent in capturing him, and how, if allowed to live and go at large, he would surely take to his evil habits again, and be wary enough not to be caught a second time; therefore he ought to die. If killed, his skin might be of some value; but making the most of that, it would not pay for the damage he had done.

This was a practical argument, and suited to weigh on the old farmer's practical mind. But he turned to his other son, and said, 'I'll hear now what you have got to say on the other side, Daniel.'

Poor Daniel was afraid his brother had the best of the case. But when he turned his eyes on the poor woodchuck, trembling with fear behind the grating of its narrow prison, his breast swelled with pity, he took courage, and looking the judge in the face, poured forth his plea in its behalf. God, he said, had made the woodchuck: He made him to live, to enjoy the bright sunshine, the pure air, the free fields and woods. God has not made him or anything in vain. The woodchuck had as much right as any other living thing. He was not a destructive animal, as the fox or wolf was; he simply ate a few common vegetables, of which they had plenty, and could well spare a part. He destroyed nothing except the little food he needed to sustain



‘No, don’t; take him into the woods, and let him go.’

his humble life; and that little food was as sweet to him as the food on their mother’s table was to them. God furnished their own food; He gave them all they possessed; and would they not spare a little for the dumb creature who really had as much right to his small share of God’s bounty as they themselves had to their portion? Yea, more, the animal had never broken the laws of his nature or the laws of God, as man often did, but strictly followed the simple instincts he had received from the hand of the Creator of all things. Created by God’s hand, he had a right from God to life, to food, to liberty; and they had no right to deprive him of either.

He pointed them to the mute pleadings of the little creature for its life; and he asked what might be God’s judgment on them, if, in selfish cruelty and with

cold hearts, they took that life which could never be given back again!

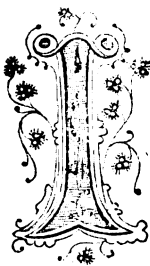
Daniel saw the tears start in his father’s eyes, and run down his sunburnt cheeks. This appeal to his mercy was too much for him; forgetting the judge, he sprang from his chair, exclaiming, ‘Zeke, Zeke, you let that woodchuck go!’

This is said to have been the great Daniel Webster’s first case, when he was only ten years old. It does certainly credit to both his head and heart. And I hope every boy who reads it will think over the drift of his argument; and if he find within him a disposition to torment, or terrify, or kill any even of God’s humbler creatures, I hope he will remember Daniel Webster’s first case, recall his words of mercy, and ‘let the woodchuck go.’ *American Child’s Paper.*



## A MEMORABLE CHRISTMAS-EVE.

(From the German by James F. Cobb, Esq.)



**I**HAD already left Poland about a quarter of a year, and had set up as a physician in the Russian town of Rowno.

The district in which this town is situated, is bounded on the south by uncultivated steppes, barren, treeless plains, which abound in wolves and lynxes.

I soon managed to make myself popular with the educated, and with the far more numerous uneducated classes among the population, indeed several successful cures greatly assisted me in this. The new Dr. Alberton was soon much sought after by the surrounding peasantry, when their horrible quack remedies, often worse than the diseases, failed to benefit them.

I used to come home in the evening dreadfully tired, and was only too glad when a messenger was not waiting to take me out again into the howling north-east wind, or into the snowy ice-covered streets. I would then change my clothes and wash my hands in an outer lodge, so as to bring no infection to my beloved family.

It was late in the autumn. The first snow-flakes were whirling round the trees and houses. The yellow and brown leaves were everywhere falling to the ground. In our town and in my family nothing had occurred to disturb our ordinary quiet manner of life. Only our eldest daughter, a girl of eleven, had looked to me, the last few days, paler than usual, and my wife told me how she had lately remarked that Clara seemed to be unnaturally hungry. With a growing girl this might easily be accounted for; however, our two boys and our little fair-haired Emmy, who was still in arms, did not yet show this peculiarity.

But in two days' time my wife again expressed to me her surprise at Clara's strange appetite. 'The child,' she says, 'takes her plentiful breakfast with her to school, yet at noon she bursts into the house eagerly asking for bread; I have inquired if she took her breakfast with her, and found she did, and have almost scolded her for wanting so much to eat.'

The next morning I was at home when Clara prepared to go to school. It seemed to me as if she wanted to start earlier than usual. I had decided on my plan. I made a sign to my wife, she gave the girl as usual a large piece of bread and butter, and she hurried off at once.

I threw on my overcoat and followed her, keeping her in sight, but at a distance.

I saw at once that she only followed the road to school through one street, and then, notwithstanding the snowy weather, turned down a narrow lane. I cautiously followed and saw her vanish into a house where I knew that none of our acquaintance lived, except an honest woman, the wife of a country postman, the mother of a numerous family, whom my wife often assisted and relieved.

I must discover Clara's secret, so I quickly followed her into the house, went gently up to the door of this family, heard Clara's voice there, and after I had knocked, entered the room at once.

What did I see there? In the corner of the low, wretched apartment, stood a bed in which lay a tall, pale woman, whom I recognised at once as the postman's wife. At her feet I saw two children sitting, whilst a still older one was just receiving from Clara's hand the bread which had been given her for her breakfast. My entrance startled them all very much. Clara became crimson, and the pale woman stuttered out a few words, while she turned with an imploring look towards me, and at last the tears ran down her cheeks.

'Mr. Doctor,' stammered out Frau Thomas, 'what must you think of me for receiving favours from your daughter's hand behind your back?'

At first Clara was silent. Then she hastened up to me, seized my hands, threw herself on my breast, and burst into tears. The sudden excitement had been too great for her.

'Clara, my dear, good child,' I exclaimed, 'but why did you not tell your secret to me and to your mother?'

'Father!' at last, she said, with an imploring look, 'have you not told me yourself that we should do kind actions in secret, so that the right hand should not know what the left hand doeth?'

I promised to provide for the poor woman who had fallen ill through no fault of her own, but under the burden of work, and from that day forward Clara no longer showed any extraordinary hunger. Aided by a few acquaintances to whom I related the distress of this honest family, my wife and myself were able to provide them with more strengthening food. I did not fail to give them the medical help which they required, and soon we had the pleasure of seeing the mother of the poor and numerous family well and cheerful again. From that time forward these honest people became much attached to us, and considered me a counsellor, whom they would have blindly followed.

Christmas eve, meanwhile, had approached. In the houses of all classes, all hands and hearts were busy in preparations for the glorious Christmas festival. A white carpet of snow covered the ground and made home feel all the more comfortable. Whenever I came in Clara or her mother hid something in the next room, and I was good enough never to go into that room. My earnest wish was that Providence would permit me to celebrate a quiet and happy Christmas in the circle of my family, for few people know the amount of self-denial and self-command which a medical man's profession demands, as he is not able to call a single hour really his own, whether it be the quiet hour of midnight when soft sleep strengthens the weary, or the family festival, or the quiet Christmas-eve, when beaming faces are ranged round the family table, and he longs, for once at all events, to be the entire property of his happy wife and children.

But my hopes were to be disappointed. We had already arranged the Christmas gifts for our



children and servants in an adjoining room which was generally shut up, we were already talking of the quiet happiness which this evening would give us, when, just as we were sitting down to our early dinner, a hasty messenger entered and requested me to go as quickly as possible to see a peasant woman at P —, two hours' off, who had suddenly been taken very ill, and whose fever had only been increased by the brandy which had been given her. The messenger was to wait for me.

No time was to be lost. I cast a sorrowful glance at my disappointed wife and children. I told them what they knew before how the duty which God had imposed upon me demanded that I should separate from them. I gave directions, too, that their mother should not wait for me in the evening, but before it got very late and the children grew sleepy and impatient, the Christmas tree must be lighted. I should be thinking about them all, and it would not be the first time that they would keep the happy festival without me.

I left my family indeed with a heavy heart, for I knew not whether I should be back in time for the joys of the evening, neither could I tell whether even the great festival of the morrow would really belong to me. Yet the thought that perhaps I should appear to brave honest people as a saving angel in this distress, gave me fresh courage. I went quickly down to the court-yard where a light sledge with one horse was waiting to take me.

I sat down, and provided with everything that was necessary, drove rapidly towards the village which lay on the other side of the heath. About half way we overtook a man laden with several packages, who seemed very tired. When we came nearer to him I recognised the postman whose family had been assisted by our Clara. The old man took off his cap and greeted us, and I invited him to sit in the sledge beside me. He accepted my invitation, and told me he had to go to the same place whither we were driving.

'If you like, Thomas, you can inquire this evening whether I am still there. I will willingly take you back with me,' I told the old man with a friendly nod.

Iran, the peasant's servant, drove very well; his horse stepped out bravely, and, notwithstanding the rough road, we reached the place in capital time.

My patient lay in a violent fever. Still I felt great pleasure to see her, after my treatment, fall into a gentle sleep, while the perspiration covered her forehead.

I remained till towards evening in the sick woman's family, gave further orders as to what was to be done, and at twilight started back to the town in the same sledge. Old Thomas was waiting for me at the public-house past which we had to drive; he got into the sledge, in the midst of a violent snow-storm, to accompany me homewards.

The wind had become stronger; the fir-trees by the roadside bent and groaned, their branches lashed the air, and with icy sharpness the snow-flakes blew straight in our faces. The sky above us looked gloomy and threatening; there was no

place where we could get shelter on the way, and, as we had well started, we must now proceed.

The snow-storm became more and more violent, the wind roared still louder, and the direction whence the storm came remained, unfortunately, the same. Our horse, which went forward with all the strength, perseverance, and surefootedness of the breed of the Steppes, appeared to long to be out of the storm and beneath the shelter of a roof.

We had turned a sharp corner of the road when our horse suddenly pricked up his ears, pulled still quicker, and showed remarkable restlessness.

I turned round anxiously—and, behold, the enemies were behind us. An icy coldness seemed to pass down my back, and I could at first say nothing but 'Good Thomas, take courage!' Thomas had looked back at the same time, and knew in a moment our danger; striking the coachman on the shoulder, he exclaimed, 'Drive on! drive on!—the wolves!'

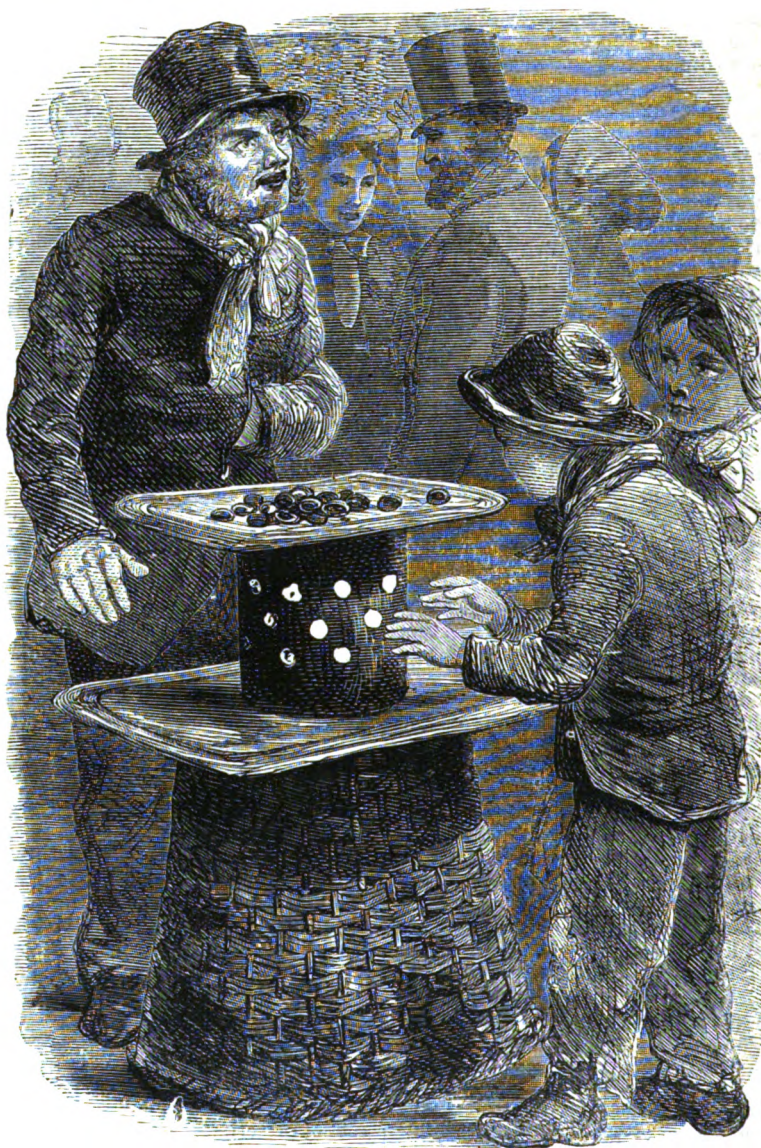
(Concluded in our next.)



## ROASTED CHESTNUTS.

IN the course of our wanderings through London streets, we have seen some picturesque sights, but although the 'Cats' meat man' and the 'Street Arab' may stand aloft in a dignity which belongs to them alone, there can be no question that the seller of chestnuts on a cold winter's day is no unwelcome or unsightly object. He is easily found, for the light of his tiny furnace at once proclaims his presence even in the very heart of a London fog. His 'plant' and stock-in-trade are of the simplest description. An old well-worn basket, surmounted by a plain deal board, usually forms the foundation on which his little furnace, very much resembling those used by menders of old glass and china, is supported. On the top of this, on a piece of perforated metal, the chestnuts steam and crackle, as if bidding for a customer. All through the long winter's day, and no inconsiderable portion of the winter's night, the seller of chestnuts plies his trade. He usually has a particular stand or 'pitch,' to which he claims a sort of prescriptive right, but he occasionally moves from one street-corner to another, and then he does with his establishment pretty much what the snail does with his house. Basket, board, furnace, and chestnuts, are placed upon the head, and present, on a winter's night, a gleaming grotesqueness amusing to men and alarming to horses. The business of selling chestnuts in the streets is mainly confined to old men, women, and boys. The work can scarcely be said to be hard, although it must sometimes test the seller's power of endurance, to stand for hours in the pinching of a London frost, or the rawness of a London fog.

Some one has cleverly called the chestnut stalls 'moveable feasts,' from the ease with which their



Roasted Chestnuts.

proprietors carry them about from place to place. It is not a very lucrative trade, but the outlay connected with it is small, and both sellers and customers belong usually to the lowest class of street life.

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# Chatterbox.



Birdie Robin, from Life by F. W. KEVL.



## BIRDIE ROBIN.

BIRDIE ROBIN sits all alone

On a leafless hawthorn stem;  
Lark and swallow away have flown,  
Why didn't he fly with them?

The flowers are withered, the trees are bare,  
The ground is white and cold,  
Then why stay here in the keen north air,  
My little Robin bold?

In far-off countries, as I hear,  
The bright sun shines all day,  
And pleasant woods and gardens there  
Are filled with blossoms gay.

When winter snow falls cold and drear  
Birds fly across the sea;  
And why you stay behind them here,  
I pray you tell to me?

'Tis true the flowers are dead and gone,  
And gone the lark and swallow;  
But, though I love the bright warm sun,  
I have no wish to follow.

'The berries red, the soft white snow,  
The green and polished holly,  
Are all so fair, I'd have you know  
I am not melancholy.

'I love to hop about the place  
Where day by day I'm certain  
To see a little loving face  
Come peeping round the curtain.

'And there I wait and watch, until  
A little hand doth steal  
Along the snowy window-sill  
To spread my morning meal.

'Then peep into the cosy room,  
And see the children gather,  
All gleeful in their pleasant home,  
Shut in from wintry weather.

'So on my bough I sit and sing,  
Nor heed the wind and rain,  
Till frosts and storms have gone their way,  
And Spring comes back again.'

O, Robin with the bright red breast,  
And little coat of brown,  
I would not care though all the rest  
To far-off lands had flown;

Maybe their merry songs are heard  
In gardens o'er the sea,  
But I'll love little Robin bird  
Who stays at home with me.

## A MEMORABLE CHRISTMAS-EVE.

(Concluded from p. 31.)



WHOLE troop of howling wolves were pursuing our light sledge. In spite of the thick snow-storm, we saw how their black bodies, like dark shadows, approached us nearer and nearer; already the strongest and fiercest of them were at the sledge's side, and I could see plainly their wide jaws and teeth, and their tails lashing in the wind. None of us, in the hurry of starting, had thought of taking fire-arms with us; I had my knife in my hand, the postman had only an iron-pointed stick; and it seemed impossible,

unless we obtained some unforeseen help, for us to escape with our lives.

'I will turn out of the road among the trees—we must seek our safety in climbing!' cried Ivan the coachman, who saw that the horse must fall a sacrifice to the howling beasts. In fact, he now turned the sledge more to the side, where trees stood not far from the road, the lower branches of which we could reach with one spring. At that spot there was an open plain on the other side of the road, where the wind had free play with the snow-flakes.

Our coachman urged on the horse for a last effort. It plainly had the best will for it; with fresh and sudden force the brave animal galloped along; the snow whirled high up around us, the light carriage rushed through the raging storm. Suddenly there was a cry, the sledge had struck against some roots of trees at the edge of the wood, and was at once upset by the shock. For myself—I lost consciousness—I only felt, while my senses were departing, that I had received a heavy blow on my head.

What, meanwhile, had happened in the wood? Old Thomas, at the overturning of the sledge, had been the first to regain his footing; perceiving a large wolf between him and the sledge, he had given it a tremendous blow with his iron-pointed stick, and stretched it, groaning and motionless, on its side. Then the bold man sprang up the nearest fir-tree, where he happily concealed himself in the lower branches.

But what befell the sledge, and was the doctor in it? and the coachman? Where was he? The postman called out in the howling snow-storm, but he received no answer; for I (the doctor) was stunned, and the coachman must be somewhere or other hanging on to the sledge, for the climber up the tree heard him urging on the horse, not heeding those who had fallen out of the sledge before he righted it again.

The wolves had remained behind, and in their ravenous hunger were tearing and devouring their fallen comrade; but how soon would it be ere they came onwards? Thomas so thought as he clung to the tree, half frozen by the cold, and in trembling suspense and anxiety. Whence could help

come? and was it possible that the coachman and the doctor had escaped in the sledge?

Half-an-hour might thus have passed away, when the crack of whips and the discharge of fire-arms—sounds which, to poor Thomas, were like angels' music—were heard. He called loudly out into the night, directing the steps of the seekers; and, in fact, they were people from the town, whom the coachman, who had fortunately escaped, had engaged, and who now approached with arms and lanterns.

The last of the wolves fled growling, leaving only gnawed bones behind them. Thomas came down from the tree.

'Where is Dr. Alberton?' he cried out to the coachman.

'I don't know,' said he; 'I thought he was with you, for I came back to the town alone.'

Honest Thomas, who owed me, as he often said, his warmest thanks, was in great fear for me. He bent down, and searched among the remains of the hideous meal which had been held here, followed every trace of blood—when, behold! a man seemed to arise, as out of a grave, from the snow; a faint voice called for help; they hastened up, and drew the doctor, who was thought to be lost or devoured, from a little stone quarry at the side of the road, into which I had fallen. My weight must have broken through the covering of snow on the top of this quarry; so that I, buried alive as it were, was thus alone mercifully preserved from the teeth of the wolves.

They took me up into the sledge; my forehead was bleeding a little, having been wounded by a blow in my fall. My heart rose in fervent thanksgiving to God, the mighty and all-merciful Director of our lives. Thomas, too, who sat beside me quiet and silent, evidently felt the same. We looked at each other without saying a word, his eyes were moist, we pressed each other's hands and each understood the other's feelings.

I took leave of my companions close to my home, I determined, in order not to frighten my family, to enter my house alone. Only Old Thomas should accompany me. We both acknowledged the gift which God and His blessed Son had already bestowed upon us, on this holy, happy evening. Our only anxiety was lest our families should have heard the news and been terrified at our danger.

We feared this, but all was peaceful. Several people were still collected at the Christmas market in the great square. The bright light of many tapers shone from my windows. I approached nearer drawing Old Thomas after me. We looked in. What did we see? My wife, with the youngest child, the fair-haired Emmy, in her arms, doubting whether I should return in time, and not liking to keep the children up any longer, had just lighted the Christmas-tree and spread the gifts out upon the table. Before the window, looking in, stood old Frau Thomas with her children, who, as a helper in our house, generally received a few gifts on Christmas-eve.

We hurried up to the good woman, who had not the least suspicion of the terrible danger we had

been in, drew her and her children into the room, where my wife greeted us with a cheerful 'good evening,' but immediately turned pale when she saw my bleeding forehead.

'Mother,' cried I, 'we will thank God,—I, Thomas, you, all of us, we have just escaped from a great danger.'

And after we had told the astonished woman about our dreadful journey, and when with our children we had all thanked the Lord for our deliverance, then we sat together till late in the evening, in happy, friendly converse. Our hearts swelled with warm gratitude, and our souls praised the wonderful ways of the Lord.

Since then I have enjoyed many Christmas Eves—and happy and cheerful ones too—but of all of them this remains the most memorable, the one which will never be forgotten.

### CHRISTMAS CAROL.

WHEN Shepherds watched their flocks  
by night

All seated on the ground,  
The Angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone all round.

'Fear not,' said he, for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind;  
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring,  
To you and all mankind.

To you in David's town this day  
Is born of David's line,  
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign:

'The Heavenly Babe you there shall find,  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,  
And in a manger laid.'

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of Angels praising God, who thus  
Addressed their joyful song:

'All glory be to God on high,  
And in the earth be peace;  
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men,  
Begin and never cease.'









## THE BUNTINGS.

By H. G. Adams.



**B**E have here a group of pretty and by no means uncommon birds; and the name by which they are known is a very curious one. They are called Buntings; that is the *family* name, just as we say the Smiths, the Browns; but as there may be Mr. Ephraim Smith, Mr. Jedediah Brown, Miss Alma Smith, Miss Julia Brown, or Mat, Tom, or Dick Smith or Brown, so there are the Common, the Yellow,



the Cirl, the Black-headed, the Ortolan, the Snow, and the Lapland Buntings, and all these are known as British birds, although some of them are very seldom seen in this country.

The Common, or Corn, and the Yellow Buntings, are the two species—each distinct kind of creature naturalists call a species—shown in the picture. You see on the right a stout, heavy bird, if a bird ever can be called heavy, stooping to look for some food which one fears he will not find, for the ground appears covered with snow, this is the Corn Bunting, and those to the left are Yellow Hammers, as they are commonly called. Mr. Y. H. is a bright, lively fellow, with splendid gold edgings to his feathers, and Mrs. Y. H., although not quite so gay, yet has a remarkably pretty dress. The country people call these birds all sorts of queer names, such as—

“Yeldring, Youldring, Yowley or Yite,  
Yolkring, Yeldrook, Satan's bird, Skite.”

Why these ugly names should be given to them one is puzzled to understand; and why they should be called Satan's bird, above all others?

The Yellow Hammer is a pretty, lively bird, that loves the sunshine, and chirps away merrily while it may; not given to pilfering overmuch, only taking a very modest payment for the useful work which it does in destroying the insects that would injure the gardener and the farmer. And yet boys wantonly destroy the neatly-made nests and the beautiful, purplish, white-streaked and spotted eggs, which are generally placed on the ground. I hope no readers of 'CHATTERBOX' are guilty of this cruelty. All God's creatures have a right to live and enjoy themselves, provided they do not prevent the necessary works of man, and are not required for his food.

There are curious lines and angles on the eggs of this bird, such as an idle boy might scribble on his copy-book, and on this account the Yellow Hammer is sometimes called the Writing Lark. There are also on most of the eggs dark spots, and some very ignorant and superstitious people believe an absurd tale about these: they believe that every parent bird of this species is fed on May-day with a drop of Satan's blood, and that this causes the spots. But, of course, we don't believe such a foolish story.

No! no! our lively Yellow Pate, as an old English poet calls him, has nothing to do with Satan depend on it. But now for

#### A SONG ABOUT BUNTINGS.

Hear the lively Yellow-hammer  
Chirp and twitter, chirp and twitter.  
Never still a moment, he  
Flits about from tree to tree,  
Not a scornee, nor a shammer,  
Nothing slighting, but delighting  
In all things that lowly be,  
And all pleasures that are free.

Sober-sided, rather heavy,  
See the Bunting, ever hunting  
For the corn on which he lives,  
And his gracious Maker gives.

Cheerily in wintry weather,  
Twitters he, too, twitters she, too,  
That's his wife, who's out of sight,  
Hidden by the branches quite.

There's a Bunting, Cirl we call him,  
Sometimes coming, when the humming  
Bees make musical the vale,  
And the hawthorn scents the gale;  
And another, black-capped brother,  
From the rushes, where out-gushes,  
With a gurgle low, the spring,  
Down the dale to dance and sing.

With a head that's greenish-greyish,  
Shoulders spotted black, and dotted,  
Cometh now the Ortolan.  
Biggest of the Bunting clan,  
And the rarest, not the fairest,  
For two others—white-winged brothers—  
Come from where, o'er hills of snow,  
Herds of reindeer bounding go.

Let us greet the merry party,  
Gaily twittering, chirping, chattering,  
Flitting lightly here and there,  
Whatsoever dress they wear,  
Greet them with a welcome hearty,  
Whether tarrying here, or carrying  
News to lands beyond the sea,  
Whether they may stay or go,  
They have brought, full well we know,  
Pleasant thoughts to you and me.

#### THE NEW-ENGLAND FISHER-BOY.

A Story written for *Chatterbox*, in Maryland,  
United States.



It was summer in New England, that bright, short season when all whose hearts are light feel it their duty to make holiday, and to enjoy the lovely sunshiny weather, and all along the rocky coast may be seen parties of every kind, from gaily-dressed ladies and children, who had come from the towns to spend the day on the shore, having with them baskets filled with all sorts of dainties, to little barefooted paddlers in the water, who have never known any higher enjoyment than to hunt for clams among the rocks. There, too, stand the mothers of the children, each with her knitting in her hand, for no one stays in the house now who can possibly be in the open air. But it is not always possible to do that which is pleasantest, and one little cottage with its closed blinds, and partly opened door, shows that all is not so bright there, as in the outer world.

'It's of no use, Katie,' says a poor weak voice, once so full and strong, now never heard beyond that little room, 'it's of no use, dear, troubling the doctor to come any more, he does not like to tell me what it's plain enough to see, and what my own feelings tell me every hour; no, don't cry, my darling, it doesn't come hard to me now, except when I think of you and the little ones; but what you'll do, and you so young and so little acquainted with this world's ways, it passes me to think.'

The poor wife's head was buried in the pillow, and deep sobs shook her whole frame.

'Oh, Will, Will,' she cried, 'don't let such things as them trouble you now; we know who has promised to care for the widow and the fatherless: I don't doubt we'll do well enough, but oh! my darling, I don't believe I can live after ye; to think we should be parted so soon, you and me that's been like all the world to each other ever since we were boy and girl together! Can I do nothing? Can I do nothing to keep you with me? I'd toil day and night if I might but have you to work for!'

A fit of coughing from the sick man interrupted her; she rose to give him his medicine, and remembering the doctor's order, that he should be kept quiet, she tried to control her burst of grief.

'See, dear!' said her husband, when he was a little better, 'I wanted to talk a bit about what you must do; it'll make it seem easier to me, it will indeed, Katie, if I think I know what you'll be doing when I'm gone. The thing that troubles me most is Dave!'

'Oh, Will! he's a dear lad.'

'Dear enough,' the father answered, with a sigh; 'but I'm so vexed about the dislike he's taken to the sea; there's no life before him but that, so far as I can see; and I know there's many of the richest fishermen hereabouts would be glad to take my boy from kindness to me, so there's nothing to hinder his getting on as well as the best of them. It makes me wonder, it does, where he can have got this dread; I never was afraid of anything all my life; and he turned his eyes with a questioning look upon his wife. The tears fell quickly upon her work, too well she guessed that her boy's timidity was greatly owing to herself. Her husband had never known the nights of sleepless anxiety she had passed, when he was away fishing on the Banks in stormy weather, but that little son who shared her fears so strongly had known all her suffering, and, doubtless, it had increased his dread. Feeling that more blame belonged to her than to the boy, she was inclined to defend him, but remembering that in poor Will's state, it was best to soothe him if possible, she said,—

'Maybe, dear, it'll wear off as he gets older, he is but ten yet, and there can't be any need for him to go out for two years to come. I can get along for that time anyway.' And again her voice was stopped by choking sobs as she thought of the loneliness which was coming to her.

'I should die happier if I could hear him say he'd try to get over it,' said Walton; 'I know he talks of wanting to be a farmer; and if it had gone otherwise with me, I always meant he should, but that's not possible now excepting he works well and saves while he's young. Ah! here they come, the pretty ones, there's not much trouble known to them yet, bless them!' as the sound of happy, childish voices and laughter floated into the room.

The voices were hushed, however, before the door was reached, and the room was entered on tip-toe by those to whom such silence in-doors was no new thing. For two years the father had lain upon that bed,—for two years the poor young mother had been

looking forward with dread to this time of last farewells.

Hand in hand the two children drew near to their father's bedside. There they stood, with a look of innocent wonder on their sweet young faces as their father's gaze was turned upon them, and even their eyes could mark the change which one day had made in him. Too weak to speak, Walton closed his eyes. Katie placed Mattie in the chair at the side of the bed, with a sign, well understood, to call her if anything was wanted; and taking Davy's hand she stepped outside the cottage door. One turn up and down they took, and no word was spoken, but the child's full heart could not bear the silence.

'Oh! mother, speak,' he cried. 'What makes you look so dreadful? is father—?' and there the burst of grief broke forth.

'Hush! hush! my darling,' Katie said, drawing him close to her, 'it is God who sends this sorrow. Oh, may He give us strength to bear it! but, Dave, my own son, we must do all we can to make dear father happy in his last hours!'

'Surely, mother,' replied the boy, drying his tears, and looking wonderingly at her; 'but what can any one do?'

'You can do something, my boy, that no one else can, he's most troubled about you. Oh, Davy, won't you ease his mind by telling him you'll try and go to sea when you're old enough?'

The boy turned pale as he stood looking earnestly at his mother. 'I'm real frightened of the sea, mother,' he said, slowly; 'I don't hardly like to promise.'

'Oh! but, Dave, just think for him that's leaving us, maybe, this very night, and that the only thing he asks; and, when all's said, think how many go every year and every day of their lives almost, and come back safe, and we all know God is as near to us by sea as by land.'

The child looked at her wistfully.

'You didn't use to talk like that when father was away stormy nights, mother!' he said.

'No, no, I didn't, my boy, more shame for me that had so little trust; but now, oh, Davy, Davy! I feel I would give my very life to please him in the least, and this matter troubles him: think of that. Ah, he wants me,' she said, as she caught sight of Mattie at the door, and in a few seconds she was once more at her post by the bedside.

And Davy! poor little Dave! not many boys of ten years old are called upon to fight a battle like his. His terror of the sea was very great; moreover, he had never thought of becoming a sailor, his father's promise made when that father was in good health, that he should one day be a farmer, seemed a certainty to the trusting child, so he had keen disappointment as well as fear to struggle with. His heart was very full, and for a moment a sense of injustice was strong upon him; then, with a sudden remembrance of the tender father who was even then dying, came an echo of his mother's tender words, 'I feel I would give my very life to please him,' sounded in his ears.

(To be continued.)



### A CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

COME ye lofty, come ye lowly,  
 Let your songs of gladness ring ;  
 In the stable lies the Holy,  
 In a manger rests the King.  
 See in Mary's arms reposing,  
 Christ by highest heaven adored,  
 Come, your circle round Him closing,  
 Pious hearts that love the Lord.

Come, ye poor, no pomp of station  
 Robes the Child your hearts adore ;  
 He, the Lord of all salvation,  
 Shares your want, is weak and poor.  
 Oxen round about, behold 'em ;  
 Rafters naked, cold and bare ;  
 See the Shepherds ! God has told them  
 That the Prince of Life lies there.

Come, ye children, blithe and merry,  
 This one Child your model make ;  
 Christmas holly, leaf and berry,  
 All be prized for His dear sake.

Come, ye gentle hearts and tender,  
 Come, ye spirits keen and bold ;  
 All in all your homage render,  
 Weak and mighty, young and old.

High above a Star is shining,  
 And the Wise Men haste from far ;  
 Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining,  
 For you all has risen a Star.  
 Let us bring our poor oblations,  
 Thanks and love, and faith and praise ;  
 Come, ye people, come, ye nations,  
 All in all draw nigh to gaze !

Hark ! the heaven of heaven is ringing,  
 ' Christ the Lord to man is born ; '  
 Are not all our hearts too singing  
 Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn ?  
 Still the Child, all power possessing,  
 Smiles as through the ages past ;  
 And the song of Christmas blessing  
 Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

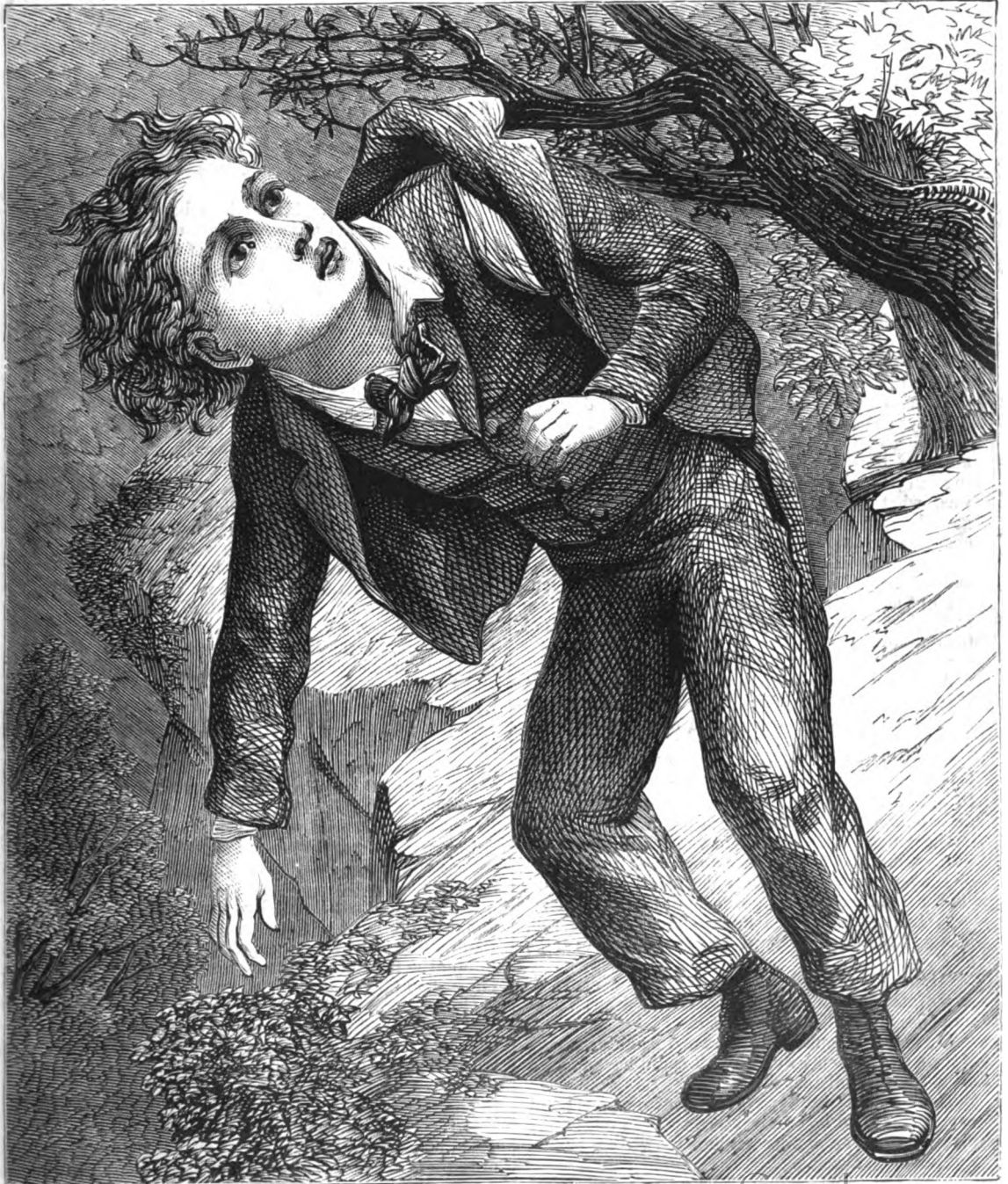
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# Chatterbox.





## CUT FROM A BOY'S BOOK.

NO. III.—'HOW I LED THE FORLORN HOPE.'



**T**HIS is the story of a tremendous battle that took place between Town and Gown one fine day in September; and the way of it was, that we had a whole holiday and—didn't know what to do with it.

It was not a regular, expected holiday, or we should of course have been prepared for it. The announcement took us rather by surprise, and Mr. Fell, when he had made it, sat down at his desk and evidently considered the matter done with. There was for a moment a profound silence in the room, then somebody said, 'Three cheers for Mr. Berry!' which we gave. Mr. Fell put up his hands to his ears and groaned, but that didn't matter to us. Thinking about that time, I am afraid that nothing which concerned Mr. Fell did matter to us. He was nobody. Here was a holiday for the whole school, and it made no difference to him. I suppose that he considered himself a man and despised holidays; that he was too grand for them. Well, outside there was the bright September sunshine and the blue sky, and the air, top full of rollicking fun; the day was our own, and the question was, what should we do with it? Somebody suggested paper chase, but he had no supporters. Paper chases were old and slow. Wilkins made a back for Peterson minor, and said there was nothing so jolly as leap-frog, if a fellow only knew how to go about it; but as he came down with a thud on the flags at the last word, nobody seemed to think much of his opinion.

'We'll have a fight,' said Peterson major.

A daring boy ventured to ask what about, but Peterson had been going in for warlike stories of late, and something out of the common way was evidently in his mind.

'What about?' he repeated. 'Nothing. That is, glory. There has been war long enough between town and gown; suppose we fight it out—amicably and honourably,' added Peterson with a frown, challenging any one who might venture to contradict him. 'Suppose, for instance, town took up its stand on Shepherd's Hill—the very place of all others—and built a fort there, which gown should besiege—eh?'

'Which gown should besiege,' repeated Carroll, lashing himself up, 'but which gown mightn't take, eh?'

'It would,' proceeded Peterson, 'in the event of any of us choosing the profession of arms, be of immense service to us as practice.'

There was a sound of suppressed laughter which, if it had not been so unlikely, I could have fancied came from the distant desk.

There was certainly a scarcity of weapons; but even that would be of advantage to us in our future career, as under similar circumstances we should not be taken aback.

'Indeed, as for arms,' finished the orator, 'why—we must use our own; and our legs too, if they are wanted. Divide.'

It was found when this order was obeyed, and numbers counted, that town was as usual more numerous than gown. Peterson smiled upon his soldiers, cheerfully.

'It is well,' he said, in his most dramatic tone. 'Numbers are against us. Good. We will remember the—the—pass of Thermopylæ.'

The allusion seemed rather hazy perhaps at the first glance, and some one was even bold enough to cry out that Thermopylæ wasn't a fort; but it was probably the only classical name that occurred to Peterson, and we drowned the objections with cheers.

It was all settled. Mr. Fell to be sure came up to us once in his awkward way, and bade us remember the ravine to the right of Shepherd's Hill, which we ourselves had named the Black Scour; but he was treated with silent contempt. Town sallied forth to the top of the hill; collected materials and built a fort at once. It wasn't a particularly strong fort perhaps, but it looked very imposing, especially when the biggest red pocket-handkerchief we could find was hoisted on a broomstick from the principal turret.

We had some bows and arrows of our own making, and we had long swords cut from the pea-stickings in Mr. Berry's garden. Also one of the boys brought out a broken-winded accordion, which was received with cheering. This was a boy of rather odd habits, Brown by name, but usually called Done Brown, because he was such a simple fellow. To some of the pea-stickings we tied flags—that is, handkerchiefs—and we marched forth grandly to the sound of the 'Red, White, and Blue,' which however, was rather a failure, because of a dumb note, so that when the refrain came it was always 'Three cheers for the red, thud, and blue.' But that was a small thing. The attack began with a tremendous volley of arrows, returned in a spirited manner from the loopholes of the fort, when poor Brown fell on his face with a yell, and was borne away to the rear.

'Wounded?' inquired the commanding officer, 'where, Captain Wilkins?'

The captain replied with a grin, 'In the nose.'

Colonel Peterson frowned darkly. 'We will avenge him, sir. Fall back. Ensign Burke to the front.'

You see I was ensign under promise of promotion, and when I hurried up with military haste, all he wanted was, to say in a whisper, 'Take care, Cock Robin, the fellows are getting rough; keep close to me, or you may chance to get hurt in good earnest.'

He was a good fellow, Peterson. It made me feel quite queer to find that he was being careful for me, but the next moment I was indignant, and resolved to show him that I wasn't quite such a poor, feeble little chap, as he thought me.

The soldiers were really, as he said, getting rough; they had warmed to the fun; the arrows whizzed about in downright earnest, and still the defenders of the fort kept us at arms' length, and it was grow-

ing dusk. The colonel called a parley. A torch or two made of fir-branches and dipped in pitch, had been produced for the sake of effect; no more arrows could be found, and a desperate attempt was resolved upon.

The colonel, leaning exhausted upon his sword, looked round his soldiers with a searching glance.

'We are not going to give in, men,' said Colonel Peterson.

'Never!' roared out a dozen voices, and Done Brown from the rear, began a faint 'Britons never will be slaves.'

'Stop that!' thundered the Colonel. 'Who volunteers?'

I had not heard the beginning of this speech, so I did not quite understand what volunteering meant, but it was handed from mouth to mouth till it reached me. 'Who leads the Forlorn Hope?'

A sudden thrill passed through my small body, and made the torches dance before my eyes. I didn't know much about Forlorn Hopes, to be sure, but I knew they were something dreadful; from which the leader at least could hardly expect to return. I stepped forward to the front, my heart beating, and a cold perspiration on my forehead.

'I do.'

You can laugh, young people, of course; but there was a terrible reality about the thing for me, then. The daylight was fading; real torches moved about at the foot of the hill amongst the soldiers; and there, at the top was the dark fort, the dim figures of its defenders creeping along the brow of the hill, and the flag which the leader of the Forlorn Hope must capture, or perish in the attempt. Moreover, as it grew late, we were in momentary fear of being interrupted, and it would never do to leave the battle undecided.

Peterson started forward as I spoke, and looked annoyed, but a perfect chorus of cheers for Cock Robin drowned his remonstrance.

We started. There were three besides myself, I don't know what became of them; I have, indeed, very vague ideas of my own career. I know that I reached the top of the hill at the sheltered point Peterson had pointed out; that I was seized, grappled with; that I tripped up my enemy with one foot, and pressed on towards the back of the fort. I remember something—the branch of a tree, I think—brushing against my eyes, and I went blindly on, thinking that by taking a circuit, I might succeed in creeping up to the flag from behind. Still rubbing my eyes, and running I went on, and suddenly there was no ground under my feet, and nothing for the arm I stretched out to grasp. I was falling. It takes longer to tell about than it did to happen. I know that, because I remember so well the moment of terror and nothingness, and how soon it passed; and my quick consciousness that something—not by my own will or effort—had stopped me. I have said that I was very small, and not strong. When I confess that, on opening my eyes and finding myself caught by the jacket, a little way down the precipice which we called the Black Scaur, my first impulse was to cry, I hope no bigger boy will despise me. I did not cry. It was a very little bit of my jacket

that had caught, and I felt that the slightest movement would tear out the piece. There was something, besides, the matter with my right arm; as if all at once it had gone over to the enemy and would not obey me any longer. In fact, it didn't seem to be my own arm at all, except inasmuch as it ached, and I had to bear the pain.

I suppose I could only have hung thus in mid-air for a minute or two. I remember that a startled wood-pigeon flew past me, and I shut my eyes, because the flapping of his wings made me giddier than ever; and then I thought of the deep, dark, stagnant pool at the bottom of the rock, and I had a horrible sensation of the twig that held my jacket giving way, so I shouted aloud. I was answered. There was a crashing of dry boughs at a distance, coming nearer, then I saw a figure creeping in a sloping direction along the face of the rock, catching at a projection or a twig here and there, until a long arm was stretched out to meet my hand, but I could not raise it.

I had just strength enough to cry out—'I can't, it's hurt!' and my own voice sounded strange to me. Then I felt my jacket seized. In another moment, that same long arm was round me; I saw a pale face with spectacles upon it looking down into mine. I heard something that sounded like an exclamation of thankfulness, and then—I knew no more.

## WILD SAM AND BLIND MILLIE.

### CHAPTER I.

SAM HARRIS was a boy that most people call a 'pickle.' He was known by the villagers as the most mischievous boy in all Woodlands. Scarcely a cottager in the place had not some story to tell of Sam. At school he was a terror to all the smaller children. If a hat were lost when school-time was over, or a bag which contained some poor child's dinner were missing, Sam was always taxed with having hidden it. The master also suffered much from Sam's tricks, and the mischievous lad often got more punishment than he liked. If Sam could open a gate and let the farmer's cattle stray, he would often do so. Once Farmer Smart happened to come home from market a little sooner than usual; and, as he was passing a plantation, he heard this conversation between two boys:—

'I say, Jack!'

'Well, say on, Sam.'

'Let's have a lark. I saw Farmer Smart's shepherd, Jim Brook, sorting out all the sheep this morning. Fifty were to go to Burbridge fair to-morrow, and twenty to Rainton market; six were sorted out for the butcher, and all put into different pens. Let's go and take up the hurdles, and mix them up together, and then when old Smart comes in the morning to see them before they start, just won't he be riled?'

But Jack would not help Sam, much as he wanted to see some fun, and Sam ran off to move the hurdles himself.

They were driven in rather hard, and the boy tugged for some time, but could not move them.





Sam leading 'Blind Millie' across the Brook.

Hearing steps at his side, and nothing doubting but that it was his friend Jack—without looking up he said—'I say, lend us a hand, there's a good chap.' The words were no sooner out of his mouth than he felt a hand, but not Jack's, and this hand had fast hold of his collar. The other hand held a horse-whip, which Farmer Smart brandished over his head.

'So you are going (crack) to mix (crack) old Smart's (a very heavy crack) sheep (crack)—you young rascal (crack). If I ever catch you (crack) on my farm again (crack) I won't let you off so (crack) easy.'

This was Farmer Smart's speech, and the cracks were the sounds the whip made upon Sam's back. I need scarcely tell you that after each crack came a howl, and that Farmer Smart's sheep were left very quietly in their pens without being disturbed. But when a boy is bent on mischief, a thrashing or two does not cure him. Sam was not an unkind boy at heart, but the love of fun, or what he called fun, was so strong in him that he could not resist amusing himself even at the expense of others. But he was cured at last, and I will tell you how. There was a little girl in the village named Amelia



Rivers. She was about Sam's age—viz., twelve years old. But two years ago a sad accident happened to Amelia. She was playing in a hay-field with some other children when a little boy, in tossing up the hay, stuck the fork into her right eye. The poor little girl suffered dreadful pain, and fainted in the field, and Sam was one of the boys who helped to carry her home. She was put to bed, and Sam at once ran off for the doctor. It was quite autumn before Amelia walked about again. For a long time she wore a bandage round her eyes, and was led about by her little brother—when at last the handkerchief was removed, she found she was quite blind. All the children of the school were very sorry for their playmate, and none more sorry than Sam Harris. But their sorrow for their playmate did not last long, and 'Blind Millie,' as she was called, lost her share of attention, and was left very much to herself, and to the care of one or two of her favourite companions. But hard times came upon poor Millie; her father died, and her poor mother was left destitute, with Millie and her little brother Fred. Mrs. Rivers was not a strong woman, but she had to work very hard to get a living. Millie was now old enough to help her mother, but her affliction made her more a source of anxiety than a help. Millie, however, was a brave girl, and after the freshness of her grief had somewhat subsided, she said, 'Mother, I must not sit here all the day idle. Poor father has gone, and I must help you.' Mrs. Rivers sighed and kissed her little girl, and said, 'Millie, my darling, you have got a brave heart and willing hands, but we can do nothing without sight.'

'Let me try, mother,' said the child. 'Fred shall lead me into the wood, and I will gather you sticks, and bring them home to light your fires, and that will be a help, won't it, mother?'

So 'Blind Millie' became her mother's stick-gatherer for a long time, and learnt to do many useful things besides. Her mother gave her the flannels to wash, which she washed very well. Then she could hang the clothes out to dry, fetch them in again, and help to fold them. In time she became almost as useful to her mother as if she could see, and Blind Millie was known as the most industrious little girl in Woodlands.

Sam often met Millie and spoke to her, and sometimes led her by the hand; but his love of mischief was so great that he did not always choose the best or cleanest path. He would often lead her through a puddle of water, or turn her into the wrong direction. He did not wish to hurt her, but it was very cruel to tease a poor blind girl. One day he made her walk into a pigsty, another day he directed her against a hay-stack. He was caught at this trick by a neighbour, who scolded him very much. But Sam, I am sorry to say, only laughed at Mrs. Goodman's scolding, and determined to have more fun with Millie yet.

Now, it happened one day that Millie went into the wood to gather sticks as usual, when a sudden storm of thunder and lightning came on, and it rained in torrents. The poor child was very frightened, and wandered about for shelter. She

had gathered a good bundle of sticks, and was quite ready to go home when the storm was over. She sat for some time under a thick bush, and when the weather was clearer she started off home. But alas! she could not find the way. In her search for shelter she had lost the beaten track, and could not tell which way to go. But Millie was a good girl, and loved God, and because she trusted in Him, she was far braver than many who can see. She therefore knelt down, said the Lord's prayer, and then got up again, fully trusting that God would deliver her from evil. She had not walked long before she heard a voice, saying, 'Holloa, Millie!' The voice came from Sam Harris: she told him she had lost her way, and begged him not to play her any more tricks, but direct her to the path. Sam said he would, and led her very carefully by the hand across the stepping-stones of a small brook. He told her she must take care to keep by the side of the fence, and in a very short time she would come out into the road; then, as she knew the road well, she could find her way home. But the mischievous boy put her in exactly the wrong direction, fully intending to follow her, but some little birds drew off his attention, until Millie had got out of sight. At that moment his friend Jack came up, and said, 'Be quick, Sam, and run for it. Farmer Smart says you're after his rabbits, and he is coming to catch you.'

'Hi! stop! Come here!' called out a gruff voice; but the more the voice called out the faster the boys ran. In Sam's excitement he entirely forgot Millie; nor did he think of her again until he went to bed. He then began to feel very uncomfortable; but he said within himself, 'She will soon find out she is going wrong, and turn back;' and with these thoughts he went to sleep.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## THE NEW-ENGLAND FISHER-BOY.

(Continued from page 39.)



HERE, under the bright sky, little David lifted his earnest eyes to heaven and said from his heart, 'O Almighty God, help me to do right, and to please my father and mother, for Jesus Christ's sake!' Then, without daring to look at the terrible ocean again, he walked firmly into his home. All was quiet as before, but the sick man's eyes were open, and were eagerly fixed upon the door. Reading their meaning aright, his son walked to the bedside, and looking steadily into them, said, 'Father, I'm not afraid about the sea any longer, I'll do the best I can for mother and Mattie; and, please God, He'll not let me be drowned unless it's good for me.'

A sob which he could not check came with the last words as once more the terror seized him, but his father did not heed it.

'God bless you, my son; God bless you,' he cried, 'now I can die content. Oh, Davy, you don't know

what you've done for me, you'll none of you want for bread now, and you'll keep together.'

'And our Heavenly Father will reward my boy for what he is doing,' said the mother's soft voice in his ear, as he bent down to kiss his father's wasted hand as it lay on the counterpane.

Already a sense of great peace was filling Davy's heart, and it seemed to him then but a little thing that he had done which had made them all so happy. He thought of his unselfish act in the same way, when a fortnight later one of the wealthiest of the boat-owners in the neighbourhood came to the house and told him that he was willing to take him into his employ on account of the good character his father had borne, and that if he followed in that father's footsteps, and health and long life were granted to him, there was no reason why he should not one day have boats of his own, for he, Davy's new master, had begun in exactly the same way.

So a month after the grave had closed over William Walton, his son David made his first voyage, and, to his mother's exceeding joy, came back safe after three days, well pleased with his new life.

More than two years passed quietly over the heads of the young widow, and her children. Davy was doing well, and had, it seemed, so entirely lost his dread of the sea that his mother was satisfied she had done right in persuading him to go, and she, too, had not nearly so much fear as she once had. It was true David was never away longer than three days at a time, so she had hardly time to become anxious before he was with her again.

Altogether, these were happy days. The agony of grief which filled her heart just after the death of her husband had given way to a softened sorrow with which many happy memories were mingled. Little Mattie, now ten years old, was her mother's constant and loving companion; and Dave! oh, it would not be possible to tell all that Dave was to his mother and sister. It was just at this time that Kate's hardest trial since her widowhood came to her.

'Mother!' said David, coming with high excitement into the little room one day, 'what do you think? Mr. Byrne has been offering to make me one of the crew of the *Songster*, to go on the Banks this year! Father would have been glad! it's a great lift for me that's only twelve years old.'

'And you think you'll like it, Davy?' she said, as calmly as she could; for she must not be the one to show fear now.

'Of course I like it, mother!' he cried. 'Won't there be double pay for you and Mattie, and higher wages every year, till, maybe, I can save enough to get a boat of my own, or perhaps to buy land, mother, for I can't get out of thinking that would be best after all? But, mother, please to get my things ready, for we leave on Monday for three months.'

It was with a heavy heart that the poor mother sorted out the necessary things. To lose her bright, loving boy for three months, how could she bear it? And then Mattie had to be told, and poor little Mattie could see nothing but sorrow in it, and cried bitterly till Dave told her he couldn't be proud of his sister if she did not learn to be braver, and then

she stopped, but crept away early to bed, where she sobbed herself to sleep.

And David, himself? I doubt if he could have told exactly what his own feelings were. It is true he had almost lost his fear of the sea, but there were still times when the terror of his childhood would return upon him, and then he suffered much. But just now his trouble was one which he would not let his mother share. He knew that the master of the *Songster* was a hard, rough man, and that few of the crew bore good characters, and he felt more anxious about being able to keep on good terms with them than about anything else. He would be the youngest on board, and where the elder sailors are unfeeling men, much hardship is often put upon the boys in these small vessels. But Davy had learnt to be content with whatever he knew to be his duty, and it was with a brave heart and a bright face that he took leave of his mother and Mattie on that Monday morning in July.

This going away of the boats for the autumn-fishing on the Banks of Newfoundland was one of the two great events of the year all along that part of the New England coast. The other was their coming home. And if this was a time of dread to those who stayed behind, that was seldom a time of unmixed joy, for not many seasons passed without the loss of some one or other among the men and boys who formed the crews. Seven or eight small vessels, each carrying two or three row-boats, composed the small fleet which set sail from the little port near which the Waltons lived. Nearly all the able-bodied men and most of the boys over twelve were in them; and Katie and her little daughter were not the only people who, after straining their eyes to watch the lessening vessels till they could no longer see them, turned to their deserted homes with a heartfelt prayer for a blessing on their voyage, and a safe return for those dear ones, praying to Him who maketh the winds and the waters to obey His voice.

The little fleet had a prosperous voyage to the Banks, and there parting company, the large vessels lay to at a considerable distance from one another, while the experienced fishermen went off in the small boats to catch the fish, that were then stowed away on board the ship in such a manner that they might be in good condition when the long fishing was at an end.

For some time Davy found his place not so disagreeable as he had thought it would be. He was an obliging boy, and made himself useful to all on board. Still his work was hard. The worst part of the night-watch was always given to him, and this fell hardly upon him as he was often left for hours alone in the day-time, when, of course, he had to keep a sharp look-out; and although he was learning to be a good and watchful guard, the constant need of being wide-awake was too much for his strength, and at times it seemed as if his weary eyes must close in spite of him.

He had been feeling more than usually worn out one day, when he heard the master telling the rest of the crew they would all start early that evening and take the full twelve hours, as he saw signs of a

large shoal of fish in a certain direction, and they should need all the boats and all the hands to secure them properly.

'But how about the craft?' asked one man.

'Oh! the boy can manage her as he has done before,' was the answer.

'Now, Simpson,' said one of Davy's friends, 'you never mean to say you are going to leave that boy here alone all night! How are you going to answer it to his mother if anything goes wrong with him? and what'll you say to the owner if the boat's lost?'

'As for answering it to his mother,' retorted Simpson, roughly, 'I guess I'm not bound to look after the boy, and if he can't take care of the craft and himself too, that's his look-out; only if he gets the vessel into any trouble he'll have to pay for it somehow, if the whole place belonging to them is sold up, and so I shall tell him!'

There was no need to tell him, for Davy had heard all as he kept watch on deck just above where the men were at dinner, so that he was prepared to be left alone when the boats were let down, and one by one the crew departed.

'Keep up your heart, my boy,' said one, 'as he was getting over the side, 'the nights are not long yet, but maybe we shall be back sooner than the captain thinks for.'

'And keep up the fire as well!' cried another; 'don't forget that we shall be real hungry when we come back, and want our breakfast sharp.'

So they left him, and Davy turned, as he had often done before, to his lonely walk up and down the deck keeping as keen a look-out as he could for any chance sail in the distance.

For some hours he kept his heart up bravely, then as night approached he began to feel a little of his old dread of the sea creeping over him, but by thinking of the might and mercy of Him in whose hands he was, he conquered his fears, and for another hour or two he quite enjoyed the cool night air. It freshened him up too, and made him for a while forget the weariness which had so terribly oppressed him. As nearly as he could judge, he went down about every hour to look at the fire in the galley,—mindful of the sailor's parting words; and although it was warm enough in the day-time, about midnight it was often quite chilly, and the warmth of the stove was very pleasant. But Davy felt the need of returning to the cool air quickly, for the weariness was stronger upon him in the galley than anywhere. He had not had more than four hours' sleep in the last thirty-six, and when he went on deck after his fifth visit to the fire it seemed to him that *nothing* could make him keep his eyes open. By dint of whistling, jumping, and now and then rubbing his eyes, he did, however, manage to keep awake for about another hour, and then he went into the galley again—for the last time, for as he knelt before the stove to rake the cinders in it his strength gave way altogether, his head sank on a hard bench close to the fire, and in less than a minute poor weary Dave was sound asleep.

(To be continued.)

## THE MAN IN THE MOON.

(A GERMAN LEGEND.)

**T**WO eyes and a nose, and a very round face,  
It has often been said, in the moon you can trace;

And the fancy, for 'tis but a fancy, be sure,  
Seems likely through many an age to endure.

Astronomers tell us the parts that are bright,  
Are very high mountains, reflecting the light;  
And the dark places, hollows, great chasms, where  
gloom  
Dwells ever, and broods like a ghost in a tomb.

But now let me tell you a story about  
This man, that seems looking in wonder and doubt  
Over all the wide heavens; I can't say 'tis true,  
As 'twas told unto me, I will tell it to you.

It was Sunday on earth:—be the day ever blest,  
That to busy men giveth a season of rest:  
A time for reflection, for prayer, and for praise,  
The pause in life's journey, the sweet pearl of days;

It was Sunday! and voices were lifted in prayer,  
The earth was all beauty, and calm was the air;  
The hard sons of toil, and the beasts rested then,  
And pleasant it was unto women and men.

But sound of an axe broke the stillness, and down  
Went the boughs 'neath the strokes, while the  
heavens seemed to frown,

As the breaker of sabbaths pursued his way back,  
With the wood on his shoulders along the green track.

As he held from the path of church-goers aloof,  
There came to his ear a mild voice of reproof;  
And the question was asked,—'Dost thou know 'tis  
the day,

When God the Creator, Whom all should obey,

His work having finished then rested, and bade  
The day should be blessed, and hallowed, and made  
A sabbath, a holy day?' On with his wood  
Went the churl, though it seem'd that an angel there  
stood.

'What care I on earth whether Sunday it be?  
Or Monday in heaven? It is nought unto me;'  
So he muttered; and then, said the being divine,  
With a voice unto which the dull ear *must* incline,

'Because thou My sabbath profanest on earth,  
No sabbath for thee shall in future have birth;  
The burden thou bearest thou ever shalt bear,  
Thy days shall be all days of labour and care.

Thou shalt stand in the moon as a warning to all,  
And holyday rest ne'er upon thee shall fall;  
For ever, and ever, as ages roll on,  
No solace, no respite, for thee shall be won.'

And there with his faggot of brushwood, he stands,  
The man who despised his Creator's commands:  
Let us, praising God for His blessing and boon,  
Take a lesson to heart from the Man in the Moon.

H. G. ADAMS.






THE OX.



THE NEGRO.

 Part I. for January is now ready, price 3d. All the back Numbers may be had.

# Chatterbox.





### 'THAT'S HOW!'

**A**FTER a great snow-storm, a little fellow began to shovel a path through a great snow-bank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with.

'How do you expect to get through that drift?' asked a man passing along.

'By keeping at it,' said the boy, cheerfully; 'that's how!'

And it is a great 'how.' It is the secret of mastering almost every difficulty under the sun. If a hard job is before you, stick to it. Do

not keep thinking how large or how hard it is; but go at it, and little by little it will grow smaller and smaller, until it is done.

If a hard lesson is to be learned, do not spend a moment fretting; do not lose a breath in saying, 'I can't,' or 'I do not see how;' but go at it, and keep at it. That is the only way to conquer it.

If a fault is to be cured, or a bad habit broken off, it cannot be done by just being sorry, or only trying a little. You must keep fighting it, and not give up fighting until it is got rid of.

If you have entered your heavenly Master's service, and are trying to be good, and to do good, keep at it. You will sometimes find hills of difficulty in the way. Things will often look discouraging, and you will not seem to make any progress at all; but keep at it. Never forget 'that's how!'

### THE NEW-ENGLAND FISHER-BOY.

(Continued from page 47.)



**T**HE three months had passed, and the days were beginning to feel chill and wintery, when Mattie one day darted into the cottage on her return from school at the dinner-hour, with such an unusual noise and such an excited look on her gentle face, that it hardly needed words to tell her mother what had happened.

'The boats, mother! The boats!'

she cried; 'they're just in sight, they'll be in in an hour; the neighbours are most of them down on the shore already, and I knew you'd want to be there to see Dave directly you could!'

None but those who have known what it is to look forward to a meeting with some dearly loved person who has been long away, and of whom nothing has been heard in the meanwhile, can imagine the mixture of joy and fear which filled Katie's heart at this moment. With thoughtful care she placed things so that her hungry sailor-lad might have a comfortable meal as soon as he landed, and then she followed impatient Mattie down to the beach. There were assembled nearly the same groups whom we saw when the vessels left, all

gazing eagerly at the in-coming boats; and at the instant of Katie's joining them, a murmur of surprise and fear ran through the crowd, at the same moment turning to Mattie, she cried, 'Child! there are but six! oh! which of them is missing?'

Before any answer could be given, a wild scream rang out on the air, and a woman fell back fainting.

'Why, Lizzie, Lizzie!' cried one of the neighbours, 'you don't know but what they're all saved. It isn't likely the *Songster* would be by herself when the accident happened, whatever it was!'

The *Songster*! Of all those words these only reached Katie's ears, but she could not scream nor faint; sick at heart, trembling in every limb, walking like one in a dream, she turned hopelessly towards her own home. Suddenly there was a shout of joy, but she never turned to ask the cause, but the next minute Mattie's eager voice calling on her to stop, made her do so.

'Mother, they are saved!' she cried, panting for breath. 'I wouldn't even wait to see Dave before I came after you.'

'How do you know he's safe if you haven't seen him?' asked Katie, wildly.

'Oh! mother, they saw some of the men on board the other boats, and then Mr. Byrne came down himself, and he called out to them through the trumpet, "Is the crew saved?" and Simpson, the captain, answered "Yes!" and then I ran off to you; but come quick, mother; see, they are quite near!'

So Katie's agony was twice to be borne. They did not wait long this time before the small boats were seen coming ashore with the men. Simpson was one of the first who landed, and Katie, with her little girl, kept close to Mr. Byrne's side, when he ran forward to meet him.

'Did you say *all* were saved?' asked the owner.

'All but the boy, sir; we left him as usual in charge when we went after a large shoal, but when we came back to the spot there was ne'er a vessel of any kind to be seen. He must have forgotten to keep a look-out, and got her sunk somehow.'

'He ought never to have been left!' cried Mr. Byrne, 'it was cruel, and thoughtless; if I had known they would have treated him so, I would not have sent him. Mrs. Walton, do you hear me? I would never have suffered him to go! What can I do for you? Speak to me! Look at your poor little girl;' and forgetful for the time of his own heavy loss in the vessel, the good man sought to comfort the widow whose only son was thus snatched from her.

But the words of kindly sympathy fell unheeded on Katie's ears; she stood like one in a dream, gazing far out to sea, then turning suddenly homewards with the same stony look, she said, 'I made him go, I have killed my boy!'

Mattie could hardly keep up with the pace at which her mother set off towards her cottage. Katie seemed to have forgotten all but her sorrow, and Mattie, whose own heart seemed nearly breaking, lay awake all that wretched night listening to the moans of her unhappy mother. Katie mourned as one who would not be comforted. It was of no



use that well-meaning neighbours came in hoping to lead her to talk of the lost boy's goodness, loving ways, and so forth, that she might by degrees get accustomed to her grief; she, who was so gentle before, would turn coldly away, until the worthy folk agreed that it was best to leave her to herself.

But it seemed to Mattie that no time would bring happiness to her mother again, days lengthened into weeks, weeks grew into months, and still the look of dreary suffering did not move from Katie's face. She was so crushed with her own sorrow that she did not notice how deep an effect it was having on her only remaining child, till one night shortly before Christmas, she heard Mattie sobbing in her bed, and listening carefully at the door she heard these words in a broken voice: 'Oh, I hope it isn't wicked! only if I might have died instead of him, I know mother wouldn't have minded like this, and I'm so afraid it'll kill her too;' and at these words came such a fit of sobbing that Mattie crept under the bed-clothes to prevent any one hearing as she thought. But happily Katie had heard already, and in a minute, tender arms were round the trembling child, and her own mother's voice was soothing her as in the old days.

'Oh, mother, mother!' she sobbed, clinging close to her, 'I am so sorry for you, and I do wish it had been me instead of Dave, but my teacher says it's wicked to wish yourself dead.'

'Hush, my darling child, hush!' said Katie, 'I see I've been hurting you without knowing it all this long time; oh, Mattie, my precious child, it's not that I love one of you a bit less than the other, but that day and night it's always sounding in my ears how I made Davy go to sea, and it seems to me this is my punishment, though, as God knows, at the time I did it for the best.'

'Davy wouldn't think it was your fault, mother, I know,' said Mattie, earnestly; and those few simple words brought more comfort to Katie's aching heart than it had known for many a weary day. Together they talked of the lost boy, till Mattie's eyes closed peacefully, and Katie soon after laid herself to rest by her one remaining treasure.

It was Christmas-eve, and Katie, mindful of the custom of giving some present, however small, which the children on awaking should find the next morning in their stocking hung up to receive such gifts, was creeping noiselessly into the bedroom about an hour after Mattie had gone to bed, when she noticed that the child lay with wide-open eyes fixed upon her, and that no stocking was hung as usual at the bed's head.

'Why, Mattie!' she said, 'have you forgotten it's Christmas-eve! where's your stocking, and why aren't you fast asleep?'

'I don't care for Christmas-gifts, mother, now Dave isn't here, and I thought, too, you wouldn't want to be spending money on such things now, so I didn't put up my stocking; I'm too old now to think it's any one but you that gives me the things.'

Katie's only answer was a kiss, but she did not leave the room without hanging up one of the clean stockings laid ready for the next morning, and slipping into it a tiny parcel which she took out of

her pocket. Then she went back to her lonely fire-side, and sitting there she fell into deep thought about the husband and the son once so familiar there, now never to be seen by her again! Never! oh, no! there would be a meeting at last, she knew, in that land where the tears shall be wiped from off all faces, and from this Katie's thoughts turned for a while to that wonderful remembrance of the birth of Him without whose help we could never have hoped for a life to come; and as the remembrance of His love and pity for all in sorrow filled her mind, it seemed to her that she was nearer in heart to Him than she had ever been, and more ready to take her sorrow meekly as coming from Him. Softer and holier thoughts were with her this night than any she had known since the news of her boy's loss reached her. She sat in this way for some hours, not caring to break in upon her recollections by going to bed, when, suddenly, a sound outside made her start to her feet and hold her breath to listen.

(To be continued.)

## WILD SAM AND BLIND MILLIE.

(Concluded from page 45.)

### CHAPTER II.

WE must go back to Millie. Poor child, alone and blind, with her bundle of sticks on her head, she walked on and on, feeling the fence with one hand and holding the sticks on her head with the other. When she had walked for some distance she came to a hedge. She then felt for the stile, to get over into the road. After searching some time she found a gate, she got over this, and found herself in a ploughed field. 'I daresay,' she said, 'the wood is on the other side of this field.' But alas! when poor Millie left the fence and got into the ploughed field, she got lost altogether, and wandered in all directions, often crossing her own footsteps again, although she knew it not. She was now very tired, and sat down upon her bundle, and felt very lonely and sad. She could just distinguish light from darkness, poor child! and began to think that it grew darker. She could not tell, however; perhaps a dark cloud had passed over the sun, yet the sun did not seem to come out again. Was night coming on? It was, indeed; and when at last, after long toiling, Millie had found her way across the ploughed field, she felt certain night had come on. She now found herself upon a wild heath, all amongst the gorse and the brake. She dropped her bundle from sheer exhaustion, and when she would have carried it she could not find it again. Happily for poor Millie she felt very sleepy. She crept under a furze-bush, and, after kneeling down to say her evening's prayer, she fell fast asleep. I will not attempt to describe the agony of the poor mother. When she found Millie did not return, she went off to the wood and searched till dark. She then called her neighbours, and they looked about the wood with lanterns and torches all night. Amongst those who looked was the Squire's son, a kind-hearted young man who had lately returned from college. He did not go to bed all night, but searched till the morning.



'He inquired if she had met a girl on the road.'

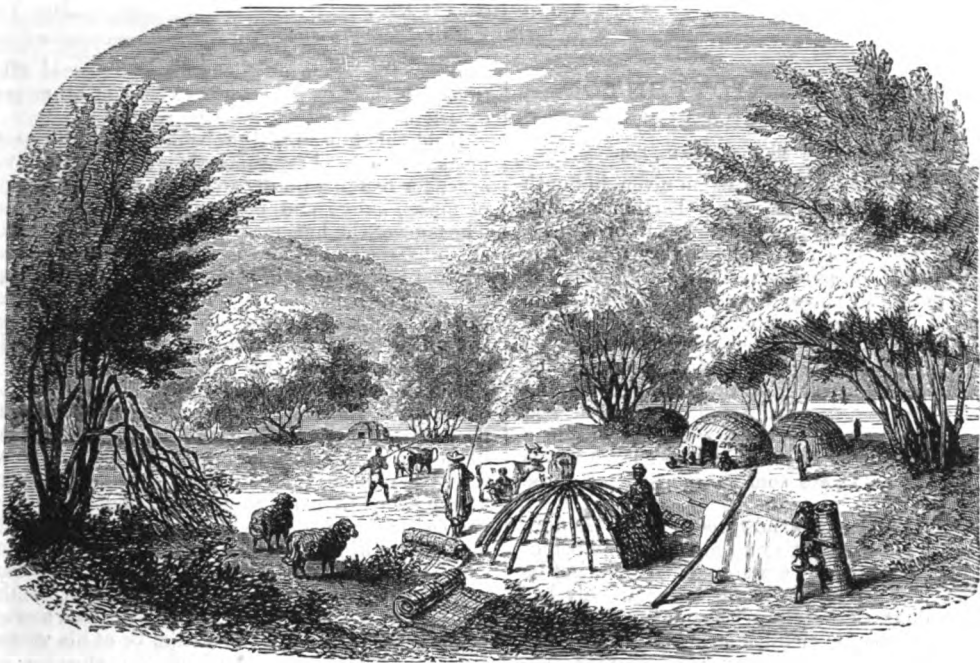
When Sam Harris found what he had done he was so frightened that he ran away (without telling any one) to look for Millie himself. Mr. Percival, however, stopped him, and suspecting that he knew something about it, he made him tell all he knew. He then sent him back to tell the neighbours, and walked on himself in the direction Millie took. But poor Millie had already awoke, and found the road, but it was a spot she had never travelled before. So she walked in the wrong direction.

When Mr. Percival got into the road he soon met a lady whom he knew, driving her daughter to the station to meet an early train. He inquired if she

had met a girl in the road. Mrs. Stevens said she had met a little girl who wanted to speak to her, but she did not stop; and that the girl walked in a very strange, uncertain manner, as if she did not know where she was going. Mr. Percival then hurried on, and at last found the poor child about five miles from home, sitting upon a heap of gravel, with her face buried in her lap, crying.

Millie had been away from home now from one o'clock on Tuesday, until half-past ten on Wednesday morning. Fortunately, when she was found, she was near a town. Mr. Percival took her to an inn and gave her some food, and then hired a carriage and drove her home. As for Sam, he was in





Hottentot Kraals.

P. 34.

such a state of alarm that he dared not go back into the village, but wandered about all day, looking in every hole, and under every bush. He thought she must have fallen in some water and got drowned, and then he said to himself, 'I shall be hanged.' If he felt unhappy about his own punishment, I must say that he felt very miserable, indeed, about Millie, 'Perhaps she is carried away by the gipsies,' thought he. 'I will go and find the gipsies, and make them give her back.' He had heard stories of gipsies making their children blind in order to excite compassion, and felt sure that they would never let Millie escape, but would steal her, and make money by her. 'Poor Millie!' he cried, 'if I could see you once again, I would never play any more tricks.' On the heath he found some gipsies, and asked if they had seen a blind girl, and they said they could not tell him all they saw. He said if they had got a blind girl in their tent he must have her.

They laughed at him, and told him they had got one, but he should not have her. Moreover, if he did not mind they would take him too. He cried very much, but did not run away. At last a man took hold of him and carried him into the tent. He did not struggle, but said within himself, 'I will now find Millie, and we will run away together.' He looked everywhere, but could not see his little schoolfellow. He cried so bitterly for Millie that at last a gipsy woman had pity on him, and let him go. She told him they had not got the little girl, but the men were only teasing him. Sam did not venture into the village until nightfall, and then he fortunately met his friend Jack, who told him that Millie was safe at home, that the young Squire had

sent her some food and clothing, and she was very well, only in great trouble because he was lost.

'She does not care about me?' said Sam; 'does she? I should have thought that she would never have forgiven me. I am afraid she will never speak to me again.'

But Millie had learned not only to pray 'deliver us from evil,' but 'forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.' And Millie and Sam became ever after the fastest of friends. He would now always pick the easiest and best path for her, and when he had time would go with her and get firewood for her mother.

One day Millie said, 'You will be a better boy now, Sam, for my sake, won't you?'

'Yes,' Sam said, 'I would do anything for you, Millie.'

'Would you beg Farmer Smart's pardon for trying to mix up his sheep together?'

Sam hesitated a long time, but at last said, 'I did not do anything after all, and got a thrashing into the bargain.'

'But you meant to do wrong.'

'Oh, but a miss is as good as a mile.'

'But God knows our thoughts, Sam.'

'Maybe He do,' replied Sam. 'Well, if you say I must, I must; and I will.'

So Sam begged Farmer Smart's pardon, and nearly got another thrashing for coming; but he did not care, so long as he had kept his promise to Millie.

When Sam grew to be a man, he married Millie. After a painful operation, she partially regained the sight of one eye; and, although she cannot see as other persons can, yet she makes a loving and excellent wife.



## THE HOTTENTOT KRAALS.

By H. G. ADAMS, Esq.



**K**RAAL is the name given in South Africa to the collection of huts which make a town or village. Such huts look very much like magnified beehives. Among the Caffres, they are arranged in a circle with the cattle-pen in the centre. This is protected by a strong fence, and carefully guarded at night against wild beasts and robbers. Sometimes, when wood is plentiful and the kraal belongs to a wealthy chief, there is a second fence outside the circle of huts; large stones piled on each other are sometimes used for these fences.

When a Caffre wants a new house built, he does not consult an architect and employ a number of bricklayers, carpenters, painters, and so forth, but he commands his wives, of which he commonly has several, to do it. So early in the morning they go out into the woods, guarded by 'a boy,' as every unmarried man is called whatever his age may be—and he looks on or amuses himself as he pleases while they are hard at work—some, with children slung at their backs, cutting down long, flexible sticks which they carry home in bundles on their heads, walking in single file, with 'the boy' in front armed with his assagais and ready to protect them from danger.

When they reach the chosen spot, a circle is drawn in the earth about fourteen feet in diameter, all round which holes are made. Two or three of the thickest wands are then bound together so as to form a rod long enough for an arch of considerable height over the circle. One end is driven firmly into the ground on one side, and the other on the opposite side; then another rod is in a similar manner planted at right angles to the first, and the two are lashed together at the top where they cross. Then the other wands are placed in the holes prepared for them, and their thinner ends brought together at the apex of the dome, and there they are secured with thongs made of hides or twisted rushes or the stems of the creepers which interlace the trees of an African forest and are called 'Monkey-ropes,' because by them the monkeys ascend and descend and pass from place to place.

We have now the house with its frame complete; but it wants a covering, and this is supplied by a thatch of reeds, placed in parallel layers over the sticks. An arched opening, just large enough for a man to crawl through, is then cut out of one side and neatly edged with plaited twigs. A wicker door is woven for the opening, and sometimes a screen of sticks intertwined with rushes is placed outside so as to prevent the wind blowing in too freely. A hole is made in the top to let out the smoke, and over the door there will sometimes be seen projecting the head of an ox, as if the animal were standing inside and looking out of a window. This tells that the

owner of the hut is a wealthy man who could afford to slaughter an ox at a marriage-feast or other great occasion.

Inside his hut he will probably have two upright posts, with cross-beams, strengthening it and giving space for hanging up his weapons, utensils, bundles of maize, skins, and other trophies of the chase. The floor of the hut, made with clay from the white-ant hills, moistened and well kneaded, will be clean and hard and smooth, being carefully rubbed every morning with flat stones: and all around up to a certain height, if not to the top, the walls, if we may so call them, will be covered with the same kind of clay, which is sticky and adheres like mortar.

The sleeping-mats are neatly rolled up and put on one side. The fireplace, a circular hollow in the floor, with a projecting rim of baked clay, sometimes in the centre at others on one side, is kept clean and tidy. Attached to the better sorts of huts is a cooking-shed, a little way apart; but the poorer people have to do their cooking and all other domestic duties under the same roof. This, however, does not trouble them; they live very much out-of-doors, and, only at night and in bad weather, keep inside, very often not then even. And however large may be the hut of the chief or of his wives—for each wife has one to herself—however well stored, and adorned with carved posts and beams, and skins, and horns, and tusks, and feathers, brass wire, and beads—yet they are all alike dark and grimy, black with smoke, and noisome with foul smells, and in comfort, convenience, and cleanliness, they are far behind the humblest cottage of a civilised land.

Some of the Caffre kraals are very extensive indeed. A chief, or king, named Panda, has one of which the central cattle enclosure is nearly a mile in diameter, with huts all around it, the royal residences being, as usual, at the top, opposite the entrance-gates. Panda has many kraals with several wives in each, and he numbers his cattle by thousands. But the poor Hottentots, the original lords of the soil, have few flocks and herds or possessions of any kind; between them and the Caffres there is deadly enmity, and with good reason. Once they were a great nation, ruling over the whole of Southern Africa; now they are a people scattered, driven from their hunting-grounds, nay, hunted themselves like beasts of prey. Oppressed and down-trodden, these Hottentots, where they still retain their original freedom, lead a wild, unsettled kind of life, subsisting chiefly on the animals which they catch in snares and pitfalls, or slay with the spear and the Knob-kerry, a sort of short club which they hurl with surprising force and accuracy of aim.

Not only have the poor Hottentots suffered dreadfully in their wars with the Caffres, who are in every way a stronger race; but the European settlers, especially the Dutch, have greatly oppressed and persecuted them, seizing their lands and reducing them to a state as grinding and galling as the worst kinds of slavery.

The laws, which have from time to time been passed for their protection by the British, have been but little regarded beyond the boundaries of Cape

Colony, into which many of them have fled for refuge, and have become excellent herdsmen, drivers, and domestic servants. Many have joined the native soldiery raised for the defence of the colony against their old enemies the Caffres, and some have settled upon grants of land which they cultivate with perseverance and success.

But it is with the wild Hottentots, so to speak, that we have now to do. A horde, or sub-tribe, of these is seldom to be found long in one place; as soon as this ceases to afford enough water or game, they strike their tents, gipsy-fashion, and proceed to some spot which seems more promising. Their kraals consist of a few scattered huts, placed without regard to order or regularity under the shade of the large mimosa or other trees. Their huts are of a circular shape, like those of the Caffres; indeed, none of the South African tribes appear to have any idea of building, except in circles. All their villages or enclosures of any kind are round, and if they have roads through them they are curved, never straight. The Hottentot covers his hut with reed-matting, and makes the framework as light as possible, so that it is easily packed upon the back of an ox and transported from place to place. It is here to-day and gone to-morrow, and a village springs up in a few hours in some place which was lately silent and solitary, and yellow-skinned men and women, with little light-brown piccanninies, are working, or squatting on their haunches, or rolling about on the grass, as merry as if they lived in the midst of comfort and plenty and had no enemies to fear.

The colour of the Hottentot is a pale, sickly yellow, a good deal like that of the Chinese; he has projecting cheek-bones, and a long narrow chin; his hair is woolly, but not like that of the Negro closely set; it is in little tufts, not covering the skull but allowing the skin to be seen between, although it seldom can be seen owing to the thick coating of grease, and a mineral powder, called *sibolo*, of a red colour, which has a glittering appearance and is highly valued in consequence. No Hottentot belle would be complete without this; she has earrings and necklaces of beads, or threaded disks of ostrich-shell; waist-bands of leathern thongs, set with beads, to which are fastened the skirt and apron of ornamented leather or skin; she has bead or brass wire rings on her arms, above the elbows, and at the wrists, and anklets of the same shining metal. Perhaps she wears a face ornament also, consisting of a band of leather across the forehead, and ends dangling down in the front and at the sides, to which shells, and bits of metal and glass, and scarlet beads, are attached. She is then quite in full dress, especially if she be plentifully greased all over and sprinkled with the powder of the *buchu*, which has a strong odour by no means pleasant to European noses.

Well, these poor Hottentots are fast being 'improved off the face of the earth;' like the aborigines or original natives of most countries of which civilized races have taken possession. Something is now being done to teach and civilize them. Good men are labouring among them, and those who come to a knowledge of Gospel truth will have done so through much tribulation.

## THE LONDON CABMAN.



HERE are few occupations more laborious than that of a cab-driver, especially if he has 'night-work.' He may be doomed to spend the greater part of a weary day 'on the rank,' vainly hoping for a fare, or to linger night after night about the places of popular amusement. The pay of the cabman is very uncertain. Most of the cabs are 'farmed out' by some large proprietor. Each driver is bound to bring his employer a certain sum daily, varying from eighteen shillings to one pound, whether he has actually realized it or not in the course of the day. Whatever he makes over and above this stated sum he has for himself; and even if the cabmen were fully occupied every hour of the day, this would leave no very large margin for the support of his wife and family. The reason of the system, no doubt, is that the cab-driver may have an interest in procuring a large number of fares in the course of the day. The cabman is not only bound to render a daily account to his master, but he is also under very strict police supervision. Each driver is regularly licensed to his work, and that little metal badge round his neck contains his number. Should he be guilty of any misdeed, for which he is convicted before a magistrate, his license is sent to Scotland Yard, and the nature of the offence which he has committed is scored upon it. If he is an incorrigible offender, his license is, after a time, taken from him. These police regulations are needful for the protection of the public, whose lives might otherwise often be brought into peril by drunken or careless drivers. When we take into consideration the large number of cabs in London, and the crowded state of the thoroughfares in the central part of the city, it speaks well for the skill and care of our drivers that we so seldom hear of serious accidents. It must require a cool brain and a strong nerve to drive through some of our most crowded streets. The Hansom cabs generally have the best horses and the most dashing drivers. They are so much lighter and smaller in their construction that they can find their way through gaps and openings into which it would be impossible for 'a four-wheeler' to venture. The saddest day of the cabman's week is his Sunday. In a city like London a certain measure of Sunday travelling is perhaps unavoidable, but still it is sad to reflect how many drivers of our public conveyances are denied the privilege of attending any place of worship, or enjoying any measure of rest. When the present Bishop of London first came to the diocese, he interested himself much in the condition of the omnibus and cab drivers, and on one occasion addressed a large number of them in an omnibus yard at Islington. Efforts are from time to time made by benevolent individuals to improve the religious condition of this class, and a society has been formed to endeavour to secure for them the blessing of rest on the Lord's Day. A



The Cabman.

certain number of the London cabs are licensed only for the six days of the week, and may be known by the first figure of the painted number being 7; and these ought by all means to be encouraged.

The writer of this paper has, in the course of his ministerial labours, met with many honest, industrious, and sober cabmen, doing their best to sup-

port a wife and family out of means which were certainly not large. These men are the means of helping us on our earthly journeys; will not any large-hearted loving Christian take up their case, and help them on the heavenly journey? Much might be done by judicious distribution of tracts, by open-air addresses, and similar means.

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# Chatterbox.





## A CRIPPLE FOR LIFE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.



**H**AVE you noticed that poor little fellow on crutches at the White House in Marion street?" said one of three ladies who were spending an afternoon together.

"Yes; I was just thinking of him," was the answer. "I noticed the child yesterday. What a sweet, patient face he has! He can't be more than ten years old."

"And a cripple for life!" said the third lady.

Her two friends turned their eyes on her with looks of inquiry.

"You know him?" remarked one of them.

"Oh, yes; his name is Albert Owings, son of Mr. Edward Owings, one of the best men in our town."

"Has he been long a cripple?"

"About a year."

"How did it happen? Had he a fall?"

"I will tell you about it if you care to listen. The story is a sad one; and but for its lesson and warning, I would not revive it now."

The two ladies drew closer to the speaker, and she went on.

"Little Albert was a favourite with everybody who knew him. He had a sweet temper, and artless, winning ways from the first. When only three years old he was the pet of the neighbourhood. But nothing seemed to spoil him. As he became older he did not become rude and boisterous, like too many children; and yet he was full of life, and loved to romp and play as well as any."

"Year after year was added to his life. The birthdays came and went until he was nine years old. The children's birthdays are always kept in Mr. Owings' house. I know the family well, and was one of the few outside friends invited to drop in after tea, and I promised myself a pleasant evening."

"It was early in autumn, and the days were growing shorter. Darkness had fallen when I stood at Mr. Owings' door. I found the family in much distress and alarm. Albert had gone with a neighbour's son to visit a friend of his mother's, who lived half a mile from the city, and word had been received that he had fallen from a tree, and was too much hurt to walk home. Mr. Owings and his mother had just left in a carriage, taking the doctor with them."

"For over an hour we waited in painful anxiety. Then the father and mother returned, bringing the poor boy with them. A bed, on which he was lying, had been placed in the carriage. He was helpless and in great suffering. It took us a long time to get him out of the carriage, and upstairs to his bed, for the slightest movement of his body made him cry out with pain. No bones were broken, but the doctor said there were serious internal injuries. From the hips down he was paralysed. He could move his arms, but not his legs. Oh, that was a sad, sad night!"

"How did it happen?" asked one of the ladies. "He fell from a tree, you said?"

"I will answer your question as nearly as I can in Albert's own words. One day, about a week after the accident, I was sitting with the poor boy, who lay helpless in bed, free from pain, I am glad to say, when I asked him to tell me just how it all happened. A slight flush came into his pale face, and a look I could not understand came into his eyes. His mother, who was sitting by, noticed this change in his countenance."

"Tell us all about it, my son," she said, as she leaned over him. "I don't quite know how it was."

"He put his arms around her neck, and her face close to his for over a minute. On releasing her, I saw that his eyes were wet, and had a look of doubt and trouble."

"You were not doing anything wrong, I hope, Albert?" said his mother.

"No, mother," he answered quickly. "Nothing that I knew to be wrong; but maybe somebody else was."

"Who?"

"He did not reply, but looked from his mother's face to mine in an uncertain way."

"Who was doing wrong?" asked his mother.

"Mrs. Kline, maybe."

"How?"

"When she gave me that glass of currant wine."

"A glass of currant wine! You didn't tell me that before."

"No, ma'am."

"Why, Albert?"

"I don't know, mama. It seemed as if I couldn't."

"I shall never forget the sadness of his eyes as they rested on his mother's face."

"Tell me all about it now, darling. Don't keep back anything."

"I won't keep back a word, mother," he said. "It was just this way that it happened. We went out to Mrs. Kline's, Willy Lawson and I, as you said, we might. And Mrs. Kline seemed so glad to see us. I told her it was my birthday, and then she seemed more pleased, and kissed me and stroked my hair, and patted my cheeks, and said I must have something in honour of the day. I didn't know what she meant, until she brought in a waiter with cakes and three glasses of wine. "It won't hurt you," she said. "It's only currant wine. I made it myself." So I took one glass, and Willy another. "Here's to your good health, and many happy returns of the day," said Mrs. Kline, taking the other glass and drinking. We drank too, and ate as much cake as we wanted. Then we went out to play."

"Was it a full glass of wine?" asked Mrs. Owings, a choking in her voice.

"Brimfull," said the boy.

"And you drank it all?"

"Yes, mother, every drop."

"Oh, it burnt all down inside of me like fire, and made my face red, and set my knees trembling. It got into my head too, and made it feel so large

and strange! I was hot all over. So I went down to the spring and washed my face in the cool water, and that made me feel better. We sat there, Willy and I, playing in the brook. We built a little dam, and sailed bits of wood and bark on the water. After awhile Mrs. Kline came out and said she was afraid we'd get our clothes wet and muddy, and told us there was a chestnut-tree in the woods at the back of the house, and she thought the burrs were beginning to open and drop the nuts. So off we ran to the woods, and found the tree. But, though we saw the great bunches of burrs hanging up on the limbs, not a single nut could we find on the ground. We threw stones and sticks, but didn't knock any down, they were so high. "If it wasn't such a big tree I'd climb it," said Willy. "I'm not afraid," said I, feeling as brave and strong as if I'd been a man. So up the tree I went, Willy helping me, until I could get hold of the lowest limb and pull myself up. I don't know what made me do it, for I never tried to climb a big tree like that before in all my life. I've thought about it since, lying here, ever so much, and I think it must have been the wine that made me do it. I heard father say once, that when the wine was in the wit was out. And I'm sure the wit was out of my head, or I'd never have gone up that chestnut-tree. When I got on the limb, which was almost as big as a tree itself, I felt as hot as when I drank the glass of currant wine. My arms and legs were trembling, and my head was buzzing and turning round. I had to shut my eyes and hold on the limb to keep from falling.

"After a while I felt better, and then stood up on the limb and reached to one above, pulling and scrambling until I got to a higher place. Then the trembling and turning came again, and I had to hug my arms about a limb to keep from dropping right down. I was away up now, ever so far from the ground, as high as a second-storey window. Then it came over me, all at once, how I was to get down; and I felt so scared and weak, and my head went round so, that I couldn't hold on. One of my feet slipped, and I felt myself going. Oh, it was dreadful! I didn't know anything after that, until I found myself in bed at Mrs. Kline's, and she crying and going on; and then it all came back to me."

"We sat, Mrs. Owings and I, for a good while after the child had finished his story, not speaking a word, until he said, 'I'm sure it was the wine, mother. I'd never have thought of climbing the tree if it hadn't been for the wine. Somehow, I wasn't just myself after I drank it. But don't be angry with Mrs. Kline—she wanted to honour my birthday, and didn't think it would hurt me.'"

"We looked at each other for a few moments. Mrs. Owings tried to speak, but her voice choked in the effort. Her boy, crippled for life, lay before her, and the hand that struck him down was the hand of one who loved him. It had been lifted in kindness—alas! what mistaken kindness!"

The lady ceased. Over the faces of her two friends there fell shadows of pain. Both of them sat, with eyes cast down, for a long while.

"How sad, that a cause so light should work so great a disaster!" said one of them at length, sighing deeply as she spoke.

"A cripple for life! And all for a single glass of currant wine, offered in honour of his birthday!" said the other, echoing the sigh of her friend. "Why," she added, the colour coming into her face, and then as suddenly fading out, "I did that very thing to a dear little nephew only a week ago. And now I remember, he was near being run over by a horse on his way home; and when I asked him about it, he said he couldn't just tell how it was, but he kind of forgot himself, and didn't think of taking care, as he always did when crossing a street. It never came to me until this moment that the wine had confused his little brain."

"If it has power to confuse the brains of strong men," answered the lady who had told the story of Albert's fall from the chestnut-tree, "how much more the weak and delicate brains of children!"

"What a warning!" exclaimed the other. "I will never give even the lightest wine to a child again."

"Men, as well as children, have been made cripples for life through a glass of wine offered by a friendly hand," said the lady. "No one can tell the moment when life or limb will depend upon the cool head and steady hand—when the slightest confusion of mind may bring terrible disaster. Let us, then, who have so much influence over the customs of society, set our faces against this constant offering of wine to our friends. We can work a great reform if we will. Taking this poor crippled child as a text, we may preach temperance sermons to men, women, and children."

And they did so. Many bottles of currant wine, and blackberry wine, and cherry wine, were emptied on the ground by these ladies, and also to others to whom they preached their temperance sermons.



### 'GOOD FOR SOMETHING.'

YOUNG man, whose manner was so rough and blunt that he could not be made useful in a general shop, received the customary notice from his employer that he did not suit, and must go.

"But I'm good for something," remonstrated the poor fellow, loth to be turned into the street.

"You are good for nothing as a salesman, anyhow," retorted the principal, regarding him from a business point of view.

"I am sure I can be useful," repeated the young man.

"How? Tell me how."

"I don't know, sir; I don't know."

"Nor do I," and the principal smiled as he saw the lad's eagerness.

"Only don't send me away, sir; don't send me away. Try me at something besides selling; I cannot sell. I know that I cannot sell."





'I can make myself useful somehow.'

'I know that too; that is what is wrong.'

'But I can make myself useful somehow, I know I can.'

The blunt lad who could not be turned into a salesman, and whose manner was so little captivating that he was nearly sent about his business, was accordingly tried at something else. He was placed in the counting-house, where his cleverness in figures soon showed itself, and in a few years he became not only the chief cashier in the concern, but eminent as an accountant throughout the country.

Boys, be sure and be 'good for something.'



## THE CABMEN OF ST. PETERSBURG.

By James F. Cobb, Esq.

PERHAPS no city in Europe has such an imposing appearance as St. Petersburg. As we sail up the broad, clear Neva, we are at once struck by the splendid rows of white mansions which line the granite quays, by the vast quantity of shipping, by the superb and colossal public buildings, by the stately bridge, and, above all, by the gild-d domes and spires of the numerous churches which glitter and sparkle as the rays of the setting sun fall upon them.

We land, and at once forget the splendours upon which we have been gazing, in the struggles and vexations which attend the custom-house examination, which takes place in an open shed on the quay.





A Cabman of St. Petersburg.

Escaping from it, baggage in hand, we make our way on to the road, where we are at once surrounded by a crowd of wild and savage-looking beings in a most quaint dress, who all yell a strange jargon into our ears, while they fight, push, and struggle with one another for the possession of our persons and property; endeavouring to drag us towards a row of vehicles different in shape from any we have before seen in Europe.

These wild-looking beings are the *Isvostchiks*, or cabmen of St. Petersburg, and their conveyances are called *droskies*. The appearance of both is rather startling to a stranger upon his first arrival in the Russian capital. The men are of the regular Mongolian type, dark-complexioned, with somewhat round, flat faces, small black, sparkling eyes, and huge tangled beards. They are all dressed exactly

alike, in the dark caftan or coat, tight at the waist and loose in the skirts, something like a dressing-gown, of black or dark blue cloth, and coming down to the heels. There is generally a long row of buttons down the front, while a broad sash, which once has been of some bright colour, encircles his waist. Each man wears a hat or cap of very peculiar shape, and high boots, which reach to the knee. In winter he puts on a long thick sheep-skin coat instead of the cloth caftan.

His small shaky vehicle may be best imagined from our picture. A Russian drosky will hold two persons at a great pinch, but only one can ride in it with comfort. They tear along at a tremendous pace over the paved streets of the capital, and one frequently has to hold hard on to the side to prevent being jerked out.

No city in Europe covers such a vast area as St. Petersburg. All the streets and squares are of immense length and width, the distances being thus very great and the Russians not being fond of walking, these droskies are much more used than the hackney-carriages of any other European capital. There are said to be between ten and eleven thousand of them.

There are no fixed fares, and on hiring a drosky the first thing we have to do is, to make a bargain with the driver. They will generally take us cheaply enough, but woe betide us if we do not make the arrangement previously to our drive! On one occasion I bargained with an *isvostchik* to take me from my hotel to the Moscow railway-station for half a rouble. On returning, as there was a good deal of confusion at the station, and some difficulty in securing a drosky, I jumped into the first I could get, and ordered the driver to take me to the same hotel. It was not long before I discovered that he was drunk, as these men often are, and when he got half way down the long street Neoski, he turned back, pretending he did not know where I had told him to drive to. I then took him by the shoulders and shook him (a perfectly allowable proceeding in Russia towards refractory cabmen), and made him again go on in the right direction. I finally appealed to a policeman, and after various stoppages arrived at last at the hotel, where the *isvostchik* demanded two roubles, four times his right fare; I gave him one, which he refused to take, so I left it for him in the passage, where he remained making a terrible noise outside my room, and threatening to summons me before the police, for about two hours, when, getting tired, and finding that neither threats nor entreaties would move me, he departed.

The German traveller Kohl gives an amusing account of these droskies and their drivers: 'If a man stand still for a moment and seem to deliberate in his own mind upon the expediency of summoning a charioteer, the hint is quite sufficient, and half-a-dozen immediately come darting up to the spot where he stands. The oat-bags are quickly thrown aside, the harness drawn tight, and each of the rival candidates for his patronage shout at him, "Where to, sir?"—"To the Admiralty." "I'll go for two roubles." "I for one and a half," cries another, and so they go on under-bidding each other, till they come down perhaps to half-a-rouble.

'You take the cheapest, but beware lest the cheapest be the worst; or you must be prepared for a volley of jokes and banterings from the disappointed applicants. "Ah, do but look, little father, how stingy you are! To save a few coopecks, you put up with that ragged rascal for your coachman; he and his three-legged nag will stick fast before you get half way." "The grey-bearded vagabond will be sure to upset you." No one enjoys all this abuse meanwhile more than the cabman who has secured the fare, who laughs in his sleeve, and jerks out his *nitsheooss*, "Never fear, sir, we shall get on well enough."

In winter the droskies are turned into sledges, and the *isvostchik* continues to grind the pavement as long as there is the least trace of snow. A covered carriage he never uses; cloaks and furs do the same

service for the Russians that the roof of the coach does for us.

The *isvostchiks* often pass all the night in the streets; their sledge or drosky serving them at once as house and bed. Arrangements for their convenience are made in every street. Here and there mangers are erected for their use; to water their horses there are in all parts of the town convenient descents to the canal or to the river. To stop the thirst and hunger of the charioteers themselves, there are wandering dealers in quass, tea, and bread, who constantly attend to their wants. The animals are as hardy as their masters. Neither men nor nags care for cold nor rain, both eat as they have the chance, and both are content to take their sleep when it comes. They are always cheerful, the horses ever ready to start off at a smart trot, the drivers at all times disposed for a song, a joke, or a gossip. When several of them happen to be together they are sure to be engaged in some game or other—pelting with snowballs, wrestling, or bantering. In winter, when they have to wait of a night outside the places of amusement, they make themselves comfortable round the large fires which are kindled for their use, under covered iron sheds in the centres of the squares.

Russian coachmen, to whatever noble families they belong, never wear a livery; they are always arrayed in the same long blue caftan as the *isvostchik*, but, of course, it is of very superior make and quality. Indeed a Russian coachman, such as we see him in our picture, is a most imposing-looking person, and has quite an ecclesiastical air.

Professor Smyth gives an excellent description of him, he says: 'You see on the box of every Russian carriage a man of majestic proportions, his countenance is grandly stern and sedate and adorned with the beard of wisdom. His vesture consists of a long flowing robe of dark blue cloth, diagonally folding in front, belted with a silk sash, in which, during summer, his large gloves are stuck, and covered as to his head with a broad-brimmed shovel-hat, as though he were an English bishop; and when the signal is given, he merely raises the reins, and instantly the horses start off at full speed. Away go the horses forward, and away go the mile-stones in the opposite direction, yet no whip reveals itself, no fussy excitement is indulged in; you merely see the statuelike man, holding out the reins with both hands, at arm's length before him; and he then appears the very high-priest of driving, benignantly extending forward to dispense the blessings of locomotion for the good of humanity.'

## THE NEW-ENGLAND FISHER-BOY.

(Continued from page 51.)

WAS she dreaming? or was she thinking so much of David that his quick footsteps had seemed to fall upon her ear as in the old happy days? No! there is the sound again, and this time, pale and trembling, Katie went to the door which yet she had not strength to open. It is his step, she cannot doubt



it, he is opening the little garden gate—there goes the latch—now he is on the path—now his hand is on the door against which Katie leans, and now—‘Oh, mother, mother! have you feared for me?’ and she is in his arms struggling to keep herself from fainting in this first moment of her too sudden joy. And it was her own Dave, safe and well, taller and thinner than when he left her, but altered in no other way.

‘Oh, Davy! I thought I’d lost you. Where have you been? Were you wrecked?—tell me, tell me all.’

‘It’s a long story, mother, and I hardly know the rights of it myself; but, first, you must know I should have been home sooner, but I have been terribly ill, so that I didn’t even know where to tell them to send a letter, or you’d have heard of me by the time the boats got back, and then when I got better I thought it was best to come right away myself without sending any letter, but I hope I haven’t frightened you, mother,’ as he noticed how her hands trembled.

‘It’s joy, Dave!’ she said, but her voice shook, and tears were in her eyes. ‘Oh, my boy, you don’t know how I’ve suffered.’

‘Poor mother!’ he said, putting his arm round her, ‘please God, I’ll never leave you any more; but where’s Mattie?’

‘She’s here,’ said the mother, opening the door into the bed-room where the little girl lay asleep.

‘Don’t wake her, mother,’ whispered Dave, ‘see how we’ll astonish her; I remembered about it’s being Christmas-eve, and brought Mattie’s presents over in my pocket, I’ve got a lot more things for you at Eltham, but they were too big to carry; see, mother, there’s a beautiful little needle-case for her, and a silver thimble, and here’s a real English story-book; for, mother, I’ve been in England: see, we’ll put them in her stocking, and won’t she wonder what Santa Claus has been about when she wakes.’

‘In England?’ repeated Katie, in wonder.

‘Yes, mother, I’ve been there two months, and I’ll tell you all about how I got there when I’ve had something to eat, for I am hungry.’

But as we know as much of the story as David himself, we will not wait until he has satisfied his appetite whilst his mother is feasting her eyes upon him, but will at once account for his wonderful escape.

On the same night on which Davy was keeping his wearisome watch on the deck of the *Songster*, one of the great steamers which run between Liverpool and New York was also crossing the Banks of Newfoundland. It was crowded with passengers, and on board all was light-hearted gaiety, some were there now going home to visit dear friends after an absence of many years, others again making their first voyage to foreign lands full of eager expectation; if there were any sad hearts on board that vessel, they did not come into notice, and on this lovely moonlight night nothing but pleasure was visible on every face. The ladies and gentlemen walked on deck until it grew chilly, and then they went into the great saloon and there was dancing and music; and so the night was passing away faster than they

thought, when, suddenly, in the midst of all the talking and laughing came a heavy shock causing the vessel to shiver right through, and then to roll so fearfully from side to side, that the passengers were obliged to cling to the tables and benches to save themselves from falling.

As soon as it was possible all the gentlemen rushed on deck to see what was the matter, and the ladies, pale and trembling, sat anxiously waiting to hear the worst.

In a minute or two some returned to tell them. ‘There’s nothing wrong with us,’ they said, ‘but we’ve run up against a little deserted fishing-smack, and she’s going down as fast as she can.’

‘It’s lucky there’s no one in her,’ said one, ‘though I suppose if there had been, they would have kept her better out of the way.’

‘But are they sure there is no one on board, Harry?’ asked his young sister, eagerly.

‘Yes,’ he returned; ‘the third mate and some of the men have been on board, they were just getting into the boat to come back when I ran down to tell you it was all right. Halloa! what’s this?’ for at this moment the officer of whom he spoke came into the room leading a sailor-boy, who gazed in a half-frightened way round him as if he thought he was still dreaming; as well he might, for the sudden change from the dark close galley of the *Songster* to this brilliantly lighted saloon might well be taken for a dream.

‘The captain thought some of you ladies would see after this youngster,’ said the officer, ‘he’s hardly awake yet, poor little fellow! and he seems half stunned. The doctor says it wouldn’t do to send him down among the sailors; but if you’ll let him lie on one of the benches to-night, and will ask the stewardess to attend to him, the captain will have a proper place made up for him to-morrow.’

‘But who is he? Where has he come from?’ were the eager questions.

‘He’ll tell you that himself when he’s able to talk,’ said the mate. ‘Just now he’s come out of the little craft that we’ve sent to the bottom. I had looked all round without finding a soul on board, and was just leaving, when I remembered the cook’s galley, so for the chance I went back there, and there I found him asleep before the fire,\* sleeping all through that shock, just think of it; yes, my lad,’ for Davy had turned his eyes suddenly upon him, ‘you may be thankful that you are not where your boat is now, down among the fishes!’

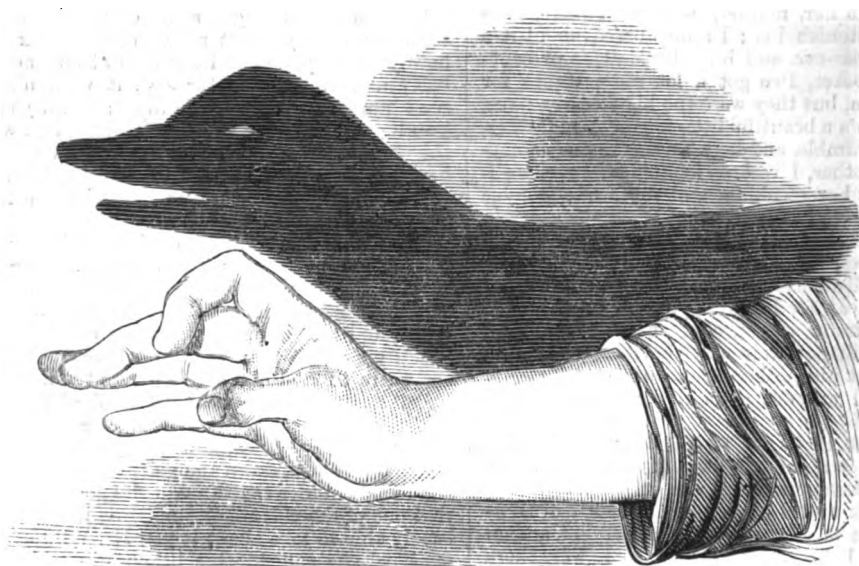
Such a shudder ran through the poor boy’s frame that one of the elder ladies noticing it, said, ‘He’s hardly able to joke about it yet, Mr. Winter. Here, my boy,’ she added, ‘this bench will make a good bed for one night with all those blankets the stewardess is bringing; you look pale and tired, come and see if you can’t get some rest, the passengers are all going away now, and you will be quite quiet.’

(Concluded in our next.)

\* The truth of this incident was vouched for to the writer by an officer who was on board the steamer when it took place.



THE MOTH.



THE GOOSE.

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# Chatterbox.





## THE TWIN MONKEYS.

## A TRUE INCIDENT.



WO little monkeys lived some months ago most happily on board of one of Her Majesty's ships, which was cruising off the coast of Borneo. They had been caught young, and were very tame—great pets of the Captain's and of all the crew,—free to run about the ship as they pleased—fed and made much of by everybody, and amusing everybody by their funny ways. They were brother and sister, and were very fond of each other.

One day the ship they belonged to took the Governor of Labuan and a large party over from the island of Labuan, which belongs to England, to another island in the neighbourhood, called Karam-an, which the Governor had just bought. They started early to celebrate the hoisting of the British flag on the new possession, by having a picnic.

The twin monkeys were on deck as usual, very merry, and noticed by every one. As the ship neared the new island, which had a steep, rocky shore, the crew saluted it with a shell out of the big gun, at two hundred yards off, against the cliff. The effect of the report and its echo from the rocks was very pretty. The poor monkeys, however, did not think so. Startled by the sudden loud report, and fancying perhaps that something terrible had happened, or was about to happen, they both sprang overboard, clasped in each other's arms. The ship's way was stopped immediately, and boats lowered, but all efforts were in vain; nothing more was seen of them. Their affection for each other, thus touchingly shown in death, seemed to have been even stronger than their fear.

## THE NEW-ENGLAND FISHER-BOY.

(Concluded from page 63.)

DAVID obeyed her kind voice, but although he shut his eyes and tried to get some more of that sleep which had been all too ready to visit him before, he had no more rest that night, and in the morning he was seriously ill. For a day or two his reason was not disturbed, and he was able to tell how he came to be left alone in the fishing-boat. The greatest kindness was shown to him by all on board; 'And, mother,' said Dave, when he came to this part of the story, 'when I told them what Simpson said about the place being sold up to pay for the harm done to the craft, they said that shouldn't be, anyway; and they made a collection and got ninety dollars together for me; and one old gentleman was there who told me if I would always stay with him I should have a good education and never go to sea any more, but I thanked him and said I must get back to my mother as soon as I could. But you see, mother, I couldn't come sooner on account of being so ill. The worst part came after we got on shore, and for weeks I didn't know what was going on. But wasn't God good to me then, mother,

to let me have such friends? This gentleman who wanted me to stay with him took me to his own sisters, two kind old ladies, and they took care of me just as if I had belonged to them, and they paid my passage back, and they've sent all sorts of presents to you and Mattie, and I'm to be sure to write and let them know how I got home. And now, mother, I think I'll go to bed, for I'm almost as tired as I was that night aboard the *Songster*.'

Katie could not sleep for joy and thankfulness that night, but she was rested when she got up in the morning, and after putting on a dress which was not all black for the first time since her widowhood, she took out a bright blue frock of Mattie's, and removing the black one which had been worn with such deep sorrow for the last few weeks, put this by the child's bed in its place. Her work was nearly completed when Mattie woke; at first a smile at seeing her mother already dressed lighted up her face, but quickly the sad look it had worn since Davy's loss returned to it, and with a sigh she began to dress; but in another minute, 'Mother,' she said, 'why have you brought me that frock, surely I am not to leave off my black yet awhile?' and tears gathered in her eyes.

'It's Christmas-day, darling,' said Katie, hardly knowing how to tell her the joyful news.

'I know, mother, but I couldn't go fine and Davy gone away, and her voice was choked; but, mother, you have put off your black gown too, and you don't look sad: do tell me what it means? Have you heard anything?'

'Come and see what I have to show you, Mattie!' said the rejoicing mother, and drawing back the curtain which hid Davy's bed, she showed him sound asleep to Mattie's wondering eyes. But Mattie was not so considerate as Davy had been for her the night before, with a joyful cry she sprang on to the bed, and was hugging and kissing him with all her might before the boy was well awake.

'Mattie! Mattie! don't strangle me!' he cried, laughing. 'There, let me look at you, dear little sister! Do you know what I've brought you?'

'No, I don't, and I don't care,' she exclaimed, 'so you're come yourself,' and once more she was clinging to him as though she would never let him go again.

'Did you care so very much then, Mattie?' he asked in a low voice.

'It went nigh to break our hearts, Dave, mother's and mine,' was the simple answer; and then Mattie laid her head down and had a little happy cry, as she looked back on the sorrow they had gone through, and David's eyes were for the moment dimmed with tears of thankfulness.

'God has been very good to us, Mattie,' he said; 'we must try more than ever to do what's right, mustn't we?'

'God is always good, Davy,' she said, earnestly; 'mother says so, and she knows; and, oh, she does so want us to grow up good like father, she says.'

Their mother's voice calling them to breakfast put a stop to their talk for a time, and I may safely say that no happier family was anywhere gathered together on that Christmas morning than was to be

found in the Waltons' cottage, where only last night all was sorrow for him that was lost.

After breakfast, Davy, looking very neat in the new clothes with which his English friends had fitted him out, set forth on his errand to Mr. Byrne. In little more than an hour he returned, his face radiant with the happiness he was longing to share with those at home.

'He wouldn't take it, mother,' he cried, laying before her the roll of dollar-notes which he had carried with him, 'not a cent of it; he told me he had made up his mind to the loss, and that it was no more my fault than his. He said if anybody ought to pay, it should be Simpson for leaving me in the way he did; and it seems all the other men had spoken up for me when they thought I was lost, and said I was too hard-worked; so here's the money, mother, and Mr. Byrne says if you didn't want it just now you had better put it in the bank: and—but oh, mother! the best part's to come,—Mr. Byrne's brother was there, he that owns the large farm over by Eltham, and he would hear all about you, and me, and poor father; and when he heard how I had always wished to be a farmer, he asked me, "Was I of the same mind still?" and when I said "Yes," he said, "Would my mother like to take care of a house just near his own, where his labourers were to live?" because if so, she might live there and get eighty dollars a-year and all our food, and I could work on the farm, for he wanted another boy; and he didn't mind about my knowing nothing about it, he said that wouldn't signify so long as I stuck to work and did as I was bid, and he said there'd be work for Mattie too about the house, and the young ladies, his daughters, would teach her many things, so she needn't forget all her schooling: what do you say, mother?'

Here he stopped for want of breath, but he could hardly wait to hear what she did say.

'Mr. Byrne is coming to see you to-morrow, mother,' he said. 'He says he thinks the place is made on purpose for us; and oh, Mattie, only think of a garden of our own, and living up at such a beautiful place as the "Willows!"'

So it came to pass that Davy never went to sea again; Mrs. Walton suited Mr. Byrne well, and for some years they lived on his land and worked for him, but when David was quite a man and they had saved enough money, they bought a small place, not far off, and there they live still, happy in their busy life, and thankful for all the mercies that had been shown to them.

A. T.

### THE MONTHS.

**F**IRST of the months comes Janivier,  
The coldest month of all the year;  
When days are short and nights are long;  
When snows fall deep and frost is strong;  
When cosy Wealth doth count his gold,  
And Want stands shivering all a-cold.

Wet February next comes by,  
With chill damp earth, and dripping sky;  
But, Heart, cheer up; the days speed on,—  
Winds blow, suns shine, and thaws are gone;

And in the garden may be seen  
Up-springing flowers and budding green.

March, ha! he comes like March of old,  
A blustering, cordial friend, and bold!  
He calls the peasant to his toil,  
And trims with him the wholesome soil.  
Flocks multiply—the seed is sown—  
Its increase is of Heaven alone!

Next April comes with shine and showers,  
Green mantling leaves and opening flowers,  
Loud-singing birds, low-humming bees,  
And the white-blossomed orchard trees;  
And that which busy March did sow  
Begins in April's warmth to grow.

The Winter now is gone and past,  
The flowery May advances fast;  
Birds sing, rains fall, and sunshine glows,  
Till the rich earth with joy o'erflows!  
O Lord, who hast so crowned the Spring,  
We bless Thee for each gracious thing.

Come on, come on! 'tis Summer time,  
The golden year is in its prime!  
June speeds along 'mid flowers and dews,  
Rainbows, clear skies, and sunset hues;  
And hark, the cuckoo! and the blithe  
Low ringing of the early scythe!

The year is full! 'tis bright July,  
And God in thunder passeth by!  
Far in the fields, till close of day,  
The peasant people make the hay;  
And darker grows the forest bough,  
And singing birds are silent now.

Next August comes: now look around,  
The harvest-fields are golden-crowned;  
And sturdy reapers, bending, go,  
With scythe or sickle, all a-row;  
And gleaners with their burdens boon  
Come home beneath the harvest moon.

September, rich in corn and wine,  
Of the twelve months completeth nine.  
Now apples rosy grow; and seed  
Ripens in tree and flower and weed;  
Now the green acorn groweth brown,  
And ruddy nuts come showering down.

The summer it is ended now,  
And Autumn tinteth every bough;  
The days are bright; the air is still,  
October's mists are on the hill;  
Down droops the fern, and fades the heather,  
And thistle-down floats like a feather.

Dark on the earth November lies;  
Cloud, fog, and storm o'ergloom the skies;  
The matted leaves lie 'neath our tread,  
And hollow winds howl overhead:  
Pile up the hearth—its heartsome blaze  
Cheers, like a sun, the darkest days:

The year it groweth old apace;  
Eleven months have run their race,  
And keen December brings to earth  
The time which gave our Saviour birth.  
The year is done!—let all revere  
The great, good Father of the year.





## THRUSHES AND BLACKBIRDS.

By H. G. Adams.



**O**f course the readers of *Chat-terbox* are lovers of birds, those beautiful creatures that flit here and there through the woods and fields, and make even the sunshine more pleasant with their rich and varied strains; therefore they will be glad to learn that pretty pictures, with their border of flowers similar to the above, will appear from time to time. We have here three—a pair of Thrushes and a Blackbird. Let me introduce them Mr. Golden-bill,



with his jet-black dress, who has such a rich and mellow song, which may be heard from early dawn until quite late into the night, that is, when the woods are leafy, and the air is warm, and the daisies twinkle, and the buttercups shine in the green meadows, and all things rejoice in the blessed sunshine. How can he help singing then? But it is not only then that he sings. In the cold March winds, and the sleety April showers, and again when the summer is over, and the autumn blasts pipe shrill and loud, he may be heard, though not so constantly. All through the year he remains with us, not leaving, like some of our feathered songsters, of whom we shall by-and-bye have to tell, before the chill winter comes. No, the Ouzel, or Merle, as some old writers call this bird, is always with us. And so, too, are Mr. and Mrs. Speckled-breast, who are also early and late songsters, and gladden our ears with as sweet and a more varied strain than that of the blackbird.

So here, in the above picture, we have two of the most familiar of our native songsters, and the two best known birds of the Thrush family, to which belong also the Missel Thrush, which has a harsh, screeching note, and is heard most frequently when the wind is high; for this reason it has been called the Storm-cock; then there are the Redwings, mostly seen in winter, and several others not so common. All have long Latin names, with which I will not puzzle the brains of our little Chatterboxes; time enough for that when they grow into big Chatterboxes, or busy, thoughtful men with spectacles on, and big books under their arms, going to colleges, and such learned places, to study, among other things, perhaps, *Or-nith-o-lo-gy*. There! it would come out: I was afraid of this all along, and kept it in as long as I could. But now it is out, let me explain what that long word means. It means the Science of Birds! This is rather dry, isn't it? Suppose we finish with

#### A SONG ABOUT BLACKBIRDS AND THRUSHES.

Mr. Golden-bill got up  
One day very early,  
For it was his custom so to do;  
Every flower was like a cup  
Filled with dewdrops pearly,  
And the nodding branches, with their blossoms gay,  
Seemed to the delighted bird to say—  
'How do you do?'

'I must sing,' said Golden-bill,  
And he chanted gaily,  
Rich, and deep, and mellow was the strain,  
Not with quiver, shake, and trill,  
As we hear it daily,  
From the Skylark, singing, hidden by the light,  
When we strain our eyes to catch a sight,  
But all in vain.

Mistress Golden-bill, she too  
Was wide awake, but sitting  
Still as a mouse, to keep her nestlings warm;  
A cold wind swept the branches through,  
And by the Missel Thrush went fitting.  
Making all the leafy woods to echo with his screech,  
Speaking in that lingo queer, we call bird-speech,—  
'Here comes a storm!'

The Song-Thrush, wakened by the cry,  
Called his wife, and singing  
Just because he couldn't help it, told her  
She must get up, there was a tempest nigh;  
'Alack! alack!' she cried, her fingers wringing,—  
I mean her claws, of course, for no one ever heard  
Of fingers appertaining to a bird,  
At such a sight, the cry would be 'absurd!'  
From each beholder.

Down came the rain, but by-and-bye  
It cleared, the sun shone brightly,  
All nature freshened by the shower, was glad;  
Blackbirds and Thrushes poured out melody  
And every living thing was gay and sprightly;  
While from each songster, hidden in the bushes,  
And by the stream, among the dancing rushes,  
The music came in gushes.  
Now wasn't it too bad,  
That all the Chatterboxes, far and near,  
Were not there to see and hear?

### GROVE LODGE.

#### CHAPTER I.

IN what was called the children's room in a large country-house, some young people were amusing themselves. The snow fell fast, or the two boys, Reginald and Harry Palmer, would have been using their skates instead of cleaning them, and their sisters Amy and Rose would have been working at their wreaths in the parish schoolroom, or engaged in putting them up at the church.

As it was, they were keeping up a continual merry chatter; now and then they grumbled at the weather, but it was plainly no great grievance. There is such a children's room in most big houses where there are youngsters. It was devoted to their special litter. Fishing-rods, bows, and arrows, bats and balls, and croquet sets were laid up in ordinary there, while about the walls hung various trophies:—a fox's brush, which was always maintained by Reginald to have been fairly ridden for by himself, but suspected by his sisters to have been a private gift from the keeper; sea-weed and shells, tokens of holiday excursions, and a collection of fossils of no particular value to anybody but the owner. There was also a piano, a concertina, and a flute reserved for the great occasions when a band was required, as for charades, or when anybody wanted to dance in private.

The boys were at Eton, and the girls had a governess, but these were holidays, and Christmas was at hand.

'Shove on some coals, Rose,' said Reginald; 'it isn't half a fire.'

'Oh, Reggie! how can you say it isn't a beautiful fire—it won't hold any more, it's half-way up into the chimney already,' exclaimed Rose.

'Humbug, that's only because you don't like the trouble. I'll soon see if it won't hold any more.'

And so saying Reginald proceeded to batter down the fire with a poker, and by that means made room for the rest of the coals which were in the room.

'You must learn to tell the truth, Miss Rose,' he said, passing behind her, and giving her such a sharp pinch that she could not help crying out. 'You will be good enough to observe that there was room for more coals. Yours was what Miss Savage would call an idle excuse.'

'It was no such thing,' replied Rose; 'and I think it's a great shame to waste the coals so when the poor people want them so much.'

'Harry and Amy, be so good as to put down your work,' said Reginald, jeeringly; 'Miss Rose Palmer is going to preach.'

'Rosy is right, though,' said Harry; 'we didn't want such a big fire.'

'That's what I call downright trash,' said Reginald; 'what in the world is the use of having lots of money if one can't enjoy oneself? When I'm a man, see if I don't find out how to do that. And I'll tell you what I shall do. I shall build another wing to this house, for I hate the smell of the dinner till just as I'm going to eat it. I don't see why my mother gave us this room; nobody shuts the baize door, and that mutton, or whatever it is, smells horrid. Now then, Rose, I know what you're going to say. You wish everybody had as good a dinner. That's all bosh. They aren't used to it, and don't think about it.'

'They think about it all the more, though, because they don't get it,' said Harry, who had in despair of the clearance of the weather taken out his pencils and begun to draw.

'Rose, do you know if Miss Jay has sent home our dresses for the party on Thursday?' asked Amy; 'she said something about her apprentice being ill, and asked if we could manage without them, but of course I said we couldn't. Just fancy our coming out in those white muslins with the pink trimmings again! Why, the Pearsons have seen them I don't know how often; and the Mildmays have new dresses every time they go out, or new trimmings, which is all the same. And ours will be so pretty. I went with mamma about them yesterday. I chose the blue myself, and the wild briar-roses.'

'Is it Kate Morton who is ill?' said Rose.

'Yes, I can't think why Miss Jay keeps her. There is always some delay, she is such a sickly, good-for-nothing girl. I think dressmakers should always have strong people, that they needn't take care of.'

'But her mother apprenticed her that she might get a living for them both,' said Rose; 'and I can't think what Mrs. Morton would do if Kate were laid up.'

'Don't think, then,' said Reginald; 'it don't matter to you, and there's no rule more worthy of your attention, Miss Rose, than that golden one about minding your own business.'

'I wish you would tell me, Amy, just what Miss Jay said, though,' said Rose.

'I told you, Rose,' answered Amy, with a little irritation in her voice; 'she said she didn't think she could get them done for New Year's night, because Kate Morton was so delicate. But I said she must! Of course she must get somebody else if she is so busy. That's her affair.'

Amy Palmer was in her seventeenth year, and

looking forward to the day when she would get out of the schoolroom and go into society. Everything in the way of gaiety was welcome to her, and the party now in prospect had been consented to at her urgent entreaty. Rose was hardly fourteen, and her brothers were a year younger and a year older than herself. Harry was her especial pet, and it was generally known in the family that he could be wheedled into doing anything for her. Rose went on with her wreath till she had finished it. Reginald strummed a few notes on the piano, and then began stirring up the already blazing fire. After which he walked to the window, and decided that the weather wasn't fit for a dog.

Rose presently went out of the room, and a few minutes afterwards her voice was calling Harry.

'Don't go, Harry,' said Reginald, as Harry began putting away his drawing. 'Why in the world should you always be at Rose's beck and call?'

'All right, old fellow,' said Harry, 'it's as good as anything else to-day.'

Reginald peeped out, and was the spectator of a whispered consultation on the stairs, only a word or two of which he caught.

'It won't hurt me, Harry; it does not snow at all now, and I have a waterproof cloak, you know.'

#### CHAPTER II.

'REGGIE, you might just as well help me with my wreath,' said Amy, as her brother returned to his position in front of the fire; 'Rose has finished hers, and I am so sick of it.'

'Let's put it all in the fire, then,' said Reginald, seizing an armful of evergreens and holly; 'just as I do with my ties when I've had enough of them.'

Amy sprang forward to prevent the destruction, and declared that he always hindered everybody instead of helping them. She wondered what use he would ever be in the world.

'My dear, I am intended for ornament, not for use. It's lucky that I'm the eldest son, for I shouldn't at all have liked to have to work hard. Now, I really think Harry does like work, therefore, of course, it's a pity he shouldn't have it.'

'Well, it seems to me,' replied Amy, 'that Harry generally has to do whatever you don't choose to do, Reggie.'

'Yes; that's about it. He's a good sort of fellow. What a nuisance this snow is! Nobody comes near the place, and it's too much trouble to go over to the Rectory.'

'They won't want you there,' said Amy. 'Mr. Gray is busy with all the Christmas work, and the rest of them will be putting up the decorations. I must send ours over directly, unless, by-the-bye, you like to take them, which would be the most astonishing event of the season. Four o'clock, I declare! Granny will soon be here, then!'

'Granny? Oh, to be sure, she is due on Christmas eve. Well, the sovereign she gives us all round is some compensation for having to shout to her. I wonder whether she wouldn't make it two by judicious management.'

'Oh, Reggie, pray don't. She isn't very rich, you know, and you have such a lot of pocket-money.'

I have not quite settled how to spend mine, but I think I shall get a lovely wreath of lilies of the valley I saw at Hollington's, and perhaps a pocket-handkerchief.'

'Harry is saving up every farthing for a canoe, which I'm glad of, as it will be of just as much use to me as it will to him, only he will have the pleasure of paying for it.'

'Yes, he has got nearly sixteen pounds, but he wants twenty; he says he is determined to have a first-rate one.'

'All the better for me,' said Reginald.

'What do you mean to spend your sovereign on?' said Amy.

'I have not quite made up my mind, probably on some of the necessities of life,' answered Reginald.

'Which means macaroons and lollipops, I suppose,' said Amy, as she left the room.

'Bravo, what a joke!' and, as he said the words, Reginald seized on the wreaths, and opening the window, vaulted out with them, and crossed quickly to the church, which stood near to the entrance-gates of his father's house. Mr. Gray, with his son and daughters, were busily engaged with the decorations, and for a short time they did not observe him in the dusk of the winter afternoon. Reginald put down the wreaths in one of the seats, and went forward; he was soon assisting and suggesting, and entirely forgot his reason for having come. The wreaths about which his sisters had spent so much time lay neglected and forgotten.

Now, you will say that Reginald Palmer was thoroughly selfish. No doubt he was, but there are others very much like him, and those who lived with him were so accustomed to his ways, that it never seemed to occur to them that he might be otherwise. He could be so very amusing and pleasant when he chose, that he was, on the whole, a favourite with most people. He had taken the wreaths in order to tease his sister, but his carelessness was not intentional. In the meantime she had gone to give orders to the servant to fetch them and take them to Mr. Gray's house. Of course, the servant did not find them, but thinking it of no further consequence, said nothing to Amy.

When Reginald returned to the house his grandmother had just arrived, and all sorts of greetings were being exchanged. Mr. Palmer had come by the same train from London, so that there was quite a bustle in the hall. But Harry and Rose were not there, and they were immediately missed.

'It is impossible they can be out,' said Mrs. Palmer, 'the snow is much too deep.'

'And yet I fancied I caught sight of Rosy's figure in the dusk; if so, Harry was on ahead,' said Mr. Palmer.

'Do you know anything about them, Reginald?'

'I believe they went out, but I daresay they've come in. We had better ring and ask.'

'I should think you might go, Reginald,' said his father, but it was not a command, and Reginald preferred the fire, and a minute or two afterwards Harry appeared and gave a short account of the expedition. Rose would go out, and had made him go with her.

'Where did you go?' asked Mrs. Palmer.

'Oh! that's a profound secret, mother. It would be as much as my place is worth as Rose's humble servant to tell you.'

'Of course! Just as if I didn't know,' exclaimed Amy, 'you both went to put up the wreaths. Mr. Gray sent over for the one for the font; he said they were waiting for it. But I found that Pierce had taken it when I came for it. They will look lovely papa, for we gathered all the Christmas roses the last thing, and they looked so pretty with the holly.'

Reginald began to feel uncomfortable, but he looked at his watch, and he heard the tiny frost-flakes against the window, and felt certain that somebody would find the wreaths and put them up.

'It's their own fault if they don't,' he said to himself, 'and it can't be helped. I think I'll send Pierce, though, that is, if he's at hand.'

But Pierce was not in the hall, nor in the dining-room; and as Reginald did not quite know where to find him, he decided that, after all, it didn't matter. After dinner came the usual Christmas roses from Mrs. Hilliard. The only difference in its distribution was, that it was doubled to Harry, who was her godson, and had gained some school distinctions. Harry was charmed. His canoe was now so nearly attained, that he had serious thoughts of ordering it and going in debt to his father for his allowance. But, after all, what was the good of a canoe in the winter? and by the spring he might get the money together, so he settled to wait till it could be honestly earned.

Nobody will be surprised to hear that Amy and Rose Palmer were greatly disappointed not to see their handiwork in the church that Christmas morning. Mr. Gray was sorry to say the wreaths had been found in a heap too late to be of use, and nobody could give any account of the matter. Reginald said it was a pity, and appeared to be quite as much puzzled and concerned as any one. He did not see what was the use of any bother and explanation, and had no difficulty in convincing himself that it was better avoided.

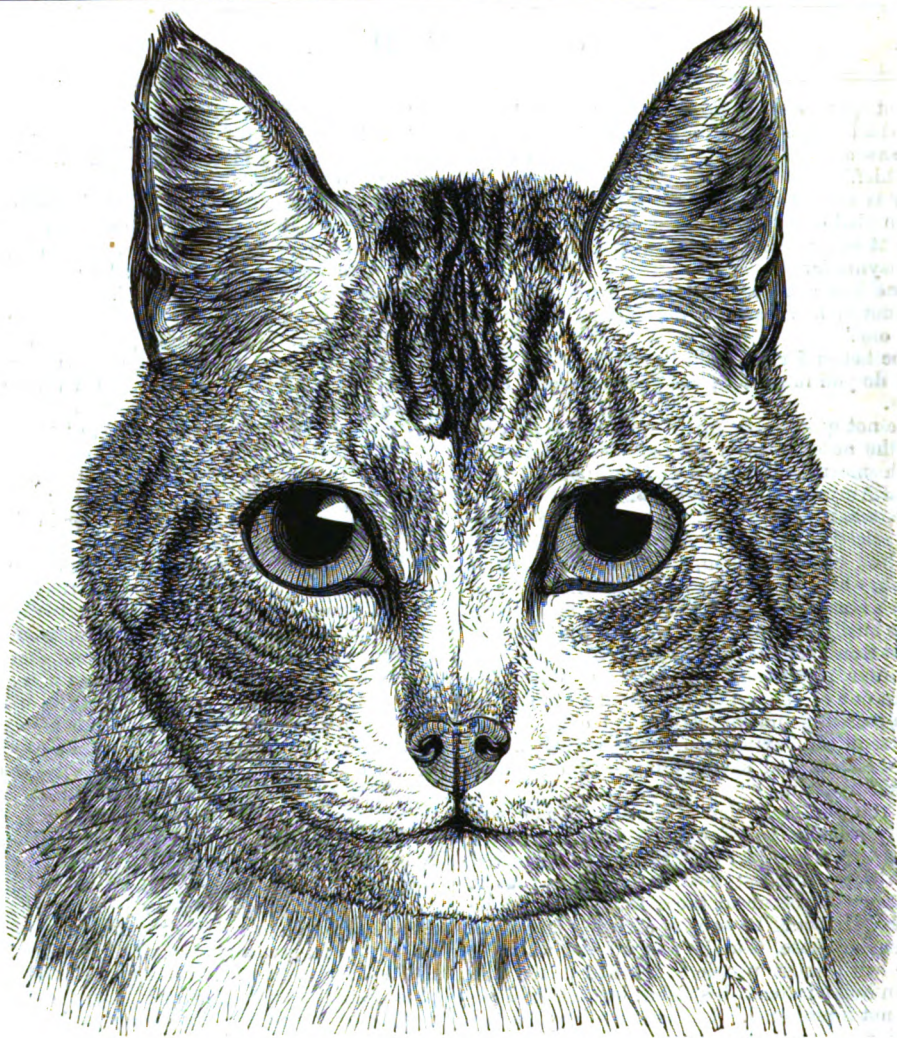
(To be continued.)

### A BAD NAME.

SWIFT tells a story of a man who was brought before Judge Jeffries for murder. 'Your name is Dillman,' said the Judge. 'Take away D, and your name is Illman; put K to it, and it is Killman. Commit him: his name ought to hang him.'

You are not to be blamed for the name your parents have given you, youngsters; but if, by bad conduct, you earn a bad name or character, you must be blamed for that. Strive to be worthy of the goodwill and praise of the wise and virtuous. A good name, that is, a good character, is more to be prized than great riches. And do not forget that every act in life has its influence in forming character. You are every day and hour making for yourself a name. Make a good one. And, since you cannot keep yourself from evil, do as Daniel did—ask God to keep and direct you. Ask His grace in the work, and you will make a good name.





### I AM THE FAMILY CAT.

I CAN fold up my claws  
In my soft velvet paws,  
And purr in the sun  
Till the short day is done—  
For I am the family cat.

I can doze by the hour,  
In the vine-covered bower,  
Winking and blinking  
Through sunshine and shower—  
For I am the family cat.

From the gooseberry bush,  
Or where bright currants blush,  
I may suddenly spring  
For a bird on the wing,  
Or dart up a tree,  
If a brown nest I see,  
And select a choice morsel  
For dinner or tea,  
And no one to blame me,

Berate me or shame me—  
For I am the family cat.

In the cold winter night,  
When the ground is all white,  
And the icicles shine  
In a long silver line,  
I stay not to shiver  
In the moonbeam's pale quiver,  
But curl up in the house,  
As snug as a mouse,  
And play Jacky Horner,  
In the cosiest corner,  
Breaking nobody's laws,  
With my chin on my paws,

Asleep with one eye and awake with the other,  
For pats from the children, kind words from the  
mother,

For I am the family cat.

'CHERRY RIPE' is given away with Part I. for January, 1869, price 3d.

London: WILLIAM MACINTOSH, 24 Paternoster Row.



# Chatterbox.



## HOW TO MAKE A KALEIDOSCOPE AND TO EXHIBIT IT.



IMPLE as is the Kaleidoscope in construction, and childish as may appear the amusement to be derived from it, it is nevertheless an instrument from which the most accomplished artist may derive valuable instruction.

The accidental combinations of form and colour may be studied with the greatest advantage by all who are anxious to excel in any artistic designs.

At present, however, we wish to enable our readers to make themselves a kaleidoscope, and to exhibit it on a sheet or wall. They may of course be purchased very cheap, but then every boy should take more pleasure in what he makes himself than in what he buys.

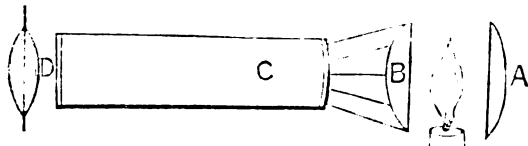
In the first place, a cylinder will be required, about a foot long, and three inches in diameter. This may be purchased of any tinman for a trifle, or it may be made of paper by obtaining a wooden roller of the required size, and binding round it successive layers of paper, the second being pasted securely to the first, and the third to the second, and so on until the tube is as stout as is required, when the ends should be trimmed, and the roller drawn out.

One end of this case should be closed with a piece of card of the proper size, in which is to be made a hole, about as big as a pea. Two strips of glass, rather shorter than the tube, and in width rather less than its diameter, and silvered on one side, are now to be introduced and pushed up to the closed end of the tube. They should be fixed with the quicksilver outwards, and at an angle of sixty degrees.

A piece of clear glass is now to be fixed in the tube at the end of the strips, and upon this should be placed a number of fragments of coloured glass, one or two crooked pins, bits of card, and such like odds and ends. A lid should be made to fit on the end of the tube like the lid of a pill-box, but the top of it must be formed of ground glass. The kaleidoscope is now complete, and will afford a never-ending variety of beautiful forms and combinations of colours.

It can, however, be seen by only one person at a time, and we have now to show how the forms may be exhibited on a large scale, and so as to be seen by a number of persons at once.

In addition to the kaleidoscope, two lenses and a powerful light will be required. The more brilliant the light, the better the designs will be shown, but a good lamp in front of a reflector will, perhaps, be the one most conveniently procured.



In the diagram, A represents the reflector, and the light in front of it. If the lamp be clear and the reflector well polished, a strong light will be thrown upon the lens B, which must be flat on one side, and very convex on the other. This will condense the light, and render it much stronger before it reaches the end of the kaleidoscope C; and if a double convex lens be held at a proper distance from the other end of the tube D, the various forms produced by revolving the instrument will be thrown out upon any surface presented, such as a sheet or white wall. — *The Youth's Miscellany.*

## GROVE LODGE.

(Continued from page 71.)

### CHAPTER III.



AFTER Christmas the great topic was the party. It was to surpass any entertainment in the neighbourhood. Every day some fresh expense was added to the first plan, and Mr. Palmer, however much he might protest at first, was sure to be talked over. He had made a large fortune by rapid strides, and he meant to make a much larger one still. His children thought his riches were boundless.

Unfortunately Mrs. Palmer had an idea that a display of wealth would give her the position and influence for which she had striven ever since the suburban house had been exchanged for the country mansion. She was a well-meaning woman, and an excellent wife and mother, and she saw no harm in being ambitious for her husband and children.

'Those Chinese lanterns will cost a mint of money,' Mr. Palmer had said.

'Well, if they do, never mind. It is only once in a way, and the children want them so much. Besides, the drive is very dark,' answered his wife.

'And then it appears we are to have a regular band. Why won't it do to have a good piano-player?'

'Oh, dear no, that is a fancy of Reggie's. He says nothing but a band will be heard, and I think, really, he is right.'

'Of course, you do. If somebody would think him wrong now and then, it would do him more good.'

'By the way, James,' continued his wife, 'I shall be glad of a little more money. The girl's dresses have cost a good deal, and now Amy's quite a young lady, and she gets to be expensive.'

Mr. Palmer gave his wife what money he had about him, and went off to his own room. There he sat down to meditate on things in general. He remembered his early struggles with poverty, when everything seemed to be against him. When a journey or a new article of clothing was a matter of consideration to him and his wife. Then, as they prospered, he recollected how happy they were in their children. Somehow he did not feel quite so happy now. He had very much at stake, that was an



anxiety, but the great thing which weighed on him was, that his wife and elder children were always urging him on to greater show and less comfort.

What was it to him if Sir James Mildmay's horses and dogs were better than his own? They ought to be. Sir James was of an old family, while Mr. Palmer traced himself through several generations of tradesmen. Why should Amy and Rose want all these masters and fineries? For his own part he thought he should like to see a little more of his children. As it was, when he asked Amy to play to him she always had something else she wanted to do, and when he took her abroad she had hardly been able to make herself understood in French and German, though he had been paying large sums every year for her teaching. Presently Rose tapped at his door: 'Papa, can you give Mrs. Morton some wine?'

Mr. Palmer smiled at the bright eager face, and asked why he was to give Mrs. Morton wine.

'Oh, not for herself, but Kate is so ill, papa. She has had to leave Miss Jay's, and I really think she won't get well.'

'Very well, I'll come and give you the wine, Rosy, but I think you want some yourself; you don't look well, my child, and you ate no dinner. What shall we do if you knock up before the party?'

'What does Rose know about Kate Morton?'

asked Mr. Palmer of his wife when he next saw her.

'Kate Morton! do you mean the girl who works for Miss Jay?'

'Yes; Rosy said she had had to leave Miss Jay, so, no doubt, that is the one. Mrs. Morton has lived just out of the town ever since she gave up our lodge, and I did not know that Rosy knew anything about her. She has asked for wine for the girl, and I gave her some.'

'I am sure I don't know,' replied Mrs. Palmer; 'I only hope Miss Jay will get the girls' dresses ready by to-morrow night. She promised me she would do so, and I particularly wish them to look well.'

'I doubt if you will have your wish, for it strikes me that Rose is flushed and feverish. She appears to me to be anything but well.'

'My dear, it is only fancy. She is excited like all the rest about the party.'

As Rose lay tossing and restless on her bed that night, she thought of many things, chiefly of Kate Morton, who had often been her playfellow when she was at the lodge, though two or three years older than herself. She wondered why Kate who so much wanted to be well should be so ill, and also why she should suffer such depths of poverty.

Rose turned upon her soft pillow and her fine sheets, and remembered the wretched bed on which she had seen Kate lying that morning. She thought, too, of poor Mrs. Morton sitting up night after night, with everything to do in the day besides. Sometimes she pictured to herself the party of the next night, and wondered why it was mixed up in her mind with Mr. Gray's sermon. His subject had been the end of the year, and the solemn thoughts suggested by it. He had asked everyone how they meant to enter upon the new year. And

losing herself in a maze of puzzling questions, Rose fell asleep.

The very first thing after breakfast she meant to take the wine to Kate. But alas! the snow fell heavy and thick, and already the path which was swept every morning was filled up so as to be hardly visible. Everybody in the house was busy, even Reginald had been made to do something, and Rose was soon pressed into the service, though her limbs ached so that she could hardly bear the pain.

'Have you seen the dresses, Rose?' asked Amy; 'mine is on my bed, and I suppose Anna has put yours in your room. I think they are even prettier than I expected, but there's an amazing quantity of work in them. I wonder Miss Jay could get them done alone.'

'I am glad you like it, Amy,' said Rose. 'I thought it would be pretty. I do wish it would leave off snowing, though.'

'Nonsense, what does it matter? Everybody will come in carriages.'

'Do you know where Harry is?' asked Rose at length.

'No, but he has been in a good many places this morning, every one wants him in turn, and he never objects; I must say he is good-tempered.'

'He says he isn't, though,' said Rose; 'that he often doesn't like being sent about and made a hack of.'

'He may say so, but he doesn't mind it a bit. I say, Rose,' said her sister, starting, 'what makes you so hot this cold day? I declare your hand quite burns me.'

'Does it? I feel quite cold and shivery, so it must be your fancy.'

In the meantime, Kate Morton appeared to be sinking fast. Her health had never been good, and the close confinement which the business to which she was apprenticed required, had brought on a low fever. Rose's visits were her great pleasure. And she had almost lived on the fruit and little delicacies which she brought her.

'She won't come to-day, mother,' Kate had said when her blind was drawn up, and she saw the driving snow; 'it's the night of the party, and she will be too busy. They are going to have coloured lights all up the drive, mother, and the great conservatory is to be lighted too. I should like to see it. Beautiful flowers, and music, too. I wonder whether there will be flowers in heaven. I'm glad there will be music.'

'I wish Miss Rose would send your wine, Kate. I haven't got a drop of anything nice to give you, and I can't leave you alone, while I go for it. There's servants enough at the house, I'm sure.'

'Mother, I do feel very faint and queer. Give me a little water if there's nothing else.'

She drank the water eagerly, and lay back on the poor pillow.

'You're a little better now, Kate; shall I run down to the House for the wine? I wouldn't be long gone. I'd go to the town, but I've got no money till to-morrow's parish allowance.'

'Yes, mother, you can go,' said Kate, wearily.

(To be continued.)



### THE DOCTOR ON THE STAIRS.

**I** MET the Doctor on the stairs.  
 His face was grave as it could be ;  
 I came upon him unawares,  
 And, oh, his sad look frighten'd me !  
 'What news ?' I cried, and held my breath,  
 'Thou comest from the patient's room ;  
 I seem to feel the chill of death,  
 And see the gateway of the tomb.

We thought her better, for this morn  
 She breathed more freely, took some food ;  
 Must hope be crush'd as soon as born ?  
 Tell me, were not those symptoms good ?  
 'Dear lady, often at the last  
 The sufferer knows surcease of pain,  
 The crisis seemeth to have past,  
 The flickering flame shoots up again.'



And then he shook his head, and sigh'd,  
 And laid his hand upon my arm,  
 So gently, yet I could have cried,  
 The action fill'd me with alarm :  
 ' Yet sorrow not,' he softly said,  
 ' As one who sorrows in despair ;  
 Think of her not as one that's dead,  
 But living where the angels are.

' She'll not be here throughout the night,  
 'Twere cruel to deceive you now ;  
 Such lessons should be read aright ;  
 Nay, lady, why that anguish'd brow ?  
 Think of the peace that passeth show,  
 Think of the great, exceeding joy,  
 Of the bright home where spirits go,  
 Where pleasures never have alloy.'

That night death's angel stood beside  
 The couch of our best earthly friend,  
 No more with us could she abide,  
 And hope and joy seemed at an end.  
 Yet 'twas not so, for we ere long  
 Could think of her as gone before,  
 To sing for us a welcome song,  
 And ope for us the golden door.

Now we can greet the kindly man,  
 And talk to him of her that's gone,  
 With chasten'd grief his features scan,  
 And trace the lines engraved thereon ;  
 In that grave face, that seldom smiles,  
 We read of sufferings and cares,  
 And our own sorrow it beguiles,  
 To meet the Doctor on the stairs.

H. G. ADAMS.

### THE FLYING HOUSE.

A Breton Legend. By Rev. Arthur Wright.

THE Fairy Bonace granted requests without considering the good or evil that might befall those who made them. One day, when passing near a pretty country house, she heard some one talking within, and, as she was curious to hear what was said, she put her ear to the key-hole. It was the master of the house, Monsieur Malcontent, who was

speaking to himself thus : ' Everybody tells me that I am a very happy man. I don't think so. It is true I have made a tidy little property, but my poor wife is gone and my only daughter. This may be called a pretty house, perhaps ; it is convenient, well built, well furnished, but it is so dull ; look at those odious walls, I can't see an inch of the country. And then when it rains (and it is *always* raining in Brittany), I am a prisoner, for it is impossible to walk out. I ought to have chosen another site for my house, far away from a village. Oh, I hate a village ! One sees nothing but peasants—always peasants, lean horses, stubborn asses, carts laden with hay or straw, or manure ; there is nothing amusing in

such sights.' He paused a little and continued, ' Now, if I could build this house over again it should stand in quite a different situation ; if it had but wings, and could obey my wishes I would send it flying to the top of a mountain, at least a quarter of a mile from any other habitation. Would that some good fairy would come and grant my wishes !'

Bonace, who could never deny a request, entered the house at the instant, and said,—

' Here, I am ready to do your bidding ; take this horn, it is filled with gold dust, if you put some of it, just before going to bed, on a piece of paper, on which you have written the name of the place where you wish your house to be fixed, it will fly to the spot. If you wish to see me, lay the whole dust on the paper, and I will appear.' The fairy departed.

Monsieur Malcontent, greatly astonished at this adventure, said to himself, ' The fairy is mocking me ; how can she persuade me that a house will take wings and fly ? Is it not fixed to the earth by its foundations ? However, the power of fairies has no limits ; I will try the talisman, although I do not believe in it.'

Evening came, and M. Malcontent wrote, ' I wish to live on the top of a mountain where I can enjoy a beautiful view.' He put a little of the gold dust on the paper and went to bed, persuaded that he should find his house in the same place the next morning.

What was his surprise, on awaking, to find that, although he had closed his curtains, his chamber was much lighter than usual ! He rose, opened the windows, and found that his house was upon the summit of a mountain. The house, the offices, the garden, and even the cellars, were all there, and not even a bottle was broken.

' It is charming,' said he ; ' to have a carriage after this fashion ; but let me look at the view. What a splendid horizon,—plains, woods, hills ! Right, left, front, behind, so beautiful, so varied. It is delightful. This is what I have so long desired. Now I shall be happy indeed. I have no other wish ; but let me see how I am to find provisions here, for this seems a very barren rock.'

Looking about he found out a village at the foot of the mountain, and, persuaded that he should there find butcher, baker, grocer, and all kinds of tradesmen, he descended, but the road was so rocky and difficult that he was several times in danger of slipping down. However, he got down and returned safely, but discontented with the road. Having, notwithstanding, made a good dinner (and this above all things puts a man in a good humour), he soon forgot the badness of the road in gazing at the beautiful views.

All things went on well for six months, but at the end of that time he repented of his change.

The roads which led to his house became almost impassable. His fruit and vegetables were not so good in the dry sandy land of the mountain as they were formerly. The wine became sour, and his beautiful garden was every day becoming more barren.

' Oh, what an unlucky change I have made,' said he ; ' I have given up everything for this fine view,



which is always the same—plains, hills, forests—always plains, hills, forests; when one has seen them once, one has seen them for ever, and nothing is more tiresome than always seeing the same sights. Besides, there is not a living creature to be seen; the very servants will not stay with me, and no wonder; for in summer one is roasted, and in the winter frozen. I wish I could see my good peasants again, their horses, their asses, their mules, their oxen, even their dung-carts. I will change this evening.'

When night set in he wrote, 'I prefer cheerful grass fields, with clear rivulets running through them, surrounded by woods, and near a hamlet.'

He sprinkled some gold dust over the writing. He did not go to bed that he might observe the flight of his house; for that purpose he sat at a window, but was soon overpowered by sleep in spite of himself. In the morning he was awakened by the singing of birds, but judging from the sombre light in his chamber, he thought it could not be day; yet it was so, and the light was obscured by the foliage of the trees before his window. On looking out he found that his house was in a flat meadow, surrounded by plantations and fruit trees. The murmur of waters informed him that he was near a river, which he perceived winding through the lawn and garden.

'O Bonace,' said he, 'I thank thee; thou hast fulfilled my wishes; I shall now be happy;' and as he discovered that he was near a small town pleasantly situated, and with many good houses and rich proprietors, he exclaimed, 'I feel overcome with joy.'

But where, gentle reader, is joy without any drawback to be found? The country abounded in deer and other game; but alas! the gentlemen connected with the neighbouring town galloped even over his pleasure-grounds without asking permission. When he complained they only laughed at him; and what added still more to his disappointment was, that the river after a heavy rain one day overflowed its banks, entered his cellars, and laid his ground-floor under water. 'This is not an abode for me,' said Malcontent; and after residing there a few months, he one evening wrote, 'I find that the mountain is too dry and the plain too wet; in the highlands one must live like a hermit, and in the lowlands people are so ill-mannered. I would fain try a town. Place me, good fairy, at the end of a row of houses, that I may have some gentle neighbours and acquaintances. This shall be my last wish.'

After arranging his talisman he went to bed. Before he had completed his first sleep he was aroused by at least twenty clocks, one after another, striking the hour. To that sound succeeded the noise of dogs barking, workmen passing, carts rumbling, and carriages rolling along, the cries of chimney-sweepers and hawkers; in short, everything informed him that he was in a large town. 'All right!' said Malcontent; 'I am in a city where I can remain as unknown and private as one wishes. No more floods—no more stags to be hunted—no grand land-owners to destroy one's garden. I shall have some of my old companions. I shall drive and ride in

town; go to the public-rooms and concerts. This is the only life which is agreeable. But have I my garden?' He looked out again. 'Yes; I have now all that I could wish, and in the outskirts of a town, so that I can enjoy my friends' society without being too near any of them.'

But there are drawbacks even here. He is surrounded by workshops and manufactories. On his right is a candle-manufactory; on his left a place for making glue; in front a distillery of spirits, and behind a wheelwright's shop, and near it, on a small stream, is a paper-mill; on the right and left of which are washhouses, filled from morning to night with women, thumping the clothes.

Poor Malcontent was almost poisoned by a thousand unpleasant odours, stupified by the beating of mallets and hammers, and the mallets of the washerwomen. Desirous of society, he invites his acquaintances to his house. He receives them to dinner, and dines with them in return, and loses much time and money besides, he hardly knows how. He is almost ruined; and as he thinks over his affairs, he says, 'A town is only fit for those who have business there, or have a large fortune to spend. I begin to regret that I ever left the village where I first built my house, for there I was more at my ease than here, where I am too much in society, and surrounded by villanous fumes; and, what is most vexatious, the smoke of the chimneys of the workhouses blackens my trees, and they produce nothing. I have no more fruit here than I had on the top of the mountain; in the village I was half-way up the hill, and had everything. That is a good proverb which says—"A wise man will not hold himself too high nor too low; he will take the happy medium."'

With these thoughts he went to bed, but he had not been there long before he heard the cry of 'Fire!—Fire!' He got up. The candle-manufactory was in flames, and many of the shops around his house were also in a blaze. His house must next become a prey to the flames. The affrighted Malcontent rushed to his cabinet, but already it was on fire, and the precious talisman was in it. Fortunately, as he burst open the door of the room in which it was kept, a column of water from a fire-engine came through a window and put out the flaming cabinet, so that the precious talisman was saved. The anxious Malcontent cried out, 'O good Fairy Bonace, come to my aid.'

She appeared, and addressing him, said, 'Where would you wish to go?' 'Oh, my best friend,' said he, 'to my own village—to the place where I was before all these changes.'

The fairy touched him with her ring, and he slept and awoke in the place where he first built his house. Nothing was injured. The cabinet even was in its own place. Malcontent overcame with joy, fell on his knees and prayed, saying, 'O my God, who livest on high, Thou art too kind to Thy wayward servant. In vain did I seek to change from that place where Thou in Thine infinite wisdom didst place me. For the future may I learn to be content with what Thou orderest for me, for Thou alone knowest what is best for my true happiness.'



### MATTHIAS, THE MINER'S BOY.

ON the 22nd of February, 1812, a miner, Hubert Goffin, of Aus, near Liège, descended the shaft of a mine, with 126 men, who were under his orders. His son, Matthias, a brave boy of twelve, accompanied him.

When this miner descended into the depths of the earth he left, 500 feet above, a wife and six children.

It is a hard calling. The miner takes his axe and hammer, and goes down the shaft in his basket, just as a basket goes down a well, and he has to say farewell to the sun, and to leave all that he loves above him, while many dangers await him in the mine. Suffocating vapours may poison him, the gas may take fire and explode, the walls may fall in and crush him. And yet he is happy and of good courage in his subterranean halls, he sings and rejoices at the sparkling splendour of the metal. Hubert instructed his son Matthias in the art of discovering the veins of ore.

About ten o'clock in the morning some water suddenly rushed down upon them out of an old mine and threatened to inundate the shaft. The prudent Hubert wished to call his men together, but the water pressed in with such force that he could not get at the alarm-bell. Another workman risked his life to save his companions, he waded to the bell and rang it—his life was sacrificed in vain, it was too late when the others came. The water rushed down the shaft by which they generally ascended—their retreat was cut off.

The flood rose higher and higher and threatened to drown them. All pressed up to the saving rope which alone could bring them up above. Each wished to be the first, but the stream rushing violently down seized them and carried them onward with it.

Hubert was tall and strong. He lifted up his son in his arms, he was nearest the rope and might have saved himself, but he looked upon the others. 'No they are my friends,' he said, 'I cannot leave them to perish.' But his son he would save at all events. But the young miner protested,—

'Father, I came with you, I will return with you too or remain where you remain.'

Hubert took courage, he called to his comrades, 'Let us see whether we cannot break through into the next shaft. Our lives depend upon it. Let us make the attempt.' But this was not so easy.

Two days passed away in this terrible position, they worked on unweariedly, still the hard walls of the mine yielded but slowly. Once they thought they heard a noise, and with joy exclaimed, 'We are saved!—we are saved!'

But they were deceived, and the young men among them threw themselves down before Hubert, and exclaimed, 'Sir, you have led us hither, you must save us, too—we cannot die so young.'

Hubert himself was utterly exhausted, and seemed to have lost all courage—he thought of his wife and children who were mourning for him above—he thought of his son and of his companions who were down with him in the mine, and to whom death and destruction were so near. Not one of them was able to strike another blow. Then Matthias came up to him, and, boldly striking into the rock with his axe, said,—

'If men weep like boys, boys must work like men.'

These courageous words nerved them to fresh courage. They worked on bravely—suddenly there was a fearful cry, they had come upon a suffocating stream of gas.

Hubert rushed up quickly and stopped the aperture whence it proceeded, pointing the workmen to another part where they could continue their labour. In this sad state they had already passed thirty-six hours. The last lamp had gone out. Thick darkness reigned around them, all were suffering the keenest pangs of hunger. Several sunk down utterly exhausted. Matthias clasped his father firmly, and said to him,—

'Courage, father!—all will be well yet!'

Still they worked on in the darkness, at last voices came to their ears on the other side of the stone through which they were breaking, other strokes were meeting theirs, yet a few minutes more and they would be saved.

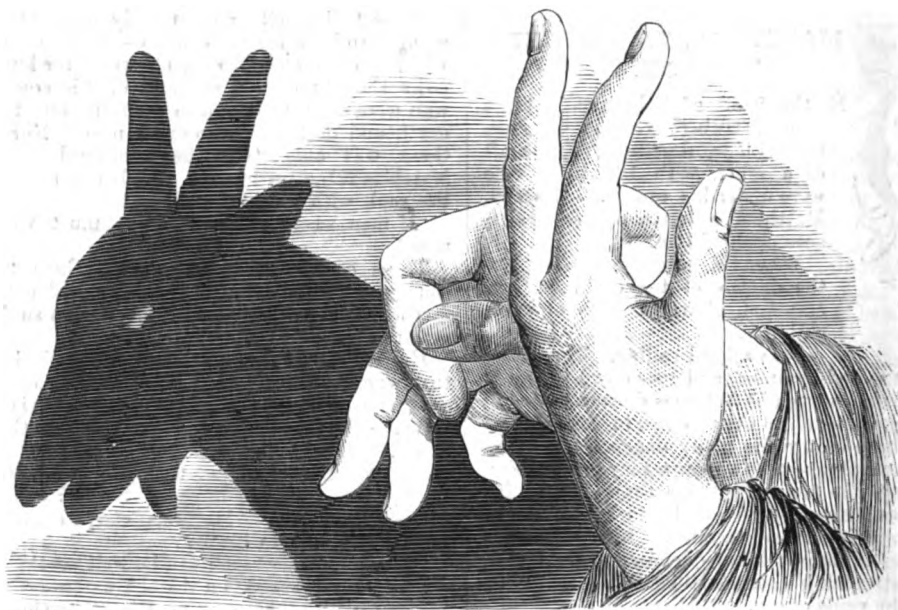
Hubert and his son were the last who were carried up above. 'I should never have dared to look upon the light again if I had returned without my companions,' said the brave miner. The Emperor Napoleon presented him with the Cross of the Legion of Honour and gave his son a free admittance to the College at Liège. J. F. C.

### DON'T GOSSIP.

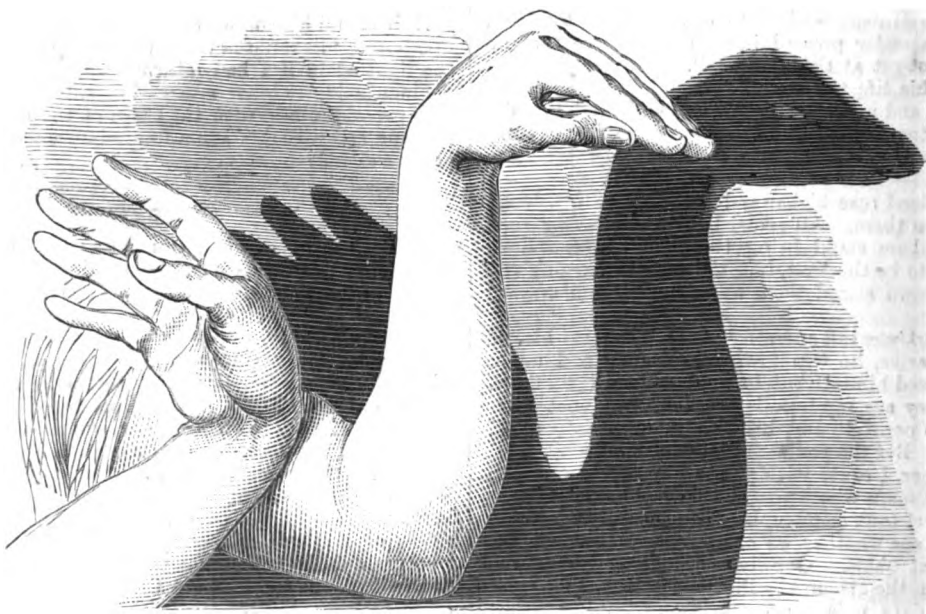
BOYS and girls, when you meet together, talk about the books you are reading, the sights you have seen, but do not gossip about other boys and girls who are absent.

And, if you *must* talk about others, tell the good, kind, and pleasant things you know or have heard of them. How John Grant got to the head of the class; or Katie Drew stayed after school-time to help little Ann Brown with her sums. Or when Frank Smith got a bad fall, through the carelessness of Albert Simes (who is so clumsy you know, but always so sorry for it), he bore the pain like a hero, not to add to poor Simes' distress at the result of his heedlessness. Or how Albert Shedd, who has a donkey, got off the other day when he overtook poor lame Michael Cary and helped him on, walking himself to let Mike have a ride. Tell such things as these, and not stories which stir up ill-feeling, envy, and malice.

*Hear both sides*, boys (yes, and girls too). Depend upon it, every story has two sides; and before you believe, still more before you tell again, any story against a schoolfellow, be sure you have the *whole truth*. Tell your own faults if you like; but don't gossip about the failings of others.



THE GOAT.



THE SWAN.

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# Chatterbox.



### THE ENGLISH LABOURER.



**I**N the year A.D. 1514, the rate of wages was fixed by Act of Parliament. Skilled workmen (bricklayers, carpenters, etc.) were paid 5½d. a-day. Common labourers earned 4d. a-day in the summer, and 3d. in the winter. If boarded and lodged by his master, the farm labourer received 16s. 8d. a-year in money, and 4s. in clothes. Mowers were paid 8d. a-day. Harvest work was done by the piece.

These wages seem to us very low; but we must remember that, for all the necessities of life, a penny then went as far, or farther, than a shilling does now.

The average price of wheat was 10d. a bushel. Beef and pork were a halfpenny a pound, and mutton three farthings. A pig cost 4d., a hen 2d. Strong beer was a penny a gallon, and table beer ½d. a gallon.

We have no information about the rent of a labourer's cottage; but a law was passed in the reign of Elizabeth, enacting that no cottage should be built without four acres of land being attached to it for the use of the cottager; and Bishop Latimer's father held a farm that employed six labourers, and fed one hundred sheep and thirty cows, and for this he only paid 3*l.* or 4*l.* a-year.

Again, every parish then had common lands, on which the poor man might turn out his cattle, pigs, and geese free of expense.

There were no Poor Laws in those days; but vagrancy was, nevertheless, a criminal offence. The old or infirm who could not work, might go to a magistrate, who would give them a written license to ask for broken victuals of their richer neighbours, but no money was ever given to them; all money offered in charity was to be given to the Priest and Churchwardens, by whom it was to be collected every Sunday or Holy-day, and distributed to the necessitous. Able-bodied beggars were, for the first offence, whipped at the cart's tail; for the second offence they lost an ear; for the third offence the other ear was cut off. A later Act of Parliament made the third offence punishable with death. So fully did our forefathers observe the Scripture rule—*'If any would not work, neither should he eat.'*


Another excellent, but severe Act, empowered the parish officers to take up all idle children above the age of five years, and 'appoint them to masters of husbandry, or other craft of labour, to be taught.' And any child thus apprenticed, and running away without reasonable cause, was to be publicly whipped.

There are many things in the laws and usages of these 'good old times,' that we may fairly regret. But it is of no use to wish them back again—we have out-grown them. All we can do is to learn from them whatever is good and right in the spirit of them, and try to adapt these lessons of the sixteenth century to the ways and wants of the nineteenth, in which our own lot has fallen. W. H. L.

### GROVE LODGE.

(Continued from p. 75.)

#### CHAPTER III.



**I**T was only a few minutes after this that a light cart stopped at Mrs. Morton's door, and Rose alighted. Mrs. Palmer has had to send into the town for various little matters, and Rose had taken advantage of the opportunity, no one being aware of her absence in the general confusion. The cart went on into the town, and was to pick her up again presently.

'Oh! Kate, you are worse,' exclaimed Rose. 'And are you quite alone?'

Kate tried to explain her mother's absence, and the reason for it, but it was not till Rose had given her some wine that she revived enough to do even that.

'I am going, the doctor says;' and Kate fixed her large, clear eyes upon Rose; 'and I don't mind much, Miss Rose, except for mother. I wonder whether I shall see the new year. Mr. Gray came last night and gave me the sacrament; and he'll soon be here again, I think.'

'You're not at all afraid then, Kate dear?'

'Not now. I used to be afraid of death, and I didn't like being in the churchyard of an evening. I don't think I should mind it now. Can you turn me over, dear Miss Rose? Thank you for being so good to me. Will you try to love Christ very much? He has been with me lately more than He ever was before.'

'Dear Kate, I wish I could think He was with me. I am not good enough.'

'Oh, but I am not good. He came to me of His great love. Dear Miss Rose, He is coming nearer.'

There was a long pause, and Kate's breath came and went more quickly. Rose felt an awe which was quite new to her. Not even in church had she ever felt at all as she did now. She went to the door and looked out, and far away over the hill, which was the short way to her own home, she saw Mrs. Morton toiling through the snow. When she got back to Kate's side her eyes were closed, and she breathed more quietly. The cart came to the door, but Rose could not leave Kate. The man was impatient, and said the things he had been sent for were wanted, but Rose would not go.

'I must wait till Mrs. Morton gets back, Thomas,' she said, and, as she spoke, a light grey shadow came over the lonely face, and the bright eyes closed.

'Oh, Mrs. Morton,' exclaimed Rose, 'oh, please come!'

Rose had never seen death, but she believed that she was now in its presence, and her fear was lest Kate should die while her mother was away. In another moment Mrs. Morton hurried in.

'Oh, Miss Rose,' she exclaimed, 'my child is gone.' But it was not so. She had fainted, and by-and-by, as the cold air blew in through the open door, she began to show signs of life. And when she had

revived a little, Rose felt that she ought not to stay. As it was, she feared that her excuses for the man's delay would be considered very lame.

But, fortunately, she had no need to make them, for she met no one on her way to her room, and once there she sat down to think. What was death? This was the question she had been asking herself all the way home. And if Kate could find no comfort in any thought but that of the Saviour's love, could she herself hope for such comfort if she were to die?

Presently she heard her mother's voice.

'Did you say that Miss Rose was in her room, Phillips?'

'Yes, ma'am, she is.' Mrs. Palmer opened the door and came in.

'Rose,' she said, 'I am seriously displeased with you. You have taken a great liberty, for you know perfectly well that I was very anxious that both Amy and yourself should be well dressed to-night, and that you should be alike. Whereas, I find that from some foolish fancy about Miss Jay or her apprentice, you desired her not to make your dress at all. Pray what do you mean to wear?'

'I thought my white muslin with the pink trimmings would do, mamma,' said Rose humbly, a great lump rising in her throat as she recollected Kate, and thought how useless the sacrifice had been as far as she was concerned.

'You had no business to think for yourself about it at all,' said her mother; 'and, at all events, you might have told me about it. I think, as you will be so badly dressed, you had better not come down at all.'

'Oh, mamma, do you really mean it? I should be so very very glad if I were not obliged to go down.'

'I think you are very perverse and unaccountable, then. A fortnight ago there was no peace till this party was got up; and now, when it is all arranged, and your father has gone to all sorts of expense to please you, you say you don't want to come down to it.'

Mrs. Palmer left her in displeasure, and Rose saw that she should be wrong to take advantage of the permission to remain in her room, so, with aching limbs and a strange feeling of something being very wrong with her, she began to try to find her things for the evening. Still her pulse went at railroad speed, and she was so thirsty that nothing could satisfy her parched throat. Her head, too, began to ache, and at last she was obliged to lie down on her bed. Time went on, and presently Phillips came to dress her, and succeeded in making her look so well in the old dress that Rose declared she had never required the new one at all. It was quite right, too, that Amy should be the smartest, she said, for she was a grown-up young lady, and very nearly out of the schoolroom.

As Rose went downstairs to take a survey of the preparations, she passed her father's dressing-room. The door was open, and he was leaning against the mantel-piece, with his head buried in his hands. The slight noise roused him, and he turned such a ghastly face towards her that Rose gave a little

scream. It frightened her far more than that other face had done.

'Are you ill, papa?' she asked.

'If I were I should say that a fairy had come to cure me, Rosy. Dear me! there was such a fuss in the house because you had nothing fit to wear. I'm sure I never saw you look better. I wish you hadn't those great black rings under your eyes, though, my child. When all this is over, I shall set Dr. Spencer at you.'

'Then I shall set him at you, papa,' said Rose, 'for you look more ill than I do—is it those horrid old papers?' she said, picking up some from the floor.'

'No, no, it is nothing. Leave them alone, Rosy. You had better go down. I must dress.'

The party was an undoubted success. Everybody said it was charming, and the parents seemed to enjoy it as much as their children. The rooms were good, and the music and the supper, and several people remarked how fortunate Mr. and Mrs. Palmer were to have such a son and daughter as Reginald and Amy. Poor Harry had certainly not come off with flying colours, for he was rather shy, but there were many who owed something to his thoughtfulness that evening, and a number of the very young ones who would have had a dull evening if it had not been for a private exhibition of his magic lantern in the 'Children's room.' Poor Rose did her best, but the memory of the morning would come over her, and at last her aching head and limbs drove her to her bed.

The clock was striking twelve as she went up the broad staircase, but the muffled peal from the church-tower had not quite ceased. By the time she reached her room, however, there was a silence, and Rose remembered Mr. Gray's words about the new year; and as the clear, merry peal now rang out, she prayed that it might be a better one to her, and that she might be able to do what Kate had so desired.

Mrs. Palmer generally went to her children's rooms the last thing, but on this occasion everybody seemed too tired to think of any one but him or herself. Even Amy, whose room adjoined that of Rose, only called out to ask if she were asleep. The maid passed through, but she, too, was only anxious to get to bed after having helped Amy. It was not till morning was well advanced that Harry, shivering and white, knocked at his mother's door.

'Mother, I wish you would come to Rose. She is talking so, and seems wide awake, but she does not know me, and won't answer properly.'

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer were soon with her, and found it as Harry had said. A groom was sent for the doctor, and till he came they applied themselves to the task of calming Rose, who was evidently in a high fever, and rambled on quite unintelligibly to them.

'Miss Jay,' she said, 'why did you make Kate work? Oh, I told you I didn't want it: take it away. . . . I must take her the wine. She can't take anything else. . . . The snow is not so deep here, Harry, lend me your stick, and I shall get through it. . . . I can't go home yet, Thomas, she will die



before her mother comes. . . . Oh, it is so hot, so hot, why do they say it is winter !'

Dr. Spencer said that it was a feverish attack, possibly scarlet fever, and that the brain was affected ; that perfect quiet was necessary, and that he should like to know any circumstances which could explain it. Harry was the only one who knew anything, and even he had no idea of her having been alone with Kate Morton that morning. But he knew that Rose had got very wet on the afternoon when he went with her to Miss Jay's to tell her to finish Amy's dress only. The snow was very deep, and Rose would go on, because of Kate, who was being overworked.

For a whole fortnight Rose lay between life and death. Not a whisper was allowed in her room, and not even Mr. Gray could see her. Harry sat on a low stool near the door, ready to be sent for anything, and Amy was always ready to take her share of watching. As for Reginald, he was sorry for Rosy ; but he thought if she was to be ill, she might as well have got it over in school-time. It cut up the holidays horribly, and he could do nothing but lounge about at the Rectory, 'where you weren't shut up like an oyster if you talked above a whisper.'

#### CHAPTER IV.

MR. PALMER went backwards and forwards to London as soon as the first danger had passed, and people said that his daughter's illness had cut him up terribly. It was not till she was getting better that whispers flew about that her father's careworn expression proceeded from some other cause.

These whispers gained ground every day, but still no change was made in the Grove Lodge establishment, and Mrs. Palmer seemed more than ever boundless in her expenditure. If there were any trouble at hand, those most concerned were the last to be made aware of it. One morning, however, Reginald and Harry were sauntering about the stables together, when a man came up to them and asked for the groom. Of course they stood by while the man explained that he had come to see Mr. Palmer's favourite riding-horse, Nelson.

'Come to see Nelson ! why ?' asked Reginald.

'I think of buying him, sir,' the man replied.

'I don't believe my father means to part with him !' exclaimed Harry ; 'he's the best in the stables.'

'That may be, sir ; but he's to be sold, I believe.'

The boys could hardly bear to see the horse brought out and his paces tried by this man.

'I should like to kick the fellow across the court,' said Reginald.

At last, however, the man was satisfied, and said he should buy the horse, and that he would see Mr. Palmer about it in a day or two.

'Look here, Davis,' said Harry ; 'tell us what's the history of it, for I declare it's a shame to sell Nelson.'

The man did not speak till the boys pressed him closer, and then he put his arms akimbo, and straightened himself up against the door, and

'didn't rightly know what to say. The young gentlemen would soon hear, he supposed.'

'Hear what ? Speak out, can't you ?' said Reginald.

'You'd best be civil, Master Reggie,' replied the groom quietly ; 'p'raps the time's coming when you won't get your own way as you've been a used to do.'

'Depend on it, if I do, I shan't keep you.'

'No, sir, I don't believe as you will,' retorted Davis.

'I say, Reggie, be quiet,' said Harry ; 'tell us all you know ; there's a good fellow, Davis.'

'They do say, Master Harry, as how your father'll have to sell a good many things besides Nelson.'

'That accounts for my father's looking so shady, then,' said Reginald, turning away. 'I only hope we shall go back to Eton. We're due there next week, Harry, you know.'

'I can't understand it at all,' said Harry, when they were out of Davis's hearing ; 'why in the world did we have that party, and that new furniture ? I don't suppose my mother knows it.'

Mr. Palmer returned from London that evening after an absence of some days, and as he went upstairs that night Harry was lying in wait for him in the 'children's room.'

'What is it, Harry ?'

Harry's colour came and went, and he nearly choked with agitation, but he went bravely on,—

'There's been a man hereabout buying Nelson.'

'Oh, he came, did he ? I am sorry I missed him.'

'But you won't let him have him, will you ?' pleaded Harry. 'You have often said you would never part with Nelson.'

'I thought I should never be obliged to do so, my boy, but I find I must ; and I am afraid a good many other things far more valuable than Nelson must be given up. You and Reggie will not be able to go to school at present ; and that is a very serious matter.'

Harry could not help a momentary feeling of disappointment, for he was doing very well at school, and had set his heart on doing better still. But the business part of the interview was yet to be got through, and Harry jerked out :—

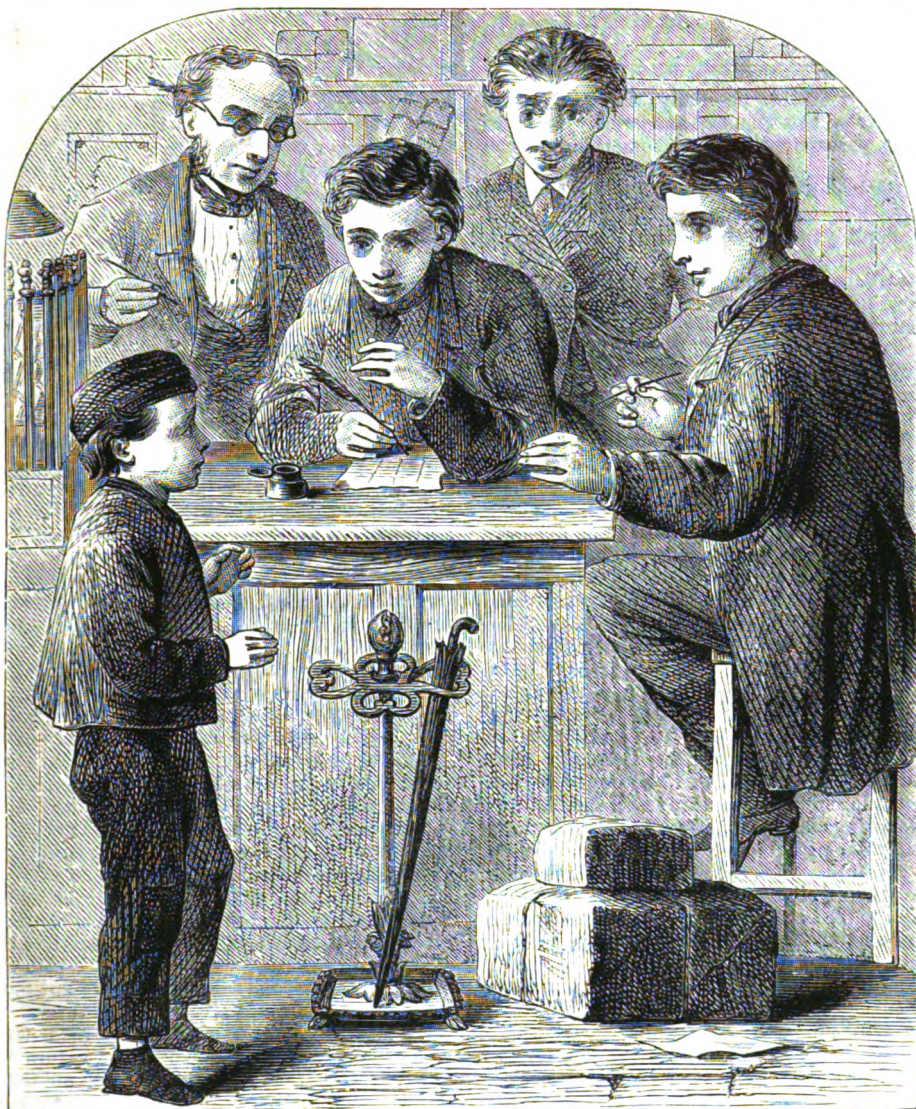
'Papa, I've got some money of my own, and I don't want it the least. Would it help you to keep Nelson ? You know Dr. Spencer said you must ride if you wanted to be well.'

'Thank you, my dear boy, but things have gone too far. You will help me best by keeping your savings to assist you by-and-by in starting yourself. The hardest part of the trial is, that all of you and your mother will suffer. I shall have to begin life afresh, but I don't mind for myself, and I shall at all events be honest.'

'And we can work, too, Reginald and I. Boys do work who are younger than we are, and I dare say we should be happier.'

'You might, Harry. Reginald would not. However, to-morrow we must talk more definitely of our plans. Good-night, my dear boy, and may God bless you.'

(To be continued.)



### DO YOU WANT A BOY, SIR?

**D**O you want a boy, sir?' said George, a little urchin, scarcely eight years old, to a spruce-looking clerk in a large shop.

'Want a boy? Why, who wants to be hired?' asked the clerk, looking with a puzzled glance at the little applicant.

'I do, sir,' replied George.

'Look here, gentlemen,' cried the young man, speaking to his fellow-clerks, 'here is a regular Goliath seeking work. Wants to be a porter, I suppose. Look at him. Isn't he a strapper?'

The clerks gathered in great glee about poor George, who stood full of earnest purpose before them, and was therefore unconscious of any reason why he should be made an object of sport.

'What can you do?' asked one.

'You can post books, of course?' said another.

'Carry a bale of goods on your shoulders, eh?' cried a third.

'Hush, young gentlemen,' said the elderly book-keeper at the desk, after viewing George through his spectacles. 'Hush! don't make sport of the child. Let me talk to him.' Then speaking to George in kindly tones, he said, 'You are too young to be hired, my child. Who sent you here?'

'I came myself, sir. My father and mother are in heaven. My aunt is poor, and I want to earn something to help her. I am very strong, sir, and will work very hard. Won't you please to hire me?'

This simple story, told in a way that showed how earnest the boy was, checked the sport of the spruce clerks. They looked on the delicate child before them with pity and respect, and one of them placing a shilling on the desk, asked the rest to follow his example. They did so. He then took the money, and offered it to George, saying—



'You are too small to be of any use here, my good boy. But take this money, and when you have grown a bit, perhaps we may find something for you to do.'

George looked at the money without offering to touch it.

'Why don't you take the money?' asked the clerk.

'If you please, sir, I am not a beggar boy,' said George; 'I only want to earn something to help to pay my aunt for keeping me.'

'You are a noble little fellow,' said the senior clerk. 'We give you the money, not because we think you a beggar, but because we like your spirit. Such a boy as you will never be a beggar. Take the money, my boy, and may God give you and your aunt better days.'

George now took the money, and left the shop. His aunt, needy as she was, could not help laughing when he told her this story, and the chiding she gave him for going in search of work without her counsel was not very severe, you may feel assured.

I like George's spirit in this affair. It was noble, brave, and self-reliant beyond his years. It was the spirit that makes poor boys grow into useful and successful men. It made George do this for in after-years that little boy became a noted artist, whose praise was spoken by many tongues. All children should cherish a desire to do all they can for themselves, and to support themselves by their own labour as early as possible. Those who lean on father and mother for everything will find it hard work to get along alone by-and-by, as they may have to do when their parents die; while those who early learn to rely upon themselves will have little difficulty in earning their own living. Learn, therefore, my children, to help yourselves—always remembering to do so under the advice of your parents or guardians.—*Sunday School Advocate.*

### THE INVENTOR OF POTATOES.

IN the year 1789, shortly before the outbreak of the French Revolution, a new municipal election was about to take place in Paris. Among other names on the list of candidates was one of the best known and most highly esteemed of citizens. When, however, that name was mentioned in the assembly, a voice immediately exclaimed, 'No, not this man, he would soon feed us on nothing but potatoes, for he invented them.' As the name of this sage elector has not been preserved to us, we must confine our notice to the man of whom he made the remark, that he was the 'inventor of potatoes,' namely, Parmentier, the great chemist, who has been almost forgotten by an ungrateful world, though scarcely half a century has passed since his death.

If we measure the worth of men by the services which they have done to their fellow-creatures, Parmentier would be one of the most famous. As some are animated by a love of fame, riches, or power, so he was animated with the love of doing good in every possible manner: he devoted his whole life to labours and researches, that he might promote the welfare of mankind. Among his many

services, one of the most important was his energetic endeavour to make potatoes an article of food. All other European nations, as well as Frenchmen, have good reason to be grateful to the celebrated 'inventor.'

Antoine Augustin Parmentier was born at Montdidier in the year 1737. His mother, who was early left a widow, was a poor though clever woman, of gentle but firm character. She herself undertook the education of her son, and inspired him with those noble sentiments which were the guiding principles of his whole life; she imparted to him also that first instruction which was afterwards confirmed and completed by a clergyman.

In his eighteenth year Parmentier entered the service of an apothecary in his native town, in order to render some slight assistance at least to his mother, but soon after he removed to Paris, where he assisted a relative in the same business; and two years after, he became a field-apothecary to the French army in the seven years' war.

Bayen, his superior, remarking how faithfully the young man fulfilled his duties, recommended him to the Inspector-in-chief of the hospitals, Chamousset; who shortly appointed him second field-apothecary. His new post soon gave him plenty of hard work, a dangerous epidemic broke out in the army, and Parmentier had death a thousand times before his eyes, but he remained steadfastly at his post.

The chances of war, too, did not leave him untouched, five times he fell into the enemies' hands. He employed his imprisonments in the study of various sciences. Chemistry was taught at that time in Germany more than in any other country. Parmentier turned to this new science with energy, and studied it at Frankfort under Meyer's direction. By his talents, diligence, and amiable character, he made himself so beloved, that the Frankfort chemist offered him the hand of his daughter, also to make him his partner, and successor to his business; but Parmentier would not give up his country.

At last he was able to return to his native land, where he now studied science and nature with all possible industry. He was appointed apothecary at the Hospital of the Invalids, where he occupied himself much with practical investigations.

When, in 1771, the Academy of Besançon offered a prize for the best answer to the question, 'In what way can the ill effects of a bad harvest be best remedied?' Parmentier sent in a treatise, and the prize was awarded to him. In consequence of this incident, Parmentier devoted himself especially to the study of the potato, a vegetable which seemed to him to unite more than any other the valuable qualities of affording nutritive food, of being generally cultivated, and easily prepared for diet.

The potato comes originally from Peru, from whence it was brought to Europe, first to Italy, and then to England. From England it was introduced into France, but its cultivation made very slow progress, for this vegetable which now we could so ill do without had then to contend with the strongest prejudices and objections. In the sixteenth century it was asserted to be the cause of the leprosy; in the seventeenth it was said to produce fevers.



Parmentier was the first to prove that the potato was as wholesome as it is a pleasant article of food.

But in order practically to establish this theory, it was necessary to obtain the King's authority, for even if the learned and scientific showed themselves satisfied with the proofs and favourable to his views, yet the people would not give up their belief, that potatoes ruined the soil and were only fit for cattle to eat. But in 1780, a decisive turn was taken in the right direction. Parmentier asked permission of the King, Louis XVI., to plant fifty-four acres of a well-known barren heath, the Sablons, with potatoes. The King willingly gave him permission. People laughed at the ridiculous idea of the foolish man of science.

'Perhaps he will yet change stony Arabia into a meadow,' remarked a courtier.

'A lunatic asylum should be built on the Sablons, and the good man confined there, that he may always have a good view over his potato plantations,' said another.

But Parmentier was not to be turned by ridicule from his purpose, and in a short time the Sablons heath began to look green, and in a few weeks it stood in full bloom. Parmentier plucked some of the finest blossoms, tied them up in a nosegay and offered them to his royal patron as the first-fruits of his enterprise. Louis XVI. received the bouquet with pleasure, and put it in his button-hole. This had a good effect, as then the royal word and example were of great importance, but when the first potato appeared on the King's table, the victory of the good cause was decided, the courtiers imitated the royal example, the citizens that of the courtiers, and the fame of the new article of food soon spread over the whole country.

Potatoes and potato-seed were everywhere in demand, and when the government had the great plain of Grenelles planted with potatoes the whole crop was bought up in advance, for every one wished to cultivate the vegetable which the King himself had eaten, and which was esteemed to be worthy of his table. Supported in this way, Parmentier's work was comparatively easy, but he did what seemed almost impossible. He had determined to win the Parisians over to eating potatoes, now he wished to make potatoes into bread. Under the eye of Franklin, who was then causing much attention in Paris, he made his first attempts, which resulted in the production of that delicious cake called *gâteau de saccare*, now to be found on all French tables.

A proud and silly princess who said, when some one in her presence lamented the wants of the starving people, 'Well, if they have no bread they must eat cakes.' Parmentier turned this foolish remark into a truth by preparing cakes for the people.

He once gave a dinner-party at which potatoes alone were served to the guests in very many different shapes, even the liqueur which they drank after dinner was distilled from potatoes. The invited guests, all men of rank and talent, were amazed at the inventive genius of their host, and very soon all the saloons of the first city of the world were filled with the praise of the potato,—the plant, formerly so despised, had now won a complete victory.

But Parmentier did not suffer his researches to end with the potato, he continued his labours upon other articles of food, which in cases of necessity might supply the place of corn; next in order to the potato came maize, then the chestnut; he also turned his attention to the baking of bread, which was then in great need of improvement. In 1774, he undertook a journey through the provinces of France in order to study the causes of the bad quality of the bread, which he found to be partly in the defective mills, partly in the treatment of the flour by the bakers. After his return he received the King's permission to establish a great school of baking, and he afterwards published the results of this practical school in the work 'The Perfect Baker.' We can well believe that in these endeavours he did not enlist the bakers of the capital on his side, but this did not frighten him; and he at last succeeded in convincing them that his efforts were not for his own profit, but for the public good.

The leading men of the French Revolution proved themselves to be reasonable as regards the potato. They recognised it as one of the most useful of plants, and recommended it as such in their new almanac; they probably forgot that Louis XVI. once wore a nosegay of potato-blossom in his button-hole! Some prominent revolutionists went still further. Chaumette proposed in his enthusiasm for the potato, or rather in his hatred against palaces, that the Luxemburg and Tuileries gardens should be planted with potatoes, and that too at a time when uncultivated lands in France could be counted by hundred thousands of acres! But they were less just towards the 'inventor' of potatoes, as the thoughtless elector had called him; Parmentier was looked on with a certain amount of mistrust, because in all his experiments and labours he had appealed to, and been protected by, the King; however he did not lose his head as his colleague Lavoisier did; and when at the outbreak of war an appeal was made to all practically scientific men, the Republicans gave Parmentier an appointment in the navy, where he soon rendered important services by his improvement of ships' biscuits.

During the empire Parmentier had begun to show signs of old age; and he became silent and reserved. A domestic affliction embittered his last years,—his sister died and left him alone in the world, they had always resided together, as Parmentier had never been married, and had lived in a very retired manner. Though old in years and enfeebled in mind, one fire within him never grew cold—his love of science and of mankind in general. A short time before his death, which took place suddenly on the 17th December, 1813, in his seventy-seventh year, he exhorted his nephews to activity, and used, with reference to himself, the words,—'I wished in this life to perform the part of the whetstone at least, which, if it does not cut itself, makes the steel capable of cutting.' This part he has well fulfilled; what, however, must ensure him a grateful recollection in all hearts is, his 'Invention of Potatoes,' for by his persevering endeavours to bring this much-known plant to some practical use he has become a benefactor to the poor of all lands.

J. F. C.



### 'FOUND DEAD IN THE STREET.'

#### I.

THE labour is over and done ;  
 The sun has gone down in the west ;  
 The birds are asleep every one,  
 And the world has gone to its rest—  
 Sleepers on beds of down,  
 'Neath cover of silk and gold,  
 Soft, as on roses new-blown,  
 Slept the great monarch of old !  
 Sleepers on mother's breast,  
 Sleepers happy and warm,  
 Cosy as birds in their nest,  
 With never a thought of harm !  
 Sleepers in garrets high,  
 'Neath coverlet ragged and old ;  
 And one little sleeper all under the sky,  
 Out in the night and the cold !  
 Alone in the wide, wide world,  
 Christless, motherless, he ;  
 Begging or stealing to live, and whirled  
 Like waif on an angry sea.

#### II.

The daisy looks up from the grass,  
 Fresh from the fingers of Night,  
 To welcome the birds as they pass,  
 And drink in fresh rivers of light.  
 Sleepers on mother's breast  
 Waken to summer and mirth ;  
 But one little sleeper has gone to his rest,  
 Never to waken on earth—  
 Dead—found dead in the street,  
 All forsaken and lorn ;  
 Damp from the head to the feet,  
 With the dews of the sweet May morn !

#### III.

Dead—for the want of a crust !  
 Dead—in the cold night air ;  
 Dead—and under the dust,  
 Without ever a word of prayer !  
 In the heart of the wealthiest city,  
 In this most Christian land,  
 Without ever a word of pity,  
 Or the touch of a kindly hand !

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# Chatterbox.







## NESTOR THE BULL-DOG.

**A** REALLY well-bred, old-fashioned Bull-dog is not mean and repulsive-looking. He is gentle and not aggressive, and devotedly attached to his master. Charming times come back to me when I think of poor old Nestor as I look at his picture. His first master, my old friend, is now in London, and I wonder whether he will see this *Chatterbox*. He did not hear very well, so he thought he would have a dog friend, who would take care of himself in the streets and among village curs, and in consequence he procured a Bull-dog, and reared it from a puppy, calling him Nestor, because he looked so grave and wise. Once when he had occasion to travel, he left Nestor with a friend, who was no stranger to the dog. Nestor would not eat at first, and afterwards only very little, indeed he pined as long as his master was away; but as soon as he returned the dog regained his appetite and strength. So next time my friend left his home, he took the dog with him. It was stolen from him at Liverpool, and no reward could bring it back. I have known several Bull-dogs used as nursery pets; but then they were always of a pure breed. Cross-bred Bull-dogs are apt to be treacherous. I know one—a very pretty dog, named Forester—who wags his tail and looks at you, inviting your caress. But do not pat him, for if you do, he is sure to fly at you like a wild beast. Even his master dare not take a bone from him. But Forester is not true-bred and has also been made to fight.

## GROVE LODGE.

(Continued from p. 84.)



**T**EARS, the first Harry had ever seen in his father's eyes were there now, as the boy was folded in his arms in one of those embraces which come to father and son very rarely when early childhood is past,—however deep and loving may be the tie that binds them.

Next morning at breakfast, Reginald said to his father, 'What do you think?—there's

been a man wanting to buy Nelson!'

Mr. Palmer looked anxiously at his wife, and then he said in a low voice, 'I have heard it, Reggie; I am going to sell him. It is as well that you should know at once that I am a ruined man. I thought I might possibly arrange my affairs so as not to cause any of you to feel the change very severely, but I am sorry to say I have failed to do this, and we shall have to begin the world again, Mary.'

Mr. Palmer drew his wife to him, and for a few minutes there was the deepest silence. Amy and Reginald sat looking into the fire, trying to realise their father's words. Mrs. Palmer had bowed her head

on her husband's shoulder. Harry had been with Rose, who was upstairs still, but just came into the room in time to hear his father's words. 'It is harder than you think,' continued Mr. Palmer; 'the world is very kind and civil while you are rich, but it is hard and cold enough if you get poor. I am sorry to say, Mary my dear, we must leave this house as soon as we can get clear of our servants and furniture, and I do not know where our home will be, but we must make up our minds to give up our luxuries.'

'You will get ill again, James,' said his wife; 'the doctors all said you must ride, and now you will be obliged to sit all day in a close office.'

'I am much more sorry for you, my dear, but I have been defrauded of a large sum of money by one whom I assisted for years, and this just prevented me from weathering the storm. However, it cannot be helped, and we must do the best we can for the future. But I cannot send you back to Eton, my boys.'

'That won't signify, father, we'll work away by ourselves,' said Harry.

Reginald had a riding-whip in his hand, with which he slashed away at his legs without speaking, and a few minutes afterwards he walked off to the room where we first made his acquaintance. Amy presently followed him.

'All I can say, is, I think it's a regular shame of my father,' exclaimed Reginald. 'He had no business to lose his money like this, and upset a fellow's plans. All my chums at Eton thought I was going to be rich; I was going to Oxford, too, and wanted to pull in the races. And now I don't know what I shall do. Stick down in some filthy counting-house? I think I see myself! I'd rather enlist, or go to sea. But there! I'm too old now for sea. If it isn't enough to make a fellow savage, I don't know what is. Besides, I recollect something of the old huggar-muggar life at Clapham.'

'I don't like it a bit better than you, Reggie; so I don't know why you make a long list of your own grievances to me.'

'Well, for my part, I don't see what difference it could make to go on a bit as we are; if a smash is to come, it can't matter much, whether it's six months earlier or later,' said Reginald.

'Papa says it makes all the difference—if he gives up now, he shall be able to do it honestly, and Harry, of course, said, Why shouldn't we go away directly?'

'Oh! that reminds me. I want some pocket-money, and, of course, I can't bother my father. You don't happen to have half a sovereign about you, Amy?'

'This is all I've got in the world,' replied Amy, holding up a florin, 'and I can't spare it.'

'Well then, I shall ask Harry. Does Rose know yet?'

'Yes, mamma told her, but she didn't seem to care the least in the world. She only said she was so glad she was getting stronger, as she would soon be able to help mamma again.'

'Oh, that's all very fine. When it comes to the pinch of walking when you've been used to ride, and wearing old clothes, Miss Rose won't like it a bit

better than we do. And as to Harry, upon my word he's such an odd fish, I can't make him out. He writes and works away up there in the cold at all hours of the day and night. However, I mean to get him to give me some tin.'

## CHAPTER V.

THE winter afternoon was closing in when Reginald kicked at the door of the room next his own, in which Harry was now usually to be found. Idle people generally much object to see others busy, and Harry had found a most serious drawback to his new determination to work by himself in Reginald's continual interruption. The door was bolted, and Reginald knew it. Therefore instead of trying to open it, he put his hands in his pockets, and kicked, but without obtaining any answer.

'Let me in, just this once, old fellow,' he said. Still no answer. 'It really is something very particular, though.'

'It will do when we go to bed, and I do wish you would let me work.'

'No, it won't do when we go to bed.'

Harry opened the door of his fortress at last, but repented of his weakness when his brother began the fresh attack.

'I know you've got pots of money, Harry, and you wouldn't wish me to bother my father.'

'I really can't lend it you, Reggie; it's no good your asking,' said Harry.

'You don't mean to say you'll spend that seventeen pounds, or whatever it is, on a canoe. Well, you are selfish.'

'Very likely I am,' said Harry, quite unmoved; 'but I don't at all see why you are not as well off as I am. You've had the same allowance, and more windfalls.'

'I can't help that; but as you won't lend me any, of course I must ask my father.'

'If I lend you half-a-crown, will you ask him?'

'I won't for half-a-sovereign.'

'No, I'll lend you half-a-crown,' said Harry. 'I can't think what you do with all your money.'

'I should like to know what you are going to do with all yours?' retorted his brother; 'and there's another thing I'd like to know, and that is, why you work away like this. I suppose you think you're going to Oxford. Oh, of course, that's what your saving up for. Your first term's expenses, eh?' and Reginald taking up the half-crown scornfully, and throwing it up and catching it again dexterously, left the room singing and whistling.

Rose was sitting by a fire, and here was a more comfortable resting-place for Reginald. Rose too, was glad of his company, for her mother had been called away, and she found the remaining in one room somewhat irksome.

They both sat looking into the fire for some time, and then Rose said, 'Shall you be very sorry to go away, Reggie?'

'I shouldn't care where we went if we hadn't lost our money,' replied Reginald.

'Oh, I shall be so sorry,' exclaimed Rose; 'I don't know how I shall be able to part with Frisk and Mayfly; and mamma says we can't take any chickens

or gold fish. But it's much worse for her and papa than it is for us, Reggie; don't you see; so, of course, I don't grumble.'

'Well then, I do, and I shall to the end of the chapter, it's the only consolation one has.'

'Next week seems so very soon,' said Rose presently, notwithstanding her resolution not to grumble. 'Where's Harry, I wonder, Reggie?'

'Where he always is, cramming away at his books.'

'I do hope he'll get it,' said Rose.

'Get what?'

'Oh, dear; oh, dear, what shall I do? I oughtn't to have said a word, and I can't tell you a single thing more, so, please, don't ask me.'

'Oh, pray keep your grand secrets; I don't want to know them. You always were a sly, queer pair of children, and no doubt you look down on people who are not quite so wonderful. But let me tell you, Rose, it's no manner of use Harry trying to stick on at school. It costs my father two hundred a-year for each of us, and he hasn't got more than that in the world now certain, to keep us all.'

'Oh, but we can live on it,' said Rose, who had no idea whatever of the cost of a single thing beyond buttons and ribbons, and perhaps a fishing-rod, or croquet set. 'Two hundred pounds every year is a great deal of money to some people. Why only fancy Mrs. Morton; she has one shilling a-week and some bread, besides what Kate earns when she's well. And there are all the Symonds, they haven't got more than twenty-five pounds a-year, and they can live: why can't we then on eight times twenty-five?'

'You are more of a simpleton than I took you for, Rose. Don't you see, Symonds has always had only bread and cheese, and bacon, and a smock-frock, and the children are accustomed to be half naked. We have not been used to anything of the sort, and it's very hard lines.'

'I wish I was just five years older,' said Rose; 'I could go out as a governess, but it won't be long before I'm able to do something. Fraulein Speinglas said I could speak German as well as she could, and perhaps somebody would let me give some little child a lesson.'

Reginald looked intensely contemptuous, and was going to reply accordingly, when one of the servants came to say that Kate Morton wanted to see Miss Rose.

'Ask her to come up here. You needn't go away, Reginald.'

Kate, who still looked very delicate, was shown up, panting with the exertion of mounting the stairs with a big geranium in full bloom in her arms.

'Oh, Kate! your beautiful flower! have you brought it all this way to show me? How kind of you!'

'No, Miss Rose, I heard you were going away, and I thought I'd make bold to bring you my flower, and ask you to take it with you. I wish it was better.'

'It couldn't be better, Kate; it is beautiful: but I don't like to rob you of it, though I shall always value it very much.'

A few more words passed, but still Kate hesitated and lingered. 'Dear Miss Rose,' she faltered at last,

'don't be offended at what I am going to say, but you know the talk is that Mr. Palmer has lost all his money; and I thought I should be so happy if you could send me your work to do; for nothing, of course, Miss Rose, because how can I ever repay your kindness to me? I have learnt my trade, and I would do it as well as ever I could. Do you think you could?' and Kate stood with clasped hands, fearing that her request had not met with favour.

Tears, however, were in Rosy's eyes, and she was greatly afraid of breaking down altogether, which she objected to doing while Reginald was in the corner watching her. The fire flickered on his face, and she quite dreaded his making game of Kate.

'You know what you did for me, Miss Rose,' she

continued, 'I should have died if it had not been for you. You brought me wine and meat every day, when the snow was over your boots. Oh, how mother and I prayed when we heard you were ill.'

'Dear Kate,' said Rose, 'I wish you would go on praying for us. Don't pray for us to be rich, because you see God has taken our money away, and so He doesn't think it is good for us. You had better go now, Kate, but you must come again before we leave.'

Reginald pretended to be amused with what he called the romantic attachment of his sister and her dressmaker, but he really was more impressed by what he had heard than he chose to confess.

*(To be continued.)*



### MARTIN LUTHER.

**T**HE great doctrine which Luther taught was Justification by Faith alone, in other words, that man cannot save himself by his own merits. 'Merit, indeed!' Luther thought: 'what merit can there be in such a poor caitiff as man? Miserable creatures that we are, we earn our bread in sin. Till we are seven years old we do nothing but eat and drink, and sleep and play; from seven to fourteen we study three or four hours a-day, and the rest of it we run about and amuse ourselves; then we work till fifty or sixty, and then gradually we become as children again. We sleep half our lives, we give God a mere fraction of our time, we are wayward and self-indulgent, and yet we think that with our good works we can merit Heaven. What have I been doing to-day? I have talked for two hours, I have been idle for four hours, I have been at meals

two hours! Ah, enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord.'

Luther's own life was a model of quiet simplicity, he might have had money if he had wished, but he chose rather amid his enormous labour to work like St. Paul for his livelihood; he was sociable, cheerful, fond of innocent amusements, and delighted to encourage them. He was always very temperate both from habit and principle, a salt herring and a hunch of bread was his ordinary meal; and he was once two days without food, having emptied his larder among the poor. Great people often made him presents of plate, but it all went to market to be turned into clothes and food for the wretched. On reading the life of this great reformer, we are led to wish that men of like spirit may arise in our own day and generation to be the heralds of a new reformation.





### THE WAY OF DEATH.

A FEW weeks ago, being in a part of the town chiefly inhabited by working people, I tried a short cut along some back streets. But I soon found myself entangled amongst lanes and alleys where everything was filthy and wretched. A glaring gin-shop and a thriving pawnbroker's formed the only exceptions to the misery of all around. They flourished upon the poverty amongst which they grew, like the rank poisonous weeds that grow upon a dunghill.

Hearing a terrible uproar round the corner of the lane, I stood still for a few seconds to see what had

happened. Nobody else seemed to take any notice of it. Alas! such scenes are only too common in that district. A woman, mad with drink, was being dragged to the station by two policemen. The poor wretch fought, and swore, and yelled, but all in vain. Firmly, but not unkindly, the officers forced her along.

Hearing the noise, a man in the ginshop opened the door to look out and see what the uproar was about. He had evidently seen better days. His face, though sodden with drink, had a look of intelligence in it which seemed to show a good education. An old, battered hat on his head, a short black pipe in his mouth, a dirty shirt, ragged far worn clothes, down-trodden shoes, though they marked out the vagabond,

yet could not rob him of a certain look of failed gentility. Finding that it was only 'Drunken Sall' being dragged to the station again, he was returning to the counter, when his eye caught a sight upon the pavement which made him pause. Two decent, tidy-looking children, belonging apparently to some mechanic in the neighbourhood, had been sent for the dinner-beer by their parents. Standing outside the door, the girl who carried the jug was taking a long drink from it. Her little brother stood eagerly waiting his turn, and stretched out his hand to receive the jug for that purpose. The miserable man, steadying himself by the door, which he held by a feeble, trembling grasp, looked sadly at them. Before he could master his feelings enough to speak, the children had passed on. Then, drawing a long breath, he said—'Ah! that's how I began, and I can't leave off now!'

The man's look, tone, and manner, deeply interested me. I made some inquiries as to his history, and soon afterwards traced the poor fellow to his own miserable garret. I found that he was the son of a respectable manufacturing jeweller. His father gave him a good education, and bound him apprentice to a person in his own trade, thinking that he would be kept in stricter discipline, and would learn his trade better under a stranger than under his own father. The master to whom he was apprenticed drank a good deal in private, and used to send his apprentice to fetch liquor. The lad began by sipping a little from the jug or bottle on the way home, and thus acquired a habit of drinking which grew continually upon him, and which he had never been able to conquer. On the death of his father he succeeded to his business and a fair sum of money besides. But the money and the business were all gone now. They slipped through his fingers little by little, and left him the miserable wretched, ruined sot I found at the ginshop door.

It was a solemn lesson and warning. Parents, do not throw your children into this temptation. It may make them—1. Drunkards, sending them into the way of evil, and accustoming them to the public-house and the ginshop. 2. Thieves; for if they get to like drink they will help themselves to it, thinking it will not be missed; and if they begin by stealing from you, they will not end there. 3. Liars; for they will be sure to deny that they have drunk any when they are called to account for it.—*Cot-tager and Artizan.*

#### A SOFT ANSWER.

I FOUND your cows in the lane this morning,' said a man to another who lived near him, in a country where fences are not as good as they are in this; 'I found your cows in the lane and put them into pound, and I'll do it again.'

'I found your cows in my wheat the other day,' said the neighbour; 'I turned them out, put them back into your field, and I'll do it again.'

The two then parted. Soon afterwards, when the last-mentioned farmer went to get his cows out of the pound, he found, that they had been already taken out and put back into his own field. I wonder who did it!

#### PAT BRADY'S LEAP.

A Tale of Canada. By Wm. H. G. Kingston.



PAT BRADY is the only man who ever leaped over the Chaudière Falls, or, as the English settlers call it, the Kettle of the Ottawa river, and what is more, neither he nor any other man, with a grain of sense in his head, is ever likely to try and do it again. Pat Brady wouldn't have been in the way of doing it if he had had sense in his head at the time, but, to say the truth, whatever amount he possessed had been driven by what drives the sense out of many a man's head, and brings him to ruin and death, as it did Pat Brady's mates—drink.

Pat was a lumberer. What that means shall presently be told. Over to the west, where the sun sets across the broad Atlantic Ocean, is America, a large part of the north of which, called Canada, belongs to England. A big river, the St. Lawrence, as big almost as all the rivers of England put together, runs from west to east, that is, from one side to the other. Into it from the north-west, and about half way along its course, runs another big river, the Ottawa. This river is again filled by numerous other rivers with branches, like net-work, flowing from the far north through thick forests of tall pine-trees, hundreds and hundreds of miles away from the sea.

The business of a lumberer is to cut down these tall trees and to bring them to the port of Quebec, a long way down the St. Lawrence, where they are put on board ships and brought to England. This could only be done, without great expense, in a country full of rivers, with a climate like that of the north of Canada, where for four months of the year the rivers are frozen over, and the ground is covered with snow. Lumberers work in large parties under headmen, who provide stores and provisions, and direct their operations. As the autumn approaches they proceed in canoes up the Ottawa from Ottawa city, where many of them live, and branch off into some stream entering it on the north shore. They camp at night and paddle on all day, singing as they paddle, for they are a merry though a rough set of fellows. After some weeks' voyage, having reached the forest, they build their huts and mark the trees which they intend to fell. As soon as the snow has fallen sufficiently thick to form a road, they begin to cut down the trees, to lop off the boughs, and to square them into logs. A road is then formed to the river by beating the snow hard, and over this the logs are dragged and placed side by side, being secured also together with their ends down the stream. The number of logs thus fastened together is according to its width. Here the rafts remain till the summer sun melts the ice, when one or two men, with long poles and oars, getting on each raft, the downward voyage commences. As the stream widens, more logs are secured together. There are, however, rapids and falls across most of the streams, where the logs if allowed to pass would receive much injury.



To avoid these, narrow and shallow canals have been formed with smooth, wooden bottoms, and just water enough to float a log is allowed to pass along them. When therefore any falls are approached, the rafts are taken to pieces and each log is floated into the slide, down which it slips into smooth water. When a sufficient number have slid down, the raft is again made up, and proceeds on its voyage. When all the rapids are passed, at Montreal, one huge raft is formed, like a floating island, with houses on it, and masts and sails, and thus it proceeds majestically down the St. Lawrence.

Among the best known master lumberers, some years ago, was a fine tall old man, a French Canadian, that is to say, descended from French settlers, Jean Mafron by name. He had seen much of the world, and had accompanied Sir John Simpson in his journey across North America and Russia. By maintaining strict discipline and keeping his men from getting drunk, rarely did any accident occur with any of his rafts. He employed, when he could get them, people of his own race, the French Canadians, because they were the most sober; when he could not, he engaged English or Scotch, as being the most hardy and enduring, but only in an extremity would he employ the Irish. Why was this? They were hardy enough, and brave as brave could be, but they would quarrel; they would not obey orders, and they would drink whenever they had the chance.

Two rafts had come down the Ottawa together, many hundred miles from the interior; one manned by Canadians was commanded by Jean Mafron, the other had several Irish on board. Near the slides, on the bank, low grog-shops have been established. To one of these some of the Irish had resorted; among them was Pat Brady, who had a wonderful knack of running his head into danger and getting out of it. Those, however, said this who forgot that not a sparrows falls to the ground but God knows of it, and that when Pat Brady got out of danger, it was through God's mercy, not by his own cleverness. Pat Brady was to learn this lesson in a way which, careless as he was, he could not gainsay.

The two rafts had reached the Kettle Falls just above Ottawa city, then called Bytown. The river above the falls is of great width; the water flows smoothly along till it gets to the top of a high and rugged wall of rock stretching directly across the stream; over this the water rushes impetuously, and falls down some fifty feet or so, breaking into masses of foam and whirling round and round till it once more resumes its tranquil state, and glides smoothly on beneath the high cliffs, on which Ottawa City, the capital of the province, stands.

The old lumberer captain, Jean Mafron, having seen his own raft taken carefully to pieces and sent down the slide, walked on to the magnificent iron suspension bridge, which here spans the broad stream, and stood anxiously watching the proceedings of the people of the other raft, to which Pat Brady belonged. He had seen the Irish part of the crew go into one of the grog-shops in spite of their captain's warning, and now they had come out and had

begun to take the raft to pieces. While thus employed, a part of the raft, on which were four men, Pat Brady being one, was separated from the rest. It quickly drifted out into the stream. In vain those on it tried to urge it back to the shore; they strained every nerve; their oars were useless in the rapid stream; their poles could not reach the bottom; so quickly were they carried out, that before a boat or canoe could put off to their assistance, they had got into that furious part of the rapids into which no boat or canoe could venture. The unhappy men had scarcely time to be aware even that they were doomed and to utter a prayer, before the raft struck the rocks. It instantly separated into as many pieces as there were logs, each of which came whirling down towards the falls. Three of the poor wretches disappeared among the tumultuous waves, but the fourth clung to the end of a log with the grasp of despair.

The huge tree reached nearly to the edge of the cataract, still he retained his hold, and, in all human probability, another moment would prove his last. Just then the current turned the log, so that the opposite end to that which he clung pointed on towards the fall. On it went with still greater velocity, and then balancing for an instant on the brink of the chasm, the end to which he held was lifted up high in the air, and he was projected as from a catapult far out into the smooth water below the caldron. No one expected even then to see him again, but uninjured he rose to the surface, and striking out boldly towards the shore, he was picked up by one of the many canoes which put off to his assistance.

Whatever Pat Brady might once have thought of his own cleverness, he had to confess that in this case it was of no avail; and it is to be hoped that he became a sober, a wiser, and more reflecting man than heretofore, and that he was preserved from that fearful danger by God's gracious providence for some good purpose towards himself and others.

### ARCHBISHOP POTTER.

**A** RCHBISHOP POTTER was the son of a poor farmer in Oxfordshire. On one of his public days, when many noblemen and gentlemen of high rank were at his table, his servant came in to inform him that a venerable-looking man was inquiring for him, and insisted on seeing John Potter (the archbishop).

The archbishop, on further inquiry, gave orders that a chair should be placed at his right hand, and that the old man should be brought in. When the farmer entered the room, the archbishop introduced to the assembled noblemen his own aged father, and begged his father's blessing in their presence, and declared to them all the double delight which he felt, when he could welcome his parent in his own prosperity and remember the humility of his home and think of the happiness of his father in looking on and blessing his successful son.







THE RABBIT.



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# Chatterbox.



On the Ice.





### A GALLANT RESCUE.

By Rev. J. Horden, of Moose, Rupert's Land.

HO has not heard of the great bridge across the river St. Lawrence, two miles in length? As I was crossing it a little while since, it brought to my mind a circumstance which occurred here a few years ago, before the noble bridge united the two banks of the river.

In the middle of the river there is, nearly opposite to Montreal, an island called St. Helen, between which and the shore, space about three-quarters of a mile broad, the river runs with great rapidity, yet so cold is the weather in winter that it is then always frozen. But in the spring the melting of the snow in the interior creates such a body of water as rapidly breaks up the frozen surface; and the icy blocks, tumbling, cracking, crumbling, rush onward to the sea.

There is always danger in crossing just before this takes place, as there is no knowing the exact time at which the break-up will take place. On St. Helen's a small detachment of soldiers was stationed, and many of the soldiers, well wrapped up, were employed in attending to the road across it to Montreal.

Suddenly a thundering noise announced to them that the break-up had begun. The ice before them writhed, heaved up, burst into fragments, and the whole mass gradually moved downwards, except a small portion which remained riveted to the shore of St. Helen, like an artificial pier.

Just at this moment a little girl was seen on the ice in the middle of the river in an attitude of agony and alarm. Unobserved, she had attempted to cross over to Montreal, and was hardly half-way when the ice all around her gave way. The child's fate seemed inevitable, but a young sergeant distinctly uttered to himself 'Quick march!' and, in obedience thereto, fixing his eyes on the child, he steadily struggled on towards her.

Sometimes just before him, sometimes just behind him, an immense piece of ice would pause, rear up on end, and roll over, so as now and again to hide him altogether from view. Sometimes he was seen jumping from a piece that was beginning to rise, and then, like a white bear, carefully clambering down a piece that was beginning to sink; however, onwards he went, until reaching the little island of ice on which the child stood, he firmly grasped her by the hand.

But meanwhile he had floated so far down the river that his movements were visible only with the aid of spy-glasses; with these he was seen sometimes leading the child, sometimes carrying her, sometimes halting, and again running double quick; and so he continued until he was entirely lost sight of by his comrades, who now gave them up as lost.

Still on they went, until towards evening they were discovered by some French Canadians, who, at

great risk, humanely pushed off in a canoe to their assistance, and thus rescued them from their perilous situation. The Canadians took them to their home, and, at last, in due time they returned to St. Helen's. The child was happily restored to her parents, and the brave sergeant quietly returned to his barracks.—*The Story from Sir Francis Head's Emigrant.*

### GROVE LODGE.

(Continued from page 92.)

#### CHAPTER VI.



FOUR years pass quickly, and are not long in passing; but if we take a look at the Palmer family four years after we last saw them, it will appear that they are sufficient to work a great change. In a small house to the north of London, among many half-finished terraces and squares, with the smoke of brickfields all round them, they now lived. A few cherished articles had been saved from the sale, and two or three water-colour drawings framed. These gave an air of refinement to the room where Mrs. Palmer and her eldest daughter sat at needlework.

But most of the furniture was of the very plainest, and the business now on hand was the turning and contriving of some old garments, which were to look as well as new by-and-by. Mrs. Palmer's hair was thickly streaked with white, and her face was careworn, though quite calm. Amy had grown into a tall, elegant girl, who looked as well in her print gown, and clean collar and cuffs, as she ever did in her silks and muslins.

'Mamma,' she said at last, 'I really think if it were not for Reginald, that we should be as happy as we were at Grove Lodge. I do wish he would not grumble so.'

'So do I, dear, often; but wishing will not mend matters. I sometimes think that the trial may have been sent to save him, though it does not seem to have done its work yet. But I think if he had had every thing his own way, it would have been still worse for him.'

'Well, I think it did me good,' said Amy; 'for when I saw how you and papa bore it all, it seemed so wicked of us to make it harder for you. And, besides, mamma, the world is not so forgetful and cruel, after all, as people say, or else the friends we had when we were rich wouldn't write to us now, or care to notice us.'

'They don't mind writing, dear Amy, but I doubt if they would come to see us.'

'But Henry Maitland came;' and Amy's cheeks were all on fire.

'I know he did; but, darling, papa says he must not come again,—not yet awhile at least, till, if it please God, we may be able to right ourselves.'

Amy's countenance fell, and she said, 'I see,' but it was evident she had her own little day-dreams,



and that they were not extinguished. And now Rose burst in,—

'Mamma, here it is! he said he would send a paper by train if he got it, and here is the paper directed to you. It has this moment come.'

Harry had gone in for an Indian appointment, and entirely through his own industry and determination he had succeeded. The sisters for the moment only remembered the pleasure of this, and as yet did not realize what their home would be without him. It was not till they turned and saw the tears on their mother's work that they felt what it would be.

'Why, mother, dear,' cried Rose, 'you didn't cry once all the time we were packing up and moving, and now Harry has got what we so wished for, you are sorry.'

'I am very thankful, Rosy, too, and when I have been by myself for a little while, you shall have no reason to complain.'

'Poor mamma!' exclaimed both the girls as Mrs. Palmer left the room, and they heard her first little sob. 'Oh, Rosy, if it had only been Reginald!'

'Reginald!' said Rose, in scorn, 'the idea of its being Reginald! Why, all the time Harry was working, Reggie was lounging about smoking.'

'Did you hear what papa said last night?' asked Amy.

'No; what did he say?'

'He said he would give Reginald one month in which to make up his mind whether he would go into his office; and if not, or if by that time he got nothing to do, he would have him here no longer.'

'That won't do any good. Papa will not turn him out-of-doors.'

'I am not so sure. Papa gets very angry, and well he may. Besides, Reggie spends money instead of helping to earn it.'

Harry's welcome from mother and sisters was a silent, close embrace, and from his father a long clasp of hands. Nobody spoke, but a new feeling was mixed up in their minds with the thought of Harry. The bright, unselfish boy was becoming a man who would early begin the battle of life, and though there were still some months before the parting, the fear of it was often present to their minds.

'You remember the eighteen pounds, father,' said Harry, one day, 'that you wouldn't take when we left Grove Lodge, though I so much wished you to have it. Well, I put it by, and it will save you expense now.'

'Thank you, my boy, it will, but business is brighter again, and I hope to start you better than I could have done a year ago. As for Reginald, I have given up all hope of starting him. He must go his own way.'

Neither of them recollected that this was the very day month on which his father had made the distinct threat about his future, till meal after meal found his place empty. It was many hours before any alarm was felt, for he often went into town, and it was supposed that he had gone to-day. His father and Harry were later than usual that night, and so no inquiry could be made immediately. But the truth was apparent when his room was examined.

All his clothes and belongings were gone, and not a word or a clue was left behind. Nor had he said a word to any one. Amy remembered his expressing a desire to emigrate, and telegrams were sent to the ports, but the whole family felt that unless reduced by sheer necessity, he would never return.

Harry's face was whiter and more grief-stricken than it had ever been before, but he never told the reason. None in that house ever knew that Harry's own little cash-box had been forced open, and every sixpence taken. Luckily, most of his savings had been put in the bank, but this money had been taken out to buy books for his work. He hardly knew how to do without it, but the loss of it was not what troubled him. If Reginald had gone away with a clear conscience his brother would not have cared. What he felt was, that now he could never come home, for he would not dare to look his brother in the face.

And then he sat down and began to blame himself. If he had not refused to lend, would Reginald have stolen? But then, again, he had often lent, and the money had gone in tobacco or some other self-indulgence. Day after day passed, and no tidings were heard of Reginald. The mother was naturally the most anxious, but even she at last learned to hope that he had really sought and found some employment. He had always been affectionate to her, and she knew that if he were in sickness or distress he would crave for her. Nay, she was confident that he was doing so now, wherever he might be, and she could not hide from herself that his character required more chastisement than it had yet undergone.

#### CHAPTER VII.

THOSE two sovereigns which Reginald had taken were to do a work of which Harry Palmer little dreamed. However selfish and indolent he might be, Reginald had never before been guilty of a dishonest action. While he was considering whether he should help himself to Harry's money, he had been able to convince himself that he should repay it, and that borrowing from his own brother was not stealing. But when he had actually taken it out of the house, and knew that it was out of his power to repay it, he had an overpowering sense of the degradation of what he had done.

He had started away from home with hardly any plan for the future, and he had been so intent on getting clear off without leaving a trace behind him that the difficulties in store for him had hardly taken any form. As he went up to town he vaguely wondered what wages the railway men got, and whether it was much bother to mind the points, and so by turns various callings passed in review before his mind's eye.

He had always had a great liking for the sea, and as the impossibility of living for any length of time on two sovereigns struck him more forcibly every moment, he determined to make his way to the river in the first instance, and failing that, to Liverpool.

Reginald Palmer had never till now realised the feelings of a tramp. He had often gone through unfrequented streets because his clothes were not fashionable; but now he was obliged to seek food

and shelter in a low, bad neighbourhood, reeking with vice and filth. The spring evening brought to his recollection the hawthorn hedges and snowdrops of his home in the country, and he turned in disgust and loathing from the squalor and dirt which met him at every turn. And then he looked over a forest of masts and rigging which lay before him in the river.

'Can anybody get a place on board?' asked he of a man who was lounging about with his hands in his pockets.

The man surveyed Reginald from head to foot, and then said, 'What sort of a place, young man?'

'Any place in a ship that's going a good way off.'

'No place in particular, then? I say, that don't look well, young man! Them's mostly the questions as people asks who's a-been doing of something wrong—taking summut as don't belong to 'em, or suchlike.'

'Oh! that's not my reason,' said Reginald, feeling, however, rather hot and queer. 'I want to earn my living, and can't do it on shore.'

'Hast got a father and mother?'

'Yes, they know I've come away; but that is my own look-out, you know.'

'They'd best have seen as you came to a respectable place, which this here is not. You take my advice, young man, and get out of it. Or look here. Down the river there t'other side's a place where the captains of some of the craft go; a sort of office, you see. Mayhap to-morrow morning you'll catch a master.'

Reginald thanked the man, and by means of a penny steamer got over at the place indicated, but no captains were there to-night, and weary and desolate enough he felt. He got a better lodging than his means warranted, but he had not yet shaken off his daintiness, and could not make up his mind to dirt and squalor.

He could not help thinking of his mother and his home too, as she knew he would, and he wondered whether any of them were sorry he was gone, and whether Harry would tell about the money. He had not much fear of that; he remembered too well the many instances in which his brother had screened him and borne blame which he himself deserved. And the more he thought of Harry the more determined he felt to repay him. At home Reginald knew that he was thought idle and good for nothing—he would show them that they were mistaken. That paltry two pounds should be returned with interest.

Reginald fell asleep that night with the low, quiet wash of the river, and the creaking of masts and timbers in his ears; and his dreams were filled with a wonderful confusion of people, and things, and places, which it would take years of sensible waking moments to unravel and set straight.

The face of Margaret Gray somehow mixed itself up with everything, and Mr. Gray's study at Grove was turned as if by magic into a ship's cabin—and surely that was Mr. Gray's voice praying for those that travel by land or by water. Was Margaret praying too?

(To be concluded in our next.)

## TWO SIDES TO FORTUNE.



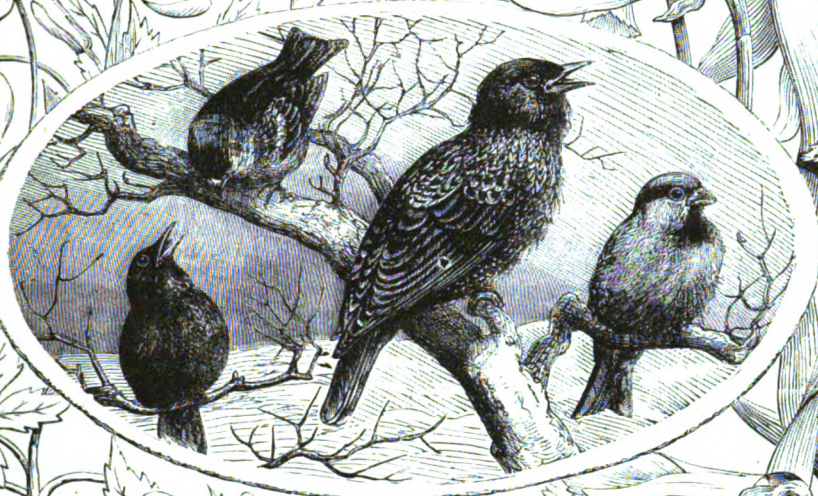
YOUNG Rajah once said to his Vizier, 'How is it that I am so often ill? I take great care of myself; I never go out in the rain; I wear warm clothes; I eat good food. Yet I am always catching cold, or getting fever in spite of all precautions.'

'Overmuch care is worse than none at all,' answered the Vizier, 'which I will soon prove to you.'

So he invited the Rajah to accompany him for a walk in the fields. Before they had gone very far they met a poor shepherd. The shepherd was accustomed to be out all day long,

tending his flock; he had only a coarse cloak on, which was hardly thick enough to protect him from the rain and cold—from the dews by night, and the sun by day; his food was parched corn, his drink water; and he lived out in the fields in a small hut made of plaited palm-branches. The Vizier said to the Rajah, 'You know perfectly well what hard lives these poor shepherds lead. Ask this one if he often suffers from the exposure which he is obliged to undergo.' The Rajah did as the Vizier told him, and asked the shepherd whether he did not often suffer from rheumatism, cold, and fever. The shepherd answered, 'Perhaps it will surprise you, sir, to hear that I never suffer from either the one or the other. From childhood I have been accustomed to endure the extremes of heat and cold, and I suppose that is why they never affect me.' At this the Rajah was very much astonished, and he said to the Vizier, 'I own I am surprised: but doubtless this shepherd is an extraordinarily strong man, whom nothing would ever affect.' 'We shall see,' said the Vizier; and he invited the shepherd to the palace. There, for a long time, the shepherd was taken great care of; he was never permitted to get out in the sun or rain, he had good food and good clothes, and he was not allowed to sit in a draught or get his feet wet. At the end of some months the Vizier sent for him into a marble courtyard, the floor of which he caused to be sprinkled with water. The shepherd had been for some time so little used to exposure of kind, that wetting his feet caused him to take cold, the place felt to him chilly and damp after the palace; he rapidly became worse, and in spite of all the doctor's care, he died. 'Where is our friend the shepherd?' asked the Rajah, a few days afterwards; 'he surely could not have caught cold merely by treading on the marble floor you had caused to be sprinkled with water?' 'Alas!' answered the Vizier, 'the result was worse than I had anticipated; the poor shepherd caught cold, and is dead. Having been lately accustomed to overmuch care, the sudden change of temperature killed him. You see now to what dangers we are exposed from which the poor are exempt. It is thus that Nature equalises her best gifts; wealth and comfort tend too frequently to destroy health and shorten life.'





## SPARROWS AND STARLINGS.

By H. G. Adams.



Of course the readers of *Chatterbox* know the Sparrow—the Cock Sparrow, as he is commonly called, and have read the tragical story of the death of poor Robin Redbreast shot by his bow and arrow.

And here he is, briskest and pertest of birds, with his head on one side as usual, picking a quarrel with my lady Starling, who opens her beak as if she were very angry indeed, and scolding away at



a terrible rate, while Mr. Starling sits on the tree-trunk near, and he, too, looks angry and excited. That other Sparrow near him sits all of-a-heap, as we sometimes say, as though he were either sulky or cold, perhaps it is both, for the landscape looks bare and desolate, there are no leaves on the trees, and the ground is covered with snow. And this will account, perhaps, for our finding the Sparrows and the Starlings together; for they are not generally seen in company except in very severe weather, when birds of all kinds congregate, as we call it, in flocks.

So here we have a quartette of singers by no means musical, for the wild notes of the Starling consist only of a harsh scream and a kind of chatter, although it can be taught to whistle tunes, and to talk with great distinctness; while, as for the Sparrow, we all know what kind of a songster he is, he twitters and chirps as he hops about sideways, picking up all sorts of trifles, but who ever heard him sing?

The Starling, sometimes called the Stare, is really a very beautiful bird; its dark glossy plumes have purple and green gleams playing over them, and the yellowish white edgings of the feathers make triangular spots and markings, which relieve the darker portions, and produce a very lively effect.

In winter time it is not unusual to see immense flocks of these birds, which generally then fly close together, and shift their positions with as much regularity as if they did so at the word of command; they may be seen in all parts of the country, on the wildest, uncultivated districts of the north of Scotland, as well as in the southern counties of England. All on a sudden, a dark cloud of them, which had been flying high above the bare tree-tops, come down upon the open pasture or ploughed field, and begin to run nimbly in all directions, searching for worms and insect food, which they dig up very dexterously with their claws, keeping up the while an incessant chatter; if a gun be fired, or any loud noise made, they rise with a harsh scream to seek another and a safer feeding ground.

They build their nests in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, often high up in the fissures of rocks, in church-steeple, or among ruins, in company with the jackdaws and owls; and sometimes these nests are very strange structures indeed. One built in an out-house on a farm is described as being nearly six feet long, and containing at least half a truss of straw. Most collectors possess a pair of their greenish-grey eggs, and everybody has, or can easily get, those of the pert House-sparrow, which is, perhaps, the best known of all British birds, so, of course, we must sing a song about him:—

Up upon the chimney-top,  
Underneath the eaves,  
Picking up the scattered grain,  
By the autumn sheaves;  
Hopping on the barn-floor,  
In the kennel peeping,  
Where old Tray, the trusty dog,  
Lieth calmly sleeping.  
Feasting with the sheep, the pigs,  
And all creatures living;  
Borrowing, returning not,  
Taking, never giving;

Bold and bright-eyed plunderer,  
Thatch nor stack thou sparest,  
For the mischief wrought by thee,  
Little 'tis thou carest.

Let the seed and grain be sown,  
Thou art there exulting,  
Picking, pecking, with a look,  
As it seems, insulting  
To the farmer and his man;  
But the boy with clappers  
He begins, and soon you make  
Of your wings air-flappers.

On the scarecrow you will perch,  
Though its rags be flying  
In the wind, and fluttering  
With an air defying;  
But the thunder of the gun  
Sends you, helter-skelter,  
Far away into the woods—  
Anywhere for shelter.

Yet for all that thou dost take,  
From the field and garden,  
Thou mayst plead successfully.  
With the *just* for pardon;  
'Tis but payment for the work  
Which for man thou doest,  
Where the most thou labourest,  
Insect pests are fewest.

Then away with snare and gun,  
Welcome to the Sparrow,  
By the door and window-sill.  
By the plough and harrow;  
Spare his nest and little ones,  
Spare the blithesome creature,  
God created him to live  
As befits his nature.

### THE LITTLE STRANGER.



HOUGH a man of very strict principles, no man ever enjoyed a joke more than Dr. Byron; he had a vast fund of humour, an ever-ready wit, and with children, particularly, he loved to chat familiarly, and draw them out. As he was one day passing into the house, he was accosted by a very little boy, who asked him if he wanted any sauce, meaning vegetables. The doctor inquired if such a little boy was a market-man. 'No, sir, my father,' was the prompt answer. The doctor said, 'Bring me in some squashes,' and passed into the house, sending out the money. In a few moments the child returned, bringing back the change; the doctor told him he was welcome to it; but the child would not take it, saying his father would blame him.

Such singular manners in a child attracted Dr. Byron's attention, and he began to examine the child attentively; he was evidently poor, his little jacket was pieced and patched with almost every kind of cloth, and his trowsers darned with so many colours it was difficult to tell the original fabric, but scrupulously neat and clean withal. The boy very quietly endured the scrutiny of the doctor, till he said:

'You seem a tidy little boy ; won't you come and live with me and be a doctor ?'

'Yes, sir,' said the child.

'Spoken like a man,' said the doctor, patting his head as he dismissed him.

A few weeks passed on, when one day Jim came to say there was a little boy with a bundle downstairs, wanting to see the doctor, and would not tell his business to any one else. 'Send him up,' was the answer ; and in a few moments he recognised the boy of the squashes : he was dressed in a new, though coarse suit of clothes, his hair was neatly combed, his shoes brushed up, and a little bundle, tied in a homespun checked handkerchief, on his arm. Deliberately taking off his hat, and laying it down with his bundle, he walked up to the doctor, saying, 'I have come, sir.'

'Come for what, my child ?'

'To live with you and be a doctor,' said the child.

The first impulse of the doctor was to laugh outright ; but the gravity of the little boy rather sobered him, as he recalled, too, his former conversation, and he avowed he never felt so perplexed in his life. At that time he felt he needed no addition to his family.

'Did your father consent to your coming ?' he asked.

'Yes, sir.'

'What did he say ?'

'I told him you wanted me to come and live with you and be a doctor, and he said you were a very good man, and I might come as soon as my clothes were ready.'

'And your mother, what did she say ?'

'She said Dr. Byron would do just what he said he would, and God had provided for me. And,' said he, 'I have on a new suit of clothes, surveying himself, and here is another in the bundle, undoing the kerchief, and displaying them, with two little shirts, white as snow, and a couple of neat checked aprons, so carefully folded, it was plain none but a mother could have done it. The doctor was deeply touched at hearing the fearless, the undoubting trust with which that poor couple had bestowed their child upon him—and such a child, and he called for the wife of his bosom, saying, 'Susan, dear, I think we pray in church that God will have mercy upon all young children.'

'To be sure we do,' said the wondering wife ; 'and what then ?'

'And the Saviour said, "Whosoever receiveth one such little child in my name, receiveth me ;" take this child in His name, and take care of him ;' and from that hour this good couple received the boy to their hearts and home. It did not then occur to them that one of the most eminent physicians and best men of the age stood before them in the person of that child ; it did not occur to them that this little creature, thus thrown upon their charity, was destined to be their staff and stay in declining age—a protector to their daughters, and more than son to themselves ; all this was not then revealed ; but they cheerfully received the child that they believed God had committed to their care : and if ever beneficence was rewarded, it was in this instance.

## EVERY COUNTRY HAS ITS GIFTS.

SIR John Malcolm states that an Arab woman, an inhabitant of Abusheber, came to England with the children of a Mr. Beauman. She remained in this country four years. When she returned, her country people gathered round her to gratify their curiosity about England. 'What did you see there ? Is it a fine country ? Are the people rich ? Are they happy ?'

She answered 'The country is like a garden. The people are rich : they have fine clothes, fine houses, fine horses, fine carriages, and are said to be wise and happy.'

At this her friends were filled with envy of the English and a gloom spread over them which showed their discontent at their own condition. They were departing in this mood when the woman happened to say—

'England certainly wants one thing.'

'What is that ?' said the Arabs eagerly.

'There is not a single palm-tree in all the country.'

'Not a date-tree ? Are you sure ?' was the general exclamation.

'Positive,' said the old nurse, 'for I looked for nothing else all the time I was there, but I looked in vain.' The Arabs in a moment became cheerful, and they separated, pitying the English and rejoicing that it was their good fortune to possess the date-tree.—*Quiver.*

## 'MILK, OH!'

THE London milkman, with his smock-frock or fustian jacket, his cans and his yokes, is as regular a visitor as the postman or the baker. Early in the morning, before many servants are out of bed he has dropped a full can of milk into the area, and drawn up the empty measure to take the place of the full one. Again in the afternoon the cry of the milkman is heard once more, and this time he is enabled to pay a longer visit, and perhaps have a chat on the area-steps while he measures out the milk for the evening meal.

The milkman usually carries two large cans supported upon a wooden yoke. When he arrives at a customer's door he unshoulders his yoke, and cries 'mewh.' Some persons suppose that his cry is to imitate a cow, but all who have heard it will agree that the imitation is not a good one. It sometimes happens that mischievous street-boys overturn the cans while the milkman is making a long gossip in the area. Such boys ought to be punished, but it is no easy matter to catch them, because they run off immediately they have done the mischief.

Thousands of gallons of milk are consumed every day in London, and in order to meet the supply companies have been formed to bring milk by railway from various country places. It is quite a sight to see the milk-cans unloaded from some of the trains on the Great Northern, the Great Western, South Western, and other lines of railway.

Numerous dairies, however, may be found in the suburbs of London, and large quantities of milk are supplied by them ; but it frequently happens that the



'Milk, oh!'

poor cows who yield the milk are shut up in barns, and seldom or never see the green fields or meadows. Sometimes when a new dairy opens in a neighbourhood the cows are driven in procession in front of a cart which contains the milk-cans and the proprietor, and on the cart is pasted a placard stating that the best milk may be had at moderate prices.

The writer has oftentimes seen a couple of cows driven through the streets by their owner who professed to sell 'new milk from the cow, milked into your own jugs.' Some of our readers may have seen the cow in St. James's Park, that stands ready to produce 'new milk' for those who require such a dainty.

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# Chatterbox.



The Sailor Boy.

## THE SAILOR-BOY.

THE ship has nearly gained the shore :  
 From distant oceans she has sailed—  
 The shock of waves and tempest roar  
 Have fought against her, but have failed.  
 Again the storm is gathering fast ;  
 Again the blast is howling loud ;  
 And shall she not reach port at last,  
 In spite of wind, and wave, and cloud ?  
 The blast blows strong, the sea rolls high,  
 The ship is tossed from wave to wave,  
 And some on board with terror cry,  
 And some hope ever, and are brave.  
 From the mast-head that strains and creaks  
 Young Jack peers out with all his might ;  
 And now to him the captain speaks—  
 'Ho, boy ! what is there meets your sight ?'  
 No answer for the moment came ;  
 Then gave the boy a sudden cry :  
 'Breakers ahead !'—a cry to tame  
 The wildest heart—a call to die.  
 'Cast, cast the anchor ! Port the helm !'  
 Too late, too late—she strikes the rock !  
 The waves her broken prow o'erwhelm,  
 The vessel sinks beneath the shock.  
 'Lower the boats ! Seize each an oar !'  
 How eagerly they press around !  
 But ere they reach the distant shore,  
 The boats are sunk, and all are drowned.  
 There's hope for those left on the deck :  
 The life-boat's launched from yonder strand,  
 And rides the waves—a tiny speck—  
 With brave and hardy fellows manned.  
 'Hurrah ! hurrah !—the boat is here !'  
 And room for all they scarcely find,  
 Then back they—Hark, a cry of fear !  
 One sailor-boy is left behind !  
 Toat generous, self-forgetting lad  
 Gave place to all the rest, and perished ;  
 This memory of a death so sad,  
 So glorious, should by all be cherished.—H.

## GROVE LODGE.

(Continued from page 100.)

## CHAPTER VIII.



KATE MORTON had now arrived at the dignity of a dressmaker on her own account, and a neat little brass plate on her door announced the fact. Lady Maitland patronised her, and allowed her maid to show her the fashions, and very soon Miss Morton was obliged to have apprentices of her own, while her mother managed the house and sat in a comfortable back parlour.

It was now seven years since Mr. Palmer had been obliged to leave his home, and those years

had been steadily prosperous to him also. Once more he occupied Grove Lodge, and he stood far higher in the opinion of his neighbours than he had ever done, for they knew that he had won his way back to his former position honestly and fairly. Sir James and Lady Maitland had good reasons for rejoicing in his prosperity, for they had never been able to alienate their son from Amy, and as he would not give her up, it was of course satisfactory that her father's affairs were retrieved. And now the wedding was at hand, and at Rose's urgent request Kate Morton had been entrusted with a large order, including that for the wedding-dress.

'Mother, you may come now,' said Kate, opening the door of the little room which her mother occupied.

Mrs. Morton followed her daughter into another room, where lay in all its beauty, the finished dress of white satin and lace.

'Oh, Kate ! Oh, how could you ever do it ?' exclaimed the old woman. 'I can't think how you could undertake such a splendid thing. Do let me run and call Sally Smith, and some of the old neighbours that used to look down on us, Kate. How they would stare !'

'No, no, mother, we may look at it of course, but I couldn't make Miss Palmer's things a sight without her leave, on any account. Besides, you would make Sally envious at our good fortune, and that would not do us any good, and would do her harm.'

'Very well, child, perhaps you're right, and I'm glad, that I am, to think Miss Amy is going to be married well, for Mr. Palmer's been a kind friend to us, and he deserves good luck.'

'I'm glad it's Miss Amy instead of Miss Rose, too,' said Kate ; 'I don't think I should have been so happy to make her things if she had been going away, for she could be ill spared.'

'Do they think Mr. Reginald will come back for the wedding, Kate ?'

'They don't know where he is, mother. Miss Rose has only once spoken of him to me, and then she was so sad that I could not ask her anything. She said they had never been able to hear a word of him for certain. They thought he was at the gold-diggings in America, but all their letters were returned.'

'I used to think he would marry Miss Margaret Gray.'

'He isn't likely ever to be good enough for her, and besides, Mrs. Mason, Miss Margaret's old nurse, told me that Mr. Harry had been down ever so many times before he went to India ; so if it's anybody, it's him.'

The wedding was a grand one, and the poor people were not forgotten. They were feasted in Sir James Maitland's Park, and had a full share of the hospitality and gaieties of the day. Everybody said the bride looked beautiful, and Kate Morton was justly proud of the admiration of her dress. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer rejoiced, but to them there was ever a sad blank. Harry's was an honourable absence, of which they could speak and think with entire satisfaction. Reginald's, on the contrary, always seemed a subject to be avoided. They did

not in fact know whether he were alive or dead, nor whether he might not be plunging them into deeper sorrow than they had yet known.

They had found by bitter experience, that money troubles are not the worst which can befall parents.

Mr. Palmer's hair was whitening fast, and he would have been glad to have a son to share his toil. Much of the money he made now was given in works of charity and love, for in his adversity he had found that the only money he could look back to having spent with real satisfaction was what he had given to God.

The vanities and extravagancies of his household had brought him a feeling of shame when compared to his expenditure for charity. The whole family rested in the thought of Harry more than they owned to themselves or each other, and when it was known that he was coming home to claim Margaret Gray for his wife, their delight was great. The village, too, shared the joy, for Margaret was to many as a daughter, and Harry Palmer was considered worthy even of her.

Mr. Gray had two sons, but no other daughter, and Rose and she had been constant companions ever since Amy's marriage; for Rose said, that though Amy was just as affectionate as ever when they met, she was, somehow or other, rather more of a great lady than she used to be, and, besides, she had a husband to whom of course she told everything. The Park, with its great gates and its magnificent avenues, instead of being only two miles away, often seemed to Rose to put her at many leagues' distance from her sister. And besides, she travelled a good deal, so that Rose was either at the Rectory, or Margaret with her, most days of the week.

#### CHAPTER IX.

ONCE more the village church was bright with Christmas wreaths and texts, for it was St. John's Day, and they had not lost their freshness. It was also the wedding-day of Harry Palmer and Margaret Gray, and to-day she was to leave her home for the far-off land of India. The happy weeks of Harry's presence with them had flown too quickly, and Mr. and Mrs. Palmer were feeling this parting more than they had done the first, because they were getting older, and could not look forward with the same hope to seeing him again. It was a wedding very different from the other. The guests were then very numerous, because the Maitland family was extensive, and there was no hindrance to the gaieties. But now a subdued and chastened sense of thankfulness was all which could be felt by the parents. Margaret was motherless, and for that reason had been drawn closer to her father. She was indeed his chief joy and comfort, and he could not help looking on into his dreary future with something of dread. Rose Palmer promised to be a daughter to him, but he shook his head, and said that somebody would be sure to come and carry her off also. Rose's declaration that she should never marry had no weight in his eyes, for Margaret had once said the same.

The marriage was over. The church had been filled with villagers who sympathised in their

Rector's mingled joy and sorrow: only the family party had gathered at the Rectory, and there were no gaieties, but at the hasty meal those choked and incoherent words were spoken which are so commonplace in themselves, but yet which betoken such depth of feeling.

Only one hour remained, and Rose, who had had to think and act for everybody, left the room to give some last directions. Almost instantly she returned, and whispered something to her father which blanched his cheeks to the colour of her own: 'Reginald has come home!' That was a secret which could not be hid. It was known in the village as soon as in the house, and the fresh peal which rang out from the church-tower was not so much for Harry as for Reginald. But what a coming home! The mother's heart saw even before she clasped him in her arms that they would not have him long. Already a hand was upon him which he felt was the hand of Death, and the poor parents looked forward from the parting with one which was now so near, to another parting no less certain, and yet more heart-rending.

'I could not find you for long,' Reginald said presently, 'no one knew the name of the old place, and I never expected that you had come back to Grove, though I thought I should get tidings of you here. I landed in England from America a week ago, and have been wandering about ever since. I shall never see you again, Harry, you know, but I wanted to give you back this,' and Reginald took a little packet from his pocket. 'It must buy Margaret something to keep in memory of me.'

'She is your sister now, Reggie, and we shall come home, please God, and see you strong and well. You only want mother and Rosy to nurse you.'

'Yes, I know she is my sister, and so she may kiss me. But you must not think you will see me again, Harry. Every day tells me that I have had a hard life, but I don't regret it. You all bore with me too long, I see that now, and if I had stayed at home, I should not have learned something which trouble has taught me. Don't cry, mother, dear, I shall, perhaps, be with you a little while. You don't mind the trouble, do you?'

'The trouble?' How was it that this moment of acute sorrow had brought such rest and peace? Was it not that they had felt that the wanderer had come to his home 'in his right mind'? Were not those few words enough to show that the good Shepherd had guided the wandering sheep? And it was so. Gradually amid his temptations and hardships Reginald had been shown the truth. And when his health began to break up, and still he was thrown with the godless companions of his own choice, he yearned for the purity of his home, and for the touch of his mother's hand. His father's voice, too, which had once seemed cold and stern—How he longed to hear only one word of forgiveness spoken by it! His love for Margaret had been of use to him, boyish as it was, and it was a secret which must now die with him.

And now must come the solemn moment of parting. Amy and her husband stood a little apart, the mother sat by Reginald, and remained there after



the last embrace, while one after the other left the room, for the carriage which was to take away Harry and his wife was at the door; and when the last sound of the departing wheels was heard, then the weeping mother went to her room, and there she earnestly prayed that her children might be reunited in the blessed Home where there will be no

parting, where the Eternal Father will gather His family into mansions not made with hands.

For a few months Reginald was spared to her, and then in deep penitence and humility he passed away. Harry prospers, and Rose has fulfilled her promise, and is a daughter to Mr Gray, for she has married his youngest son, who is also his curate.



### MOHAVE.

AN ATHLETIC GAME FROM NORTH AMERICA.

A TRAVELLER gives an account of a game he saw played by some Mohave Indians, near whose village he and his companions encamped.

The Mohaves are a large tribe inhabiting the valleys in the neighbourhood of the Colorado River, not far from the borders of California.

These Mohaves seem to be good-natured, merry fellows, peaceably disposed towards those who are inclined to be friendly with them, and who will respect their customs and prejudices. They do not trouble themselves much as to the quantity of their clothing, but then they make up for that by painting their copper-tinted bodies from head to foot with every variety of colour and device.

The Mohaves came in great numbers round the travellers, their naked bodies painted most strangely in rings, lines and figures of red, white, blue, black,

and yellow. Most of them kept constantly moving, running, skipping, dancing, dodging in and out between each other, while a few stood aside in groups or singly, leaning on their long bows. Their wild movements, shouts and shrieking laughter, made them appear more like a troop of demons than the good-natured creatures they really were.

At last, by two and two, some of the strange figures left the crowd, carrying in their hands slender poles about sixteen feet long! The two players placed themselves near one another, holding the poles high up, and one of them having in his hand a ring made of strips of bark, about four inches in diameter.

Lowering the poles, both rushed forward, and at the same moment the one who held the ring rolled it on before him, and both threw the poles, so that one fell to the right, and the other to the left of it, and stopped its course. Without pausing an instant they then snatched up the ring and the poles, and





‘Standing up among his crew on a Sunday.’

P. 110.

repeated the same movements back again over the same piece of ground, which was about forty feet long.

They continued this game for hours, scarcely stopping a minute; and though some of the Indian spectators joined them, and were as much absorbed in the game as the players themselves, they would by no means allow the travellers to come nearer that they might make out the meaning of it; and so it is not clear whether the poles ought to have gone through the ring or were intended to pass by the side of it.

Perhaps out of this traveller's tale some of our young readers might invent a game to be played with a number of rings, say eight or a dozen. Let a space of fifty or a hundred paces be measured off. Let each player be provided with a long slender pole. Let one first take all the rings, and start a-head; and, as he places them on the ground, the other must catch them up on his pole. All should be placed in the lengths of the course. Any rings missed would count against him. Then let the other player take the rings, and going a-head place them along the

line. While his comrade tries to pole them, let the player who first takes up fifty rings win the game, or the greatest number of rings in so many courses. This game would be good practice to the eye.

It might be called ‘The Mohave Lawn Game,’ or, still shorter, ‘Mohave.’

#### TOM HOLDFAST'S FIRST TRIP TO SEA IN A WHALER.

I HAD made up my mind to go to sea when I was very young, and nothing could drive the wish out of my heart. My uncle, Ben Barlow, boatswain of a whaler happening to come home, undertook to take me with him, the next voyage. I was delighted; time flew quickly, and I found myself on board a large, black, high-sided barque-rigged craft, as strong as wood and iron could make her; lightly-rigged, however, though we carried thirty souls all told. I was not disappointed in my expectations about a sea life. The ship was a good one, we were well fed, and we had fine weather. I liked going aloft too, and had no fears. At last the

order was given to rig the 'crows-nest.' This was a large cask fixed to the mast-head, with a hole in the bottom through which a man could get. There was a seat inside, and a telescope kept slung up in it. Here one of the officers was stationed from sunrise to sun-set looking out for whales. The whale-boats, six in number, were kept with all their gear—harpoons, lines, tubs, and so forth, ready for lowering at a moment's notice.

Day after day we still sailed on, the captain or one of the mates constantly in the 'crows-nest.' Suddenly, after I had made up my mind that the whales had gone a cruise to some other part of the ocean, there was a cry heard from aloft—'Spouts ahead!'

In an instant the crew who had been idling about ran to the boats—some sprang in, others lowered them, and soon three boats were dashing away as fast as their crews could urge them along in the direction where the spouting had been seen. The spouting having, I need scarcely say, been caused by a whale which had come up to the surface to breathe.

Whales cannot breathe like fish in the water, but have to come up to take in a supply of atmospheric air which lasts them till they again return to the surface. If it were not for this habit man would be unable to catch them. The boats went on till they disappeared from sight in the distance. The ship however, was steered in the direction they had gone. In an hour or so back they came at a great rate, and suddenly there appeared between us and them a black spot, and up there rose a spout of water.

It was the whale. The leading boat got up to the animal, and a harpoon with a true aim was plunged into its side. Before it could sink under the water, the other boats got up, and more harpoons and lances were struck into it. Then away it went, towing the boats by the lines fast to the harpoons. Now it struck right down towards the bottom, leaving red spots on the surface caused by the blood flowing from its huge body. Now again requiring to breathe it rose to the surface, where its relentless enemies plunged more weapons into it. It began then to thrash the water with its vast tail, and to turn and twist about in every direction. It was in its death-struggle. The boats drew off, for had they been struck they would have been dashed to atoms as sometimes happens.

When the whale was dead, it was towed triumphantly alongside, and the blubber cut off and stowed away in the hold in casks. In the sperm-whale fishery the oil is extracted by boiling: the oil is then put into casks and the refuse thrown away.

This was the only whale we caught before we got among the ice. We sailed right up Baffin's Bay along the coast of Greenland, and then struck across the bay to the coast, when we caught several more whales.

My object, however, in writing an account of my voyage is chiefly to describe our captain. I wish that there were more like him.

He was strict as to discipline, and a first-rate seaman. I never saw him out of temper, and never heard anything like an oath or any bad language pass his lips. He was besides a true humble Christ-

ian, and his great wish was that his crew should also become Christians. He had prayers every day, and Bible-reading, and on Sunday he used regularly to preach to us in plain, affectionate, loving words, which went to our hearts.

They had great effect, and to my belief a large number of the men were real Christians. A finer crew never sailed in those seas, while his ship was among the most successful. I can see him now in my mind's eye standing up among his crew on a Sunday, every eye fixed on his tall figure and expressive countenance, and every ear listening to the words of wisdom which fell from his lips.

The time came very soon when our religion was to be tried. The ship became unexpectedly surrounded by ice. It pressed with terrific force on her. A nip seemed certain. The captain told us that he expected the ship would be crushed, perhaps sunk between the floes of ice. Then we were ordered to bring our bags and bedding on deck. We were next told to take them on to the ice, and this done to convey to the same spot provisions, tents, and stores of all sorts which had been previously collected on deck. Scarcely was this done, when the floes pressed together with such tremendous force, that the ship in a few minutes was one mass of wreck, the masts falling out of her, two on one side, one on the other.

Not a cry of despair, scarcely a murmur, escaped any of the crew. We all looked at the captain. 'Trust in God, my lads, and He will preserve us if He thinks fit,' he said. Tents were erected, we were soon encamped, with fires burning, and provisions cooking. Next day sleighs were then built, on which the provisions and stores were packed, and we set off on a journey of some hundred miles over the ice. The men kept up their courage. Every order was promptly executed, and dragging our sleighs we at length caught sight of the masts of three ships. They were frozen up, but were uninjured. As they had an abundant supply of provisions on board, we were most hospitably received, and remained with them till the following summer, when they were released from these icy bonds, and on board of one of them I returned safely home from my first trip in a whaler.

## THE WAND OF TRUTH.

A FAIRY TALE.

CHAPTER I.



HERE was great dismay and sorrow in Fairyland one night, and loud lamentations filled the air, sounding in the ears of mortals like the howling of the wind.

A terrible thing had happened. One of the favourite haunts of the little people, where for hundreds of years they had met and danced together in the moonlight had been destroyed by the hand of man.

This favoured spot was on the southern slope of



the beautiful range of hills which rises beyond where the little town of Colton has stood for so many years that some of its oldest buildings are falling into ruins, though in the memory of the fairies every house in it seems but of yesterday.

They are a long-suffering people,—those little folk, and had patiently allowed themselves to be driven away year by year from many a charming nook and corner, many a shady wood and sunny upland, by the smoke of increasing towns, and the busy labours of hardworking mortals.

As one magic circle after another was taken from them, the poor fairies had retreated, more in sadness than anger, and ever turned with a fonder love to that charming haunt on the Colton Hills, which was theirs so safely and certainly, and which they doubted not, would be theirs for ever.

And truly even to mortal eye, it was a delicious spot which they had chosen for their fairy-ring. There, the earliest primroses and violets blossomed in the first balmy sunshine of February, for no rough wind ever disturbed them with angry breath; there, as the year crept on,—wood-anemones, daffodils, orchids, and the numberless wild flowers of summer down to the many tinted fungi of autumn,—sprang up at the touch of tiny noiseless feet, when the fairies danced in the moonlight.

But alas! the good people of Colton were blind to all these beauties; they wanted a little money to pay for paving their principal street, so, gravely assembled in the town-council, with hearts as hard as the flints they wished for, they sold that sunny glade for a potato-garden.

One fine night the fairies came, and by the moon's pale rays, they saw that their favourite spot had been touched by ruthless hands, the withered roots of their loved flowers were scattered on all sides, and the ring itself, which their feet had so often pressed, which had echoed with their silvery music, alas! sad to tell,—was ploughed up.

At first, they could not believe their misfortune; had they missed their way? had their eyes been bathed with cowlip juice? and was it all a horrible dream?

They could scarcely realise the desolation which had come upon them, until the fairy-queen, sinking down in despair upon a pink-tipped daisy, wrung her hands and sobbed as though her heart would break.

Then all her subjects joined in her lamentations until the air was heavy with their sighs, and their tears stood on the earth like dew. But such grief was too violent to last; soon angry murmurs were heard and tiny bell-like voices spoke out fiercely of revenge. Surely this act of wanton destruction deserved a terrible punishment!

What should be done to the presumptuous mortals who had so cruelly injured them? One little fairy proposed to pinch and pull them without mercy in their sleep,—another, to break their china, or turn every thing topsy-turvy at night in the offenders' houses; another wished to blight their flowers and wither their fruit,—in fact, endless forms of mischief were suggested until Queen Mab herself

raised her magic wand, a single purple feather from a butterfly's wing, to command silence.

'I have thought of a plan, my good people, a fine revenge for our wrongs! Ah! ha! we will teach the great clumsy creatures to disturb the fairies' ring.

'Friend Puck, thou shalt be our messenger. Take this wand, go to the dark smoky homes out yonder, and every mortal thou touchest shall be obliged to tell the truth and speak out all his thoughts. No more deceit, no more false pretences, each one shall reveal his true character, and our enemies will raise a more terrible storm for themselves than all our mischief could ever do. Ah! ha! this shall be our revenge!' Then the Queen burst into peals of merry laughter in which all the tiny folk joined, until the old shepherd, who was up watching his flock on the hill-side above them, wondered where the far-off bells were ringing.

'Haste thee, Puck!' were the parting words of his mistress, as the first faint gleams of dawning twilight crept slowly up the sky.

'Haste thee, good Puck; toil from sunrise to sunset, and this night we will all make merry together over thy tidings.'

The fairy took the Queen's magic wand and flew off on his errand; then in another minute the hill-side was lonely and deserted in the grey light of early morning, for all the fairies were gone.

(To be continued.)

## THE SWEEP.

'Folk sing of the poor sailor boy, who wanders o'er the deep.

But few are they who think upon the friendless little sweep!

In darkness is his dreary toil, through winter's frost and snows.

When the keen North is piping shrill, the shivering urchin goes.'

SUCH were the opening lines of a poem written some years ago on the little sweep-boy; but happily no little sweep-boys now exist, for an Act of Parliament was passed not long since, which forbids men to send boys up chimneys for the purpose of sweeping them, and so the fearful tales which used to be told about little boys, forced to be chimney-sweeps, and treated in a very cruel way, are now out of date.

Instead of the boy, sweeps now have a brush with a great fuzzy head and a many-jointed flexible handle, which can twist, and let itself be pushed up almost any chimney. The sweep in our picture carries such a brush on his shoulder, the joints of the handle being all strapped together.

The brush was not liked at first either by householders or master-sweeps, as it was thought that it did not clean the flues so well as a climbing-boy with his short brush; but this feeling has now passed away, and the boy sweep is now rarely seen in our streets. It is well that this change has been made, for not only was it often very painful and dangerous for these poor boys to climb up the long,



Sweep !

winding, old-fashioned and rough-sided flues, in which it is said that boys sometimes stuck fast or got choked,—but also the soot becoming ingrained in their skin brought on a peculiar disease, causing

cracks in the flesh and much suffering, to which indeed the sweeps who use the brush are also liable if they do not keep their own persons clean as well as other people's chimneys.

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# Chatterbox.





## AN ADVENTURE WITH A PANTHER.



From the German of Gerstaecker.

HOSE who go to hunt in the wild American forests meet with strange adventures and mishaps. Often, after toiling through vast swamps or over steep mountains, the huntsman passes days without shooting anything, while at other times, when he least expects it, he has the finest sport. Sometimes his good fortune comes to him during sleep, as happened in

the following case, which was told to me by an old hunter in the Far West.

This man's name was Slowtrap, he was a strange character, who never made a quick movement, never laughed, never betrayed any excitement of mind, and was so accustomed to life in his own forests and to constant hunting, that he never coughed or sneezed, except in his own hut, as it were on the sly, and then each time he would look cautiously and anxiously round as if to see whether he had not frightened away some wild animal.

The State of Kentucky is situated on the shores of the river Ohio, extending down to the Mississippi. After the war of American Independence, Kentucky was still in an unsettled state, rich in game, and inhabited only by warlike Indian tribes. The first settlers there had to contend with terrible dangers and difficulties, and, if they were able easily to maintain themselves by hunting, they were never sure whether the report of their rifle would not bring down upon them the wild beasts which were everywhere prowling about, so that from being hunters they might soon become the hunted. It was an extraordinary wild life which they led there, and full of adventures.

Well, my old friend Slowtrap—then a robust young man—had settled down in the forest with a few comrades and built a strong block-house, where, at night, at all events, they were secure from any attack; they had indeed always to keep a good watch, and all day they roamed about one by one in the neighbourhood in pursuit of game. That there was danger in this made it only more interesting for these bold men.

Thus it happened then, that Slowtrap went out one morning to shoot a stag. There were plenty of stags there, and also many wild turkeys; but bears and panthers abounded, for where there is much game the ravenous beasts who live upon it are plentiful too. Panthers, especially, lurked in those forests; they never attacked men, but, on the contrary, were timid, and started off at the slightest noise which they thought was caused by man. It was therefore very difficult to catch them.

As his custom was, Slowtrap had been gliding about in the thickets without firing a single shot. Now and then indeed he saw a herd of game, but it never stood long enough for him to take aim, and the American huntsman never shoots an animal in motion. At last he became tired of this

wandering about. According to the sun it must be about three o'clock in the afternoon, and the hunter determined to take a couple of hours' rest under a tree. Towards sunset, the wild animals which hide in the thickets at noontide are generally again on their feet, so he hoped still to bring some game home with him in the evening. When he had found a concealed spot where the Indians would not easily discover him, he soon fell asleep with his face resting on both his arms, so that the mosquitoes should not annoy him. His rifle lay close beside him, so that if danger threatened he could seize it at once. But now let old Slowtrap tell his own story; he said,—

'How long I lay thus I do not exactly know, but suddenly it seemed as if a stormy wind were raging among the yellow leaves upon which I lay, and I felt how they were fluttering over me in hundreds. At first I was half asleep, and did not know whether I were dreaming or waking, but when I came to myself I felt as if some one were throwing and covering me over with dried leaves, with which sand and earth were mingled.

'At the first moment I was so surprised—so stupefied, that I did not at all know what to do, but, quick as lightning, I reflected it could not be Indians, as no sooner would they have discovered me than they would have given me a blow on the head with their tomahawks or axes. Some danger I certainly expected—but what? Before I could resolve what I should do, whether to remain lying motionless or to spring up and seize my rifle, I heard soft footsteps among the brushwood, which cautiously but rapidly retreated.

'Now I must see at least who had been giving themselves so much trouble about me, and raising my head as cautiously as possible, and turning towards the side where I heard the noise I saw the light form of a panther which almost in a moment glided away into the next thicket. That was indeed a strange thing. From my earliest youth I had lived in the forest and associated with old hunters, and never heard of a similar circumstance from any of them.

'I was well acquainted with the panther's ways, and I knew that they generally reserved a torn and half-eaten piece of game to feed upon afterwards, if they found nothing fresh in the meantime. Had the panther fixed upon me for a supper or breakfast? Plainly it could not have been hungry or it would surely have begun a meal on the spot.

'Moreover, there had not been much danger, for, doubtless, the beast seeing me lie on my face took me for dead. But I felt convinced that it would certainly come back here again, and I determined to wait to see what the creature's real intentions were and how it would behave. I got up, cleaned all the sand out of my rifle, loaded with fresh powder in order to be sure of my shot, and leaned the rusty weapon against a tree while I thought over my plan. I wanted to see if I could not for once outwit the cunning panther. It must by no means perceive that its supposed prey had fled before the time; I placed, therefore, a piece of a thick broken branch of a tree on the place where I had lain, and

covered it carefully with dried leaves, then I slung my rifle over my shoulder and climbed up a little stunted oak scarcely fifteen paces from the spot, from whence I could fire down upon the place. There I made myself as comfortable as possible, and with the rifle all ready to fire on my knee, I patiently awaited the return of the panther and the end of my adventure. I had quite made up my mind to tarry till far into the night, for as the creature apparently was not hungry, it would probably be in no hurry to return. As the moon, which was nearly full, shone from the sky, I did not think that even at night I should miss it at that short distance. At all events I would see what it meant to do.

'I had been sitting up there a little more than half-an-hour, when I suddenly heard a light rustling among the leaves, and turning my head in that direction, plainly saw how the thick bushes were being moved to and fro.

'It was not long before I saw the yellowish brown head of the beast with its sparkling eyes kept close down to the ground: very cautiously it glided up, surveying and smelling the place where I had been lying among the bushes. No wild animal enters a half-open place without carefully looking round to see if any danger threatens. Fortunately I was sitting so that the wind blew from the panther to me, so that it could not smell me, and I might easily have shot it dead, for when I first heard the noise I had raised my gun and covered it with a good aim. But I had grown curious and wanted to see what the beast would do next.

'When the panther saw that all was safe, it crept forward with its whole body, but it was not alone, for close behind it, and also smelling the ground in the same manner, there crept along two young panthers, the one to the right, the other to the left, of the mother, and the old one every now and then looked round after them, probably to see if her young ones followed, with due caution. The cubs might be, perhaps, four or five months old, they walked quite well, and had pretty cat-like faces. Now, indeed, it was fortunate that I no longer lay on the ground. I must confess I almost forgot my rifle at that moment, so anxious was I to see what the brown, creeping beast would do with my supposed person under the leaves. Cautiously and noiselessly the panther-mother and her two little ones glided up to the branch hidden under the leaves, and, when they were five or six paces distant from it, the two young ones still to the right and left of the old one, she crouched down to make the decisive spring, and the next moment flew like an arrow from a bow straight on to the piece of wood, into which she buried her sharp claws.

'The little ones did exactly the same, only that they did not reach the place with one spring, but required two or three to do so. But I did not regard them much now, as I felt that at this moment my time had come to fire if I did not wish to lose the old one, for she would not stay long in the place as soon as she found that all was not right.

'As soon as she had fastened her claws into the wood, she remained for a moment in the same po-

sition as if quite astounded, for she had not expected to find a hard body under the leaves. But the nose of my rifle was now directed at her head, my finger was on the trigger, and with the report the ball entered her skull, so that she fell down dead upon the log of wood and remained lying there. The two young ones trembled at the shot, and looked round terrified at their mother, and as she did not move, they did not know what to make of it. Up in the fatal tree where I sat so cramped up, I could not load again, taking, therefore, my rifle quickly in one hand, I let myself down with the other by the branches, jumped to the ground, and then ran hollering loudly upon the little animals. One ran a few paces and then climbed up into a young tree, the other fled among the bushes. I stepped at once up to the tree on which the young one had taken refuge, I loaded my rifle as quickly as I could, and then I shot it; I loaded again, and placed myself behind the old one. I knew that the other poor little cub would come back to seek its mother as soon as it thought the danger was over, and it heard no noise. I lay thus a good time, and at last the second young panther came creeping through the bushes, and now from quite a different direction from that in which it had fled, and as soon as it showed its head my bullet pierced it.

'Thus, though for months I had not seen one, I had shot three panthers in one day, and I brought my companions enough to keep us alive, and to keep our saucepans boiling for some time.'

J. F. C.

### THE DYING SLAVE.

IN the heart of a gloomy, reeking swamp,  
A son of Afric lay.  
The night-shades crept round, so cold and damp,  
While his life ebbed fast away.

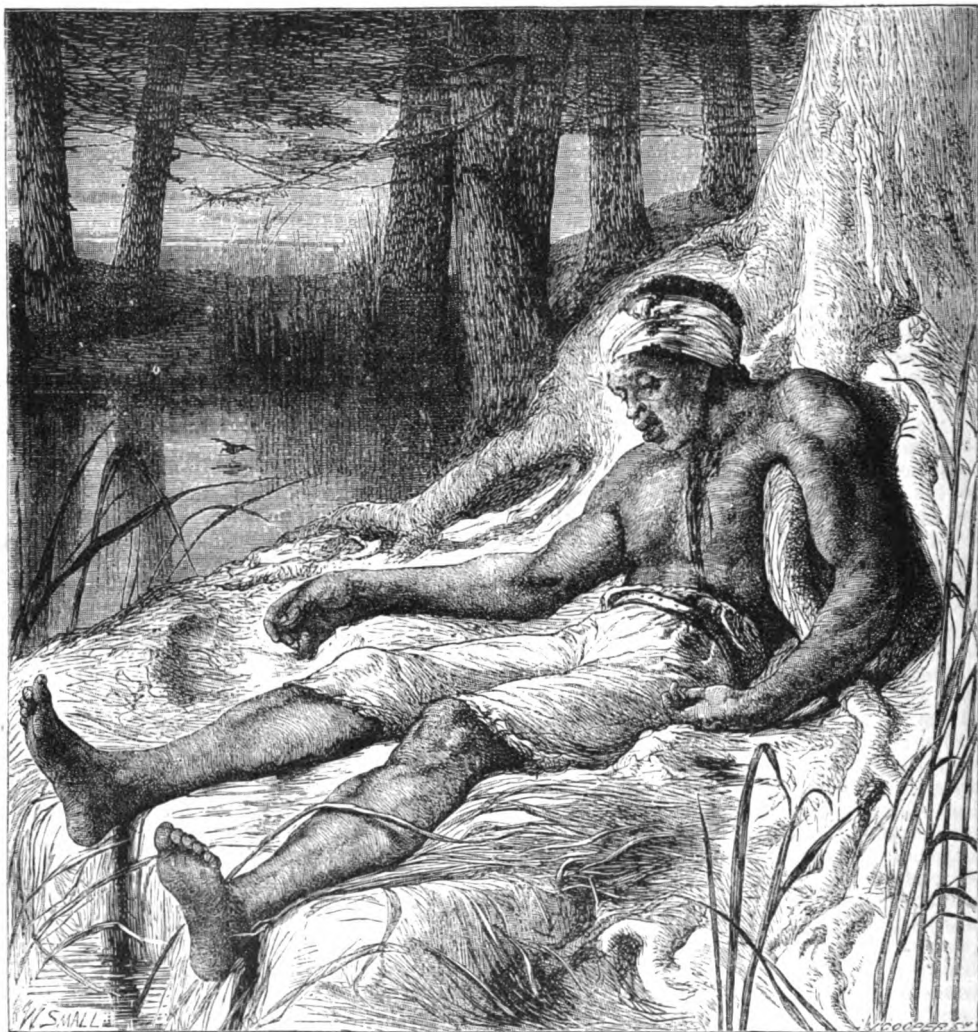
Around him there stretch'd a poisonous marsh,  
Where chills and fevers bred;  
And the gloomy pine-trees grated harsh  
Around his slimy bed.

The hideous toad and venom'd snake  
Over his bare limbs crept;  
And there, in the reeking, rotting brake,  
The hunted negro slept.

He slept; and a look of terror stole,  
Like a cloud, across his face:  
And fear and anguish filled his soul,  
As he dreamt in his hiding-place.

The cry of the fierce pursuers he hears,  
And the bay of the gaunt bloodhound;  
And, aroused by his agonising fears,  
He starts at every sound.

But all around is hushed and still,  
Save the boom of the waving woods,  
And the cry of some distant whip-poor-will,  
In the gloomy solitudes.



Again he slept ; and a smile now flits,  
Like a sunbeam, round his mouth ;  
By his mother's knee he happy sits  
In his home in the sunny South.

Once more he plays, a little child,  
'Neath the palm-tree's grateful shade,  
With his happy playmates,—free and wild  
As a fawn in forest glade.

His bosom heaves with a heavy groan ;  
Like rain his tears fast pour,  
For he feels, alas ! that dream is gone ;  
He's a wounded slave once more.

Slowly his life-blood ebbs away ;  
The night-shades now are gone ;  
The glorious sun proclaims the day :  
Must the poor slave die alone ?

Is there no one near to soothe his pain—  
To wipe the death-dew'd brow ?  
Yes ; He who once for him was slain  
Is with him even now.

No human eye looks on his form ;  
No human help is nigh :  
But Love shines brightly through the storm,  
His hopes in Jesus lie.

His cares, and fears, and painful cries,  
Are gone ; no more he'll weep ;  
To heaven the poor slave raised his eyes,—  
He smiled—then fell asleep.



## THE WAND OF TRUTH.

*(Continued from page 111.)*

## CHAPTER II.



OUTSIDE the pleasant town of Colton is one house more charmingly situated than any other in the neighbourhood. It is Colton Hall, belonging to Squire Hilbert, a fine old-fashioned mansion with pointed roof, and twisted chimneys, and gabled windows, under whose eaves the swallows love to build.

A beautiful garden with smooth lawns and gay flower-beds spread out across the whole front of the house, and at the back, behind the walled fruit garden, there was an old avenue of elm-trees, where the rooks had taken up their abode, and disturbed the stillness of the morning by their incessant 'caw-caw.'

Perched upon the edge of one of these rooks' nests, the little fairy, Puck, was taking a bird's-eye view of the town and considering where he should begin his day's work. Presently he saw that an upper window of Colton Hall was half open, so, quickly making up his mind, without any more ado, he took one bound and was safely inside.

Now I must tell you that Puck had taken a bath of midnight dew, and was therefore quite invisible to mortal eyes.

As soon as he had taken breath, he looked around him, and found that he was in the nursery where two little girls, of about nine and ten years old, were completing their morning toilette with their nurse. Impatient to try his power, the fairy waved his tiny feather over each one of them. Scarcely had the magic wand touched her, when the nurse spoke out loudly and angrily,—

'Now, Miss Rose, do keep still, and let me finish your sister's hair in peace. What's the good, I should like to know, of your standing on tiptoe in my way, just to look at your silly little face in the glass?'

'I'll tell mamma how rude you are, nurse, that I will! How can you be so stupid as to waste so much time over Janie's stiff hair, which never looks fit to be seen! How glad I am that I'm not as ugly as she is!' and the little creature shook her long fair curls and took another peep at her face in the glass.

Nurse was by this time worked up into a passion, which under ordinary circumstances she would have been prudent enough to control, but now taking up a brush, she ran after Rose, who quickly opened the door and rushed screaming downstairs.

'Mamma, mamma, nurse is in such a dreadful rage and wants to beat me, and she's been so rude!' sobbed out the child as she reached her mother's room.

'What's the meaning of all this, nurse?' asked Mrs. Hilbert angrily. 'You know how often I've told you that Miss Rose is so delicate that she is not to be contradicted in anything,—sweet darling!'

'Sweet darling, indeed! and about as delicate as I am!' muttered the nurse who little knew what she was saying. 'She's the plague of the house, nasty, little, selfish, vain thing!'

'How dare you say such things, nurse?' exclaimed Mrs. Hilbert, who could scarcely believe her ears. Surely this could not be the meek, respectful servant, who hardly ever spoke above her breath.

'I said I'd tell mamma of you,' cried Rose triumphantly. 'And I don't care what you say, everybody calls me pretty and Jane ugly. Don't they, mamma?'

'Yes, my love,' replied her mother, who also had been touched by the magic wand. 'You take after me, but you'll never be quite so lovely as I am!'

'Well done, Lucy!' laughed her husband, who overheard her. He, too, was under the influence of the magic wand. 'I always thought you vain enough, but that beats anything I ever heard!'

'I don't know which is the greatest goose, mother or child!' said the nurse as she turned away, believing that she had made some very civil remark, and leaving Mrs. Hilbert almost in hysterics.

Meantime, the fairy mischief-maker, thinking he had done enough in that house, skipped out of the window with a merry laugh.

At that moment, Doctor Velvetshoes was driving past in his pony-carriage to visit his patients, and Puck thought he could not do better than join him, so he sprang lightly on the seat behind him.

They first stopped at one of the best houses in High Street, where the doctor and his unseen companion entered together.

'How's Miss Penguin to-day, John?' he blandly asked.

'Missus is as cross as two sticks,' replied the footman, who thought he was merely saying, 'Much as usual, sir.'

The Doctor looked surprised, but there was no time for further remarks, before he was shown, with Puck, into the lady's snug little morning room, and Miss Penguin soon made her appearance.

She was a thin, withered-looking person, with false curls, false teeth, false everything; far beyond middle life, but with a desperate attempt at youthfulness in her dress.

Four dogs of various sizes were lying on the hearth-rug, near a fat, sleek tabby cat, while a parrot in a gilt cage hung in the window.

'Oh, my dear Doctor Velvetshoes, I'm so glad to see you. I thought you would come this morning, so I just put on this pretty cap with pink ribbons. How do you think I look in it? Quite delicate and interesting, don't I, Doctor?'

'My dear Miss Penguin, I assure you'—'that you are as charming as ever,' he meant to say, but alas! the words which came, accompanied by a bland smile, were, 'that I never saw such an ugly old woman in all my life.'

'Doctor Velvetshoes!' cried the poor lady, starting up in unfeigned horror; 'what do you mean?'

Then, as he still continued to gaze calmly at her in his usual manner, she tried to disbelieve her senses, and pass off the offensive words with a constrained laugh.

'How funny you are this morning, Doctor, really

in quite a joking humour. I know you don't mean to be rude.'

'No, indeed,' said he, 'you are one of my best patients, a regular annuity to me, and I could never afford to be rude to you. I am sorry my compliments are not exaggerated enough for you. How did you sleep last night?'

'Very well indeed. I never woke up till morning.'

'Indeed! then it's the first time I ever heard you own to a good night's rest, though I don't believe you know what it is to have anything else. How's the dog?'

'Poor little Fan's sinking fast, I'm afraid,' said Miss Penguin, picking up a fat little spaniel from the rug, and patting it tenderly. 'She won't eat anything now but the lean of mutton-chops and sometimes only a mere taste of that, poor dear pet!'

'Horrid little poodle!' exclaimed Doctor Velvetshoes in a tender, coaxing voice, quite out of character with the words. 'I wish it were dead, and then there would be no more such wicked waste of good food which might save the lives of some of my poor patients. I can't think what such creatures as you and your dogs were made for! If you want to do any good to that lump of overgrown fat, you must try starvation for it.'

'Doctor Velvetshoes! I wonder you're not ashamed of yourself!' gasped out the enraged lady, who could stand her outspoken doctor no longer. 'I've put up with all your insolence to me, but when you talk of starving dear little Fan, you must be mad!'

'Show Doctor Velvetshoes out, John,' she said as the footman answered her violent pull at the bell, 'he shall never darken my doors again, and I'll send for Doctor Bulbus to-morrow!'

It was now the poor Doctor's turn to think his patient mad, but there was no help for it, and he departed in sadness, quite unconscious that he had brought this misfortune upon himself,—for he was under the impression that he had been more charming and agreeable than usual.

As Puck reached the street again, he caught sight of two friends who had just met, and the mischievous fairy quickly joined them, leaving his last victim to continue his round of professional visits undisturbed.

'My dear Atkins,' began one man, shaking hands heartily with the other, 'I must congratulate you on being made town-clerk. Never, sir, in the whole course of my experience, did I know any one more unfitted for the post. The town-council must have been crazy to dream of such a thing!'

'Thank you for the compliment, Jones,' replied the other, drawing back indignantly. 'Truly it's a pity they didn't choose you, for you've done enough dirty work to get the place, besides being head over ears in debt, as all the world knows.'

'What's that to you? They who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. I should like to know who'll pay for that smart new carriage your wife goes flaunting about in!'

'Mr. Jones, do you intend to quarrel with me?'

'Mr. Atkins, do you wish to insult me?'

At these angry words Puck made his escape, having

thus, in a few minutes, changed into enemies two men who had been friends for years to all appearance,—though they might have indulged in the luxury of picking flaws behind each other's backs.

Truly the fairies were taking their revenge!

At this moment, a ragged child ran across the road and began begging of a little girl in a white dress and gay hat and feather, who was walking with her governess.

'Please, Miss,' she began, 'we've had no food to-day and were starving—No we're not,' she added, as the fairy's wand touched her, 'we had a very good breakfast this morning, but mother will beat me if I don't bring back some money, so do give me something.'

'Poor little girl!' said the other child kindly. 'Here's a new sixpence for you, I was going to buy some gingerbread with it, but you shall have the money and then your mother won't beat you. Only don't say you are starving if you're not.'

'What a dear little girl!' thought Puck, as he watched her down the street, 'It's quite a pity she's not a fairy!'

His next adventure was with an old woman, who was selling strawberries at the corner of the street.

'Are you quite sure, my good woman,' asked a customer, taking up a basket of fruit, 'that they are all like these fine red strawberries at the top?'

'Ay, sure enough,' replied she, when Puck gave her a mischievous touch with his wand; 'there's never one on 'em fit to eat but them half-dozen at top. The rest be all rotten, else how do 'ee think I could afford to sell 'em at fi'pence a pottle?'

The fairy heard no more, but departed with a fit of elfish laughter.

Just then a decrepid, careworn, old man, in threadbare clothes made his appearance up the street, followed by a crowd of idle boys who were hooting and shouting after him, 'Get along, you old miser!'

Puck's curiosity was awakened and he touched the poor fellow with his wand.

A sudden change came over the old man, he turned abruptly and faced his pursuers,—

'You call me a miser,' he said in a low clear voice, 'but you little know why I have toiled, and laboured, and saved all my life. It is that after my death houses fit to live in may be built for the poor of my native town. May some of you reap the good of it, my boys!'

Having thus spoken, the old man went on his way, all unconscious that he had thus revealed the secret aim and purpose of his life of self-denial.

The sun was now sinking low towards the horizon, and Puck saw that his day's work was drawing to an end, for at sunset his task would be completed.

'There is but time for one more,' thought he, and at the moment a young woman, carrying a large bundle, hurried past.

As the fairy caught sight of her pale, worn face, he decided to follow her. On she went, turning out of the cheerful High Street, down through a narrow court into a dark alley, where dirty, noisy children were playing about in the gutters, and slatternly women stood in the door-ways scolding or gossiping. Quickly the young woman passed through the midst

of them and entering a low door, hastened up a narrow, tumble-down staircase. Arrived at the top, she paused and gently lifting the latch, she went into a garret,—she had reached her home.

Everything there told of extreme poverty, but of poverty which struggled for cleanliness and neatness to the last. On the bed, which nearly filled the tiny room, was another young girl, who, from her pallid face and the hectic flush on her cheek, was evidently in the last stage of consumption.

A quiet, middle-aged lady was sitting by the bedside reading to the invalid, who half started up at her sister's entrance.

'O Jane, what a long time you've been, and you look so tired, dear!'

'Don't let me stop your reading, Miss Acton,' said the young woman, as she dropped her bundle and sank down on a chair.

'You look quite ill and exhausted, my poor girl,' said the kind visitor. 'It seems to me that you are killing yourself, but I never can get you to own that you work too hard. Tell me now, how you manage to earn a living and to maintain your sick sister: let me hear the whole truth.'

Thus called upon, and touched by the fairy's wand, Jane found herself compelled to reveal all the secrets of her daily life of self-devotion, which in her humility she would otherwise have hidden.

'It's two years now come Christmas, that Polly's been too ill for work, poor dear, and I've found it a hard matter to make both ends meet. I tried shirt-making for ever so long till it near blinded me, sitting over the fine work great part of the night, with only a wretched farthing candle. So when my sight was too far gone for that, and they used to make me take back the work and unpick it and do it over again, it was just starvation, and I gave it up.

'Ah, many's the time I'd have laid me down to die, but there was poor dear Polly there with her cough getting worse, and the doctor saying she must have nourishment. Aye, that was just it, but where was it to come from?'

'Then by chance, I heard of this work which I'm doing now, and she opened her bundle—'Making black caps for boys, you see, and by working all day and part of the night I can earn eight-pence a-day; but that's barely enough to pay the rent and buy a bit of food for my poor sister, and as for myself, I just manage to keep body and soul together, though I scarce know how.'

'Oh, Jane, Jane,' cried the sick girl in an agony of grief, 'why did you never tell me of all this, when you are killing yourself for my sake!'

At this moment the last rays of the setting sun slowly faded from the pale, calm face of the noble girl, who was ignorant of her own heroism.

Puck had completed his day's task and could tarry no longer. This, his last experiment, had revealed to him a world of human sorrow and suffering of which he had never dreamt; and as he flitted back to Fairyland, the angry feelings of revenge with which his day's work had begun, had passed away, and he longed to shower fairy gifts upon a mortal, whose self-devotion was, however, far beyond a fairy's understanding.



## I'M SURE TO BE DIS-APPOINTED.

H, good, good! Oh, delightful, delightful! Father and mother are coming home in the *Pacific*! Oh, how happy, how happy I am!' shouted little Bessie, as she jumped up and down, and ran upstairs and downstairs, telling the joyful news to one and another. It seemed as if she could not wait the week that had to pass before the arrival of the *Pacific*, so anxious was she to greet the dear parents from whom she had been separated.

By the next steamer, 'three days later,' came a letter which caused great grief to little Bessie, and her lamentations were as loud and long as her expressions of pleasure had been.

'Oh, dear, it is too bad! They could not get berths on the *Pacific*, and they must wait for the next steamer. Oh, what a disappointment! Everything always happens just so to me; just as I am hoping very much for something, I am sure to be disappointed!' and Bessie covered her face with her hands, and the tears streamed through her little fingers.

'Bessie, my daughter,' said her good grandmother, 'God orders all things, and all that He does is right.'

Bessie murmured something behind the little hands which covered her face, that sounded very like, 'Well, I think He might have let them come in the *Pacific*, when I want to see them so much.'

The steamer in which her parents sailed was wafted pleasantly and safely over the sea, and in due time little Bessie was clasped in the arms of her fond parents—but nothing was heard of the *Pacific*. 'No tidings of the *Pacific*!' was repeated in the papers for days and weeks, and then no more was said about it, and people gave up thinking about it—all but those whose homes and hearts are desolate, and to whose hearts the very name of the *Pacific* will ever send a pang.

When little Bessie heard that the noble steamer was given up as lost, she said, 'Mother, I think God was very good not to let you sail in the *Pacific*.'

'Oh, you now think He was good, do you?' answered her mother; 'but I heard of a little girl who did not think God was very good when she first heard that her parents were not coming in that vessel.'

'Yes, that was I, mother; but I did not know then that the *Pacific* would be lost.'

'And would not God have been so good if we had sailed in the *Pacific*, and been lost? Listen, Bessie. Sometimes God disappoints us, and does not let us see the reasons why He does it. Sometimes, as in our case, we see how much better it was for us to be disappointed. One blessed assurance we have, my daughter, that "all things work together for good to those who love Him." Oh, how happy





should we be if we could learn in all things to *trust* Him, knowing that all He does is right, whether our eyes see it or not, or whether or not our wishes are granted.'

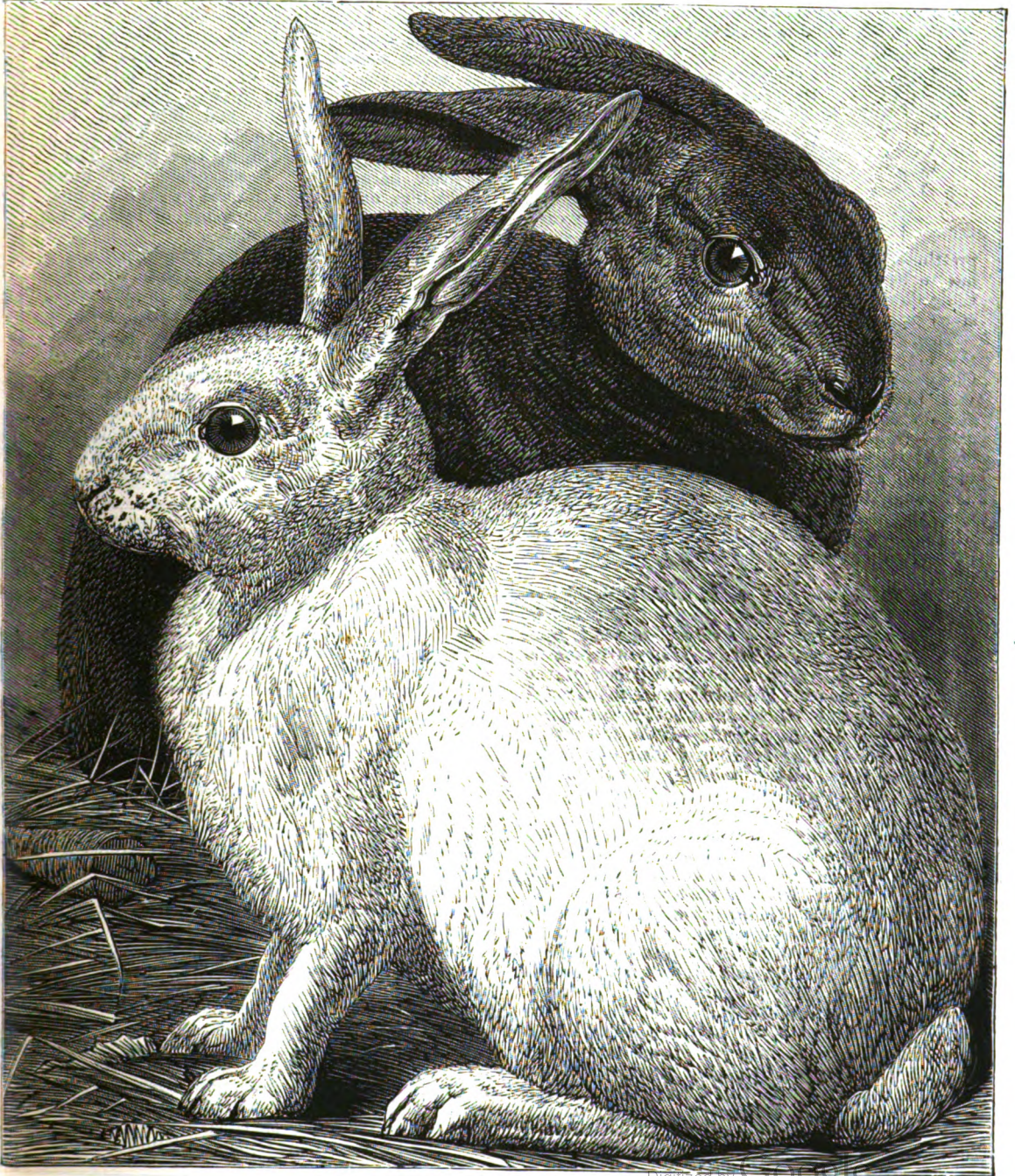
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# Chatterbox.



Rabbits, from Life by F. W. KEYL.





### RABBITS.

RABBITS accompany and charm, like gentle fairies,—with long ears, brown or pink eyes, and four legs—our earliest steps, and help to form our first thoughts. The baby and young child is lulled to sleep by the rhyme of—

'Father's gone a-hunting—  
He'll bring home a rabbit-skin  
To wrap our baby-bunting in.'

What a world of home-thoughts are created in the little boys and girls who were babies a short time ago, as they stand around the nurse, and hear the lullaby of fatherly care, and think of the warm, soft, gentle prettiness of the rabbit, which they quite forget has to be skinned, while baby only enjoys something downy against which to put its cheek, and stops crying and goes into a happy sleep.

Then there is the shadowy rabbit on the wall for the long nursery winter evening; there are, at Christmas, the rabbits of white or barley-sugar, or wax, in little baskets of wire and moss. Then there are the Toy-rabbits, of all materials and sizes—from the puny wooden bunny, carved by Tyrolese shepherd lads, to the elaborate work of art produced at Paris, which plays the fiddle feelingly, and wags its head and ears in a melancholy, wise way, as if contemplating the doom of the whole living race of rabbits, which seem to come into the world only to be eaten by somebody or other.

Then comes our first acquaintance with the live animal—the joys, hopes, and fears of its possession.

My first introduction to live rabbits was in Germany, where they are kept generally in cowsheds and stables, to live upon the wasted food of the cattle. Wooden runs are fitted under the manger, and as they are not much eaten or otherwise used—except for children's pleasure—little account is taken of them. They multiply at their own sweet will—cats, rats, and occasionally a cruel papa-rabbit, keep up the needful reduction of their numbers.

But the first rabbit which I really knew and had in my arms was a small blue and white one. It was kept by a cousin of mine for the sake of experiments on the eye. He was then a young physician, just starting in life. He has achieved celebrity, and been a benefactor to many since. Many eyes have been examined by him; many sights preserved—many restored; but it was a rabbit which helped him to some of his first experience. I am happy to say Mr. Hampelmann—so that bunny was called by his master—lived several years with him, none the worse for the few trial operations he had to undergo. He was afterwards made over to me, and supplied with a wife and family, among which he lived to a green (he always *was* grey) old age.

Many a celebrated master of foxhounds, or owner of packs of harriers and staghounds, began

his career as master of a couple or two of beagles, for hunting rabbits. Chilly old age and a sensitive chest are comforted by wearing a downy, soft, nicely-prepared rabbit's-skin on it. If the rabbit were not the type of something comfortable in every way people would not so readily have perverted a 'Welsh rare-bit' into a 'Welsh Rabbit.'

Those who keep rabbits generally make a great fuss about keeping the bucks in solitary confinement; but abroad, and in my early days, I only met with one instance of a buck rabbit in durance vile; and that was a biggish fawn fellow. He would fight and bite, and kill weaker bucks. The dairymaid caught him, put a collar on him, and tied him up to a post. There he lived harmlessly. A schoolfellow of mine bought him, and, being reformed by his discipline, when transferred to another colony of rabbits, he was a wiser and a better buck.

It will be the editor's fault if you do not see a picture of my Himalaya buck rabbit, with his eight hopeful little sons and daughters all around him, while the doe eats her dinner and takes a quiet nap by herself behind. I never separated my rabbits, and the buck always took his share of nursing and of the general management of the family. If all goes well you shall have that picture yet; meanwhile you must put up with this. The editor said, 'What do you think of a couple of rabbits—a black and a white one?' I said, 'O yes, very well;' and here they are!

### THE LACE HANDKERCHIEF.

#### CHAPTER I.



THE clock had already struck the hour of eight in Lady Constance Grayton's room, and she was just dressed and ready to go down to join the guests at her father's dinner-table, when her maid came to her to say that a young woman from Madame Laure, her dress-maker, wished to see her ladyship, if only for one minute. It was very inconvenient, but Lady Constance consented to speak to her. Accordingly Margaret Eyles was shown up, and delivered her message, which was about the colour of some trimmings which could only be decided by candlelight. 'Madame was sorry to trouble her ladyship, but the time was getting short.'

And so in truth it was, for Lady Constance was to be married on the following Thursday, this being Monday; and though she probably would not want to wear these dresses for months, as she was going abroad, it was considered proper that they should be finished by the day before the wedding.

The question was apparently a difficult one, mauve, blue, grey—all were tried over and over again. And then the gong sounded for dinner, and Margaret was told that Madame must decide after all. At all events, Lady Constance could not stay.



She might perhaps call on Madame some time the next morning.

The young woman who was the bearer of this message had been for the last two years in the great dressmaker's establishment. She was the daughter of Lord Grayton's head gamekeeper, and had been recommended to Madame Laure by his wife, Lady Grayton. So that she was often sent to that particular house, and was well known and trusted there.

'Sit down, Margaret, and when I have put by my lady's things, I will help you fold up all those ribbons and silks. Why, you must have wanted one of the men to help you carry them up.'

'Yes, they are heavy when they are all together. But I must not stay, Elise; we shall have to work nearly all night as it is, and I shall get into trouble if I delay.'

So Margaret hastily put up her packages, and saying goodnight to Elise, passed quickly down the stairs into the cab which was waiting for her. She had had to wait to cross the hall while the guests went in to dinner, and she had just caught sight of Lady Constance in her white gauze dress, as she passed along leaning on the arm of her future husband, Sir John Armitage. Something very like a sigh escaped Margaret, for she too had somebody who loved her, and it seemed so long since she had seen him, and so unlikely that her own marriage could take place yet awhile. For Robert Marston was only an under-keeper, and he had a mother and little sister entirely dependent on him. For a few minutes Margaret felt a little discontented. She had seen Lady Constance beautifully dressed and sparkling with jewels, and she thought to herself how pleasant it must be to be set off to the best advantage, for Margaret too was pretty. She remembered how when Lady Constance was a child, she would stray down to the keeper's lodge, leaving her nurse or governess to find her as best they might; and how she would entice Margaret to the lake to get water-lilies, or into the woods to gather wild strawberries. Then they had known no distinction of ranks, and one was as happy as the other.

'Well, I am happy now to be sure in some ways,' thought Margaret, as the cab rattled over the stones; 'but what a difference to-night! She is going to eat ever so fine a dinner off silver plates, and I, oh, I am going to work till my eyes ache and stiffen so that I can't shut them. I wonder what Robert is doing. Half-past eight. He will be having his supper, and then perhaps he'll go down to mother and ask her if she has heard from me. And she'll ask if he has. And then he will say, "Yes, he has. But it wasn't a long letter." And it didn't tell him much; for what can I say that he will care for? What does it matter to him whether the gowns are long or short, or white or black? Oh! I wish I had never, never come to London!'

These last words were said aloud, and as the cabman got down from his box he heard them. He was a kind man and had girls of his own, so he smiled and said, 'Take care of yourself now you are here, my girl.'

Margaret coloured and laughed. She wondered how much she had been thinking aloud, and how much the cabman had heard, but she had no time for any more dreams. Already Miss Buckram the manager was looking out for her, and her usual cross temper was rather sharpened by jealousy, that Margaret should be growing in favour so much as to be sent to the great houses for orders. This duty usually devolved on Miss Buckram in important cases, and she considered the affair of Lady Constance Grayton's outfit a very serious matter, and one requiring all the experience which could be brought to bear upon it.

'To send Miss Eyles at all on such an important matter as the choice of colour was really incredible on Madame's part. It was no wonder that she returned no wiser than she went.'

Beset with inquiries as to what colour was to go with what, Margaret became completely perplexed, and fell back thankfully upon the message Lady Constance had given, that 'Madame must settle it all.'

'Her ladyship is so very particular,' observed Miss Buckram, 'that it hardly seems a likely message.'

'It is a true one all the same,' said Margaret, a little pertly.

#### CHAPTER II.

MADAME LAURE'S establishment was generally considered a very well-conducted one. In reply to the questions of her noble customers, she was wont to assure them that the young ladies in her employment received every consideration and comfort. 'Now and then there was a little pressure, but as for those dreadful things you read of in the papers, oh, never, never!' Madame Laure wore elegant dresses, and gave her sweetest smiles to her patrons. After that was over, she paid little heed to her business, except to scold when mistakes were made, or when work was delayed. She quite agreed, however, with her forewoman as to the necessity of having no mistakes about Lady Constance Grayton's dresses, therefore she desired that Miss Eyles might be sent to her with the ribbons and silks.

Miss Buckram, however, saw no reason why Margaret should again be brought forward, so she desired Sophia Norris, one of the young women who worked in the same room with Margaret, to take the parcel and the message into Madame's private room. It had not yet been unfolded since Lady Constance had seen the contents in her own bed-room. Sophia walked wearily off with it, and presently returned with an odd look on her face which only Margaret noticed, as she was anxious to know whether Madame were displeased.

'Did you bring anything from Lord Grayton's except the silks and ribbons, Miss Eyles? I mean, were there any orders about anything else—any other articles?'

'No,' said Margaret, 'of course not. I brought back what I took, and gave the only message which was given me.'

'All right, it doesn't matter,' said Sophia.

The girls sat up working into the weary hours when the dawn is breaking, and when London is

almost still. They were more silent than usual to-night, for it was the fourth night in succession that they had been pressed in this way, and eyes and fingers almost refused to do the bidding of their owners. The wedding dress itself was on the point of completion, and white sheets were laid about everywhere, that no particle of dust might soil it. At last it was done, and Sophia Norris rose and held it up before her. Even the weary girls exclaimed at its beauty as the delicate lace fell over the shining white satin.

But Margaret, whether from exhaustion or from a passing thought of Robert, burst into tears. She quickly turned away, but not before Sophia had noticed her; and as it was now at last time for Madame Laure's young ladies to go to bed, the lights were soon put out, and Margaret five minutes afterwards was kneeling in the twilight of the coming day by her bed-side. Even then she was sobbing, for, though generally one of the most cheerful of all the girls, the thought of her peaceful home, and of her father and mother's tenderness, had come over her to-night in painful contrast.

The 'morning' of great ladies in town means any time between five and seven in the afternoon, and it was about six on the following day that it was announced in the work-room that Lady Grayton and Lady Constance had come, and that they wished to see Miss Eyles. Margaret was herself to-day, and tripped down the long flights of stairs quite merrily.

'Oh! thanks, Margaret, for coming,' said Lady Constance; and drawing her into the recess of a window, she asked in a very low tone whether by accident a lace pocket-handkerchief had been wrapped up in the parcel the night before. 'I am so sorry to have to give trouble about it,' continued she, 'but my grandfather gave it me on my last birthday, and he is dead since, you know. And it is very valuable besides.'

'I did not see it, my lady. Do you think Elise might have put it away with your things after you had gone down?' said Margaret.

'No, it has been hunted for in all directions, for it was missed in this way. As I went downstairs, I met my mother's maid, Mrs. Andrews, and finding I had left my handkerchief, I desired her to tell Elise to send it me. There was a little delay as Andrews had to put by my mother's jewels, but it could not be found. One thing, Margaret, don't for a moment suppose that we think you took it on purpose. Only you know it may have been folded with those silks and things you brought.'

Miss Buckram had brought down the wedding-dress to be inspected, and waited with rising temper during the confidential interview in the window.

'I will inquire, my lady,' said Margaret, 'but I do not remember seeing it after your ladyship laid it down on the dressing-table. I saw it then, for I remember thinking how beautiful the work and lace were.'

Madame Laure was just entering the room, and Margaret at once asked her if she had heard or seen anything of the handkerchief when the silks were unfolded, adding the other particulars.

'Most certainly if I had,' replied Madame with

dignity, 'I should immediately have acquainted her ladyship. We will at once have a search made. Miss Buckram, be so good as to have all those articles brought here. They are still in my private room; here is the key.'

Miss Buckram returned, followed by Sophia Norris, who had been desired to carry it. She laid it down and then retired. Margaret was half inclined to call her back, but what right had she to do so? Everything which could hide so small an article was unrolled and examined, Margaret assisting with a beating heart. And when the unsuccessful search was over, Madame asked whether it was her ladyship's wish that any further steps should be taken.

'I don't see what you can do, Madame,' said Lady Grayton; 'you had better inquire throughout your establishment, but I don't think we must put it in the hands of the police, if you mean that. It would not do just now. Don't make yourself unhappy, Margaret, very likely it will turn up,' added she, kindly, as she left the room.

'I am not so sure, my lady,' said Miss Buckram, in an under-tone.

(To be continued.)

## UNCLE JACK.



HARRY WHITFIELD and John Armstrong were schoolfellows at the charity school at Ward's Heath. Harry was clever, but not very strong; John was a powerful muscular fellow who was by far the best cricketer in the village, and could wrestle with any lad of his own age, and throw him too. Yet, although he was strong in limb, he was a dullard at his book. Whilst Harry learned all his masters could teach him, Jack could never understand the 'rule of three,' or write a decent hand. These two lads, however, were fast friends. Many an hour after school would Harry try and explain Jack's lessons to him, and in return for this kindness Jack made himself Harry's champion at all times.

One day, when Harry was returning from school, a big fellow waylaid him, and held him by his collar, and began to thrash him; only because he had passed the best examination, and had earned the prize Tom Hulcumbe coveted. Tom had just begun to illtreat his schoolfellow when John Armstrong came up, and gave Tom such a dressing as he did not forget for many a long day.

After school-days were over, John was put apprentice to a blacksmith, and Harry got a situation as a clerk in a merchant's office. Harry in a few years became quite smart, and when he visited his father and mother at Ward's Heath he was dressed so well that many of his former companions envied him. Now, though 'fine feathers' may 'make fine birds,' no fine clothes can make a gentleman. And Harry depended upon something else than his clothes for the name he went by in the village of 'gentleman Harry.' He had a kind heart, a humble





mind, good manners, and lived in the fear of God ; and if such a character does not make a gentleman I do not know what does. In shaking hands with his former schoolfellows, never was he so pleased as when he grasped the black hand of John Armstrong. Years passed on, and Harry's father and mother died, and he was almost forgotten at Ward's Heath. His friend John Armstrong had left the village and emigrated.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a stormy night on the coast not far from

Sydney in Australia, when a large merchant vessel was seen, near the shore, showing signals of distress. She seemed to be in almost a helpless condition, her main-mast was broken, the sails torn to shreds, the bowsprit gone, and she was slowly drifting towards the shore. Now a huge wave breaks over her, washing several sailors into the deep, and there was no chance of saving the vessel. The question was who would row the life-boat out and try and save as many of the crew and passengers as possible. No one seemed inclined to volunteer, till at last



a muscular man came forth and said—'Here's one! who will follow?'

The bystanders only needed an example, and a crew was soon formed. The brave fellows quickly dashed through the breakers, and the life-boat neared the ship just in time, and all on board (very few, alas!) were rescued, but one man. The boatmen said one more would sink them. The strong man called to the solitary passenger, 'Can you swim?'

'No!' answered the man.

'Never mind,' cried he, 'jump for your life into the sea.'

By a kind of instinct the passenger obeyed. The boatman, who had already given his oar to one of the rescued sailors, jumped into the sea too. 'Pull on,' he cried, 'never mind me.' The passenger sank, rose to the surface, and a strong arm held him by the collar. At that moment the ship heeled over on the other side, and was at the mercy of the breakers.

Meanwhile, the boat made way and reached shore in safety. Fortunately for our brave boatman, the passenger, although rather tall, was not heavy, and after much struggling and battling with the waves he reached the shore with his burden.

It was long ere it was known whether our friend had brought a corpse, or the body of a living man to shore, but his labour was not in vain.

The passenger was taken to an inn, where he recovered before many days. His rescuer was fearfully exhausted, but with his iron constitution was at work after two days at his forge, for he was a blacksmith. The scene in the picture is the passenger coming to thank his deliverer.

And the following conversation ensues:—

*Passenger.* 'Sir, I have come to express my warmest gratitude for your noble kindness in saving my life.'

*Blacksmith.* 'No more than my duty, sir. I felt I could save you, and thank God I did.'

*Passenger.* 'If there be any way in which I can serve you or show my gratitude, I would most thankfully do so. I am sure your sense of duty must be very high if you can risk your life to save a fellow-creature. But I must show my gratitude in some way or other.'

*Blacksmith, smiling.* 'Well, then, please come with me;' and he led him into a room behind the smithy. 'Now, sir, to tell you the truth, although I have a good trade over here, I am often puzzled because I am such a dunce at figures. I cannot for the life of me understand accounts. I don't like my neighbours to know how stupid I am. If you would only just look at this bill, which has puzzled my brain for many an hour, and explain it to me, you would do me a real favour.'

The bill began, 'Mr. John Armstrong, debtor to Thomas Jones—'

'John Armstrong!' said the stranger, 'is that your name? My dear old friend, this is not the first time you and I have sat over sums together, nor the first time you have rescued me from danger. Don't you know Harry Whitfield?'

I need go no further, for you can imagine the joy of the two friends at this most strange meeting. It

turned out that Harry was on a voyage in one of his master's merchant vessels when he was wrecked. He finally took up his abode in Australia, where he is a rich merchant, and the sturdy blacksmith has always a warm corner at Harry's fireside, and is known to Harry's wife and children by the familiar name of 'Uncle Jack.'

W. M.

## THE SCATTERED PEARLS.



BOY had a bag of pearls given him by a good and powerful spirit; but the work of stringing them was to be done by himself alone. With these pearls the boy knew that he could weave a coronet, which would set his brow among the calm and glorious brows of earth.

But it so happened that he lived in the midst of drudging, toilsome people, who knew not the value of pearls, and thought this life was only made for raising grain and fattening swine.

The old woman, his mistress, used to call him sharply before day, while he dreamed of stringing his pearls; shouting 'Get up! stir your bones! It is time to go after the cow.'

When he returned from the pasture, the old man, his master, bade him saddle Dobbin, and take the grain to the mill.

Thus in always running on errands, to and fro—and, when he grew older, in ploughing, sowing, hoeing, and mowing—the boy had no chance to string his pearls; and, being loose, one by one they dropped out of his bag, and he lost them, not knowing where they fell.

Accordingly, he mourned, as the time for stringing them passed by, and only a very few remained in his keeping. 'Oh, how have my treasures been wasted! How badly my time has been spent!'

So the boy, who was now a man, died; and even in Paradise he mourned his wasted, scattered pearls; and the life that he had lived here seemed all useless and blank. But an angel who knew what was in his mind, took him by the hand, and led him gently back to his earthly home, that he might see how his lost treasures had been gathered into other lives. The old woman thought not so much of drudging now. She lamented and wept over her boy's departure. 'How wise and gentle he was,' she sighed; and one of the lost pearls, she had found and strung amid the wooden beads that hung around her neck, and it shone and sparkled there, and made her more gentle and patient.

Onward the spirit and his accompanying angel sped, until they came to a young peasant girl, whom he had loved and helped with her tasks, when he knew her in this world. She too had picked up one of his loose pearls, and placed it upon the embroidery of her bodice. Now, as she spun in her mother's kitchen, her eyes glanced towards the pearl, and then she was more diligent in helping her parents and young brothers and sisters.

So, here and there, among the rude people he had known, he saw all his pearls garnered up and sown somewhere upon their coarse garments, giving to each one some good quality which would not have been theirs if he had never lived.

Back to Paradise he journeyed; and all the discontent of his mind gave place to calm joy. 'I blamed Providence,' said he, 'for giving me gifts which I could not turn to account. But my aims were selfish. I longed to crown my own head with a pearl diadem, that men might envy me. To my mortal vision that seemed the highest object in life, and all else seemed lost labour; but now I see that much which this world calls wasted is only so much seed sown in God's vast field.'

## THE SNOWFLAKE AND THE CITRON.

Composed at Mentone by the Rev. J. Burns.

**A** SNOWFLAKE came fluttering down through the air

Where a Citron grew in a garden fair;  
'I am weary of flying,' it said to the tree,  
'I should like to rest for a while on thee.'

Said the Citron-tree, 'It is many a year  
That I have been growing and flourishing here,  
But I have ne'er seen a creature like thee,  
Now tell me first what thy name may be.'

'The little bird comes to my topmost spray,  
And sings its song all the sweet spring day;  
The bee and the butterfly well I know,  
Lightly they come and lightly they go.'

'They nestle about in my fragrant flowers,  
And then fly away to their woodland bowers;  
They never hurt me in blossom or stem,  
Art thou an innocent creature like them?'

'O never fear!' said the little Snowflake,  
'The smallest bird that sings in the brake,  
The gauze-winged bee or the butterfly,  
Is not such a gentle creature as I!'

I am but a raindrop out at play,  
In my soft white mantle this winter day,  
It is crystal clasped,—it is light and warm,  
How could a raindrop do thee harm?'

'Well then,' said the Citron-tree, with a smile,  
'You are welcome to stay and rest a while!'  
And the little Snowflake chose out on the tree,  
For his perch the greenest leaf he could see.

Then another came, and another came,  
And their request was always the same,  
Till the citron branches, one and all,  
Were white with the Snowflakes' noiseless fall.

And soon there struck to its heart a chill  
Never felt before—a foreboding of ill,  
And soon with the weight of the falling flakes  
Its loveliest branch bends down and breaks.

And its deep roots shivered under the ground,  
And its golden points dropped off all round;  
And so the snowflake, so small to see,  
Was the death of the beautiful Citron-tree.

*Sunday at Home.*



## GUINEA PIGS.

**I**N a corner of the garden there is a little hutch, with a small enclosure round it for the Guinea-pigs to run about in; this James made with his own hands. Every morning he gives them a saucer full of bran, and some fresh grass or lettuce-leaves; they like to nibble at cabbage-stalks and potatoe-parings, as well as apple-peel, parsley, and strawberry-leaves; in fact, they will eat almost all kinds of green stuff—even ivy-leaves do not hurt them. All three pigs have black heads; the old buck is marked with brown, black, and white patches, while the doe is principally black and white, and the little one is like the buck. I am sure you would be fond of it; it is such a pretty, soft, little, shy thing, and pops so quickly into the hutch if any sudden noise is made, while the old pigs are bold, and if they know you, will eat out of your hand: for, stupid as they are supposed to be, they certainly recognise those to whom they are accustomed. If I, or any of the family, go near the hutch, they cry loudly, 'A-week, a-week, a-week!' as fast as ever they can, and stop only when food is given them; but they make no noise if a stranger passes. It is such a pleasure when there are three or four little ones; they are so pretty with their velvet skins, bright black eyes, and funny round noses. An old gardener told James, that if he held them up by their tails their eyes would fall out; but as we never could find out that they had any tails, there can be no danger of such a calamity. Another old man said, after he had looked at them for a long time, 'What is the use of them critters? they do nothing but eat, eat, eat, all day long.' But they are of use to James, for they give him something to love and take care of. All God's creatures are worth that, and pets do good to boys (and girls, too), if they are well tended and kept clean. However, Guinea-pigs become great nuisances if they get out of the hutch, for they run about the garden and eat up all the green shoots, without regard to the value of the plant. One summer, when they were not shut up, except at night, we were obliged to pepper the geraniums, to keep them off. Peppered geranium is not to their taste, for, after tasting it, they ran into the hutch and did not try it again.

Cats are very fond of fat little Guinea-pigs, and if ever you keep them you must fasten the hutch securely, so that Pussy shall not get at them. Sometimes I should advise you to give your pets a run, that they may stretch their little legs; besides, it is pretty to see them dodging round the plants, and amongst the roots of the shrubs, particularly when the doe has four or five little ones running after her: but you had better look on and see they do no mischief, or they may nibble your sister's favourite carnation, or your mother's choice fuchsias. But above all, you must be careful to keep them clean; you should give them plenty of hay for beds, and






The Guinea Pig, from Life by F. W. KEYL.

change it often, and sweep out the whole enclosure; then you can handle them in comfort: but without sufficient attention, they soon become disagreeable. I dare say you know these little animals are called Guinea-pigs because they were first brought to

England from a country of that name, on the coast of Africa. It is strange that they should be so well able to bear the frost and snow of an English winter in the open air, as they can if they have plenty of hay for warm beds.

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# Chatterbox.



‘Susan came skipping from her play.’



## THE GIRL WHO WOULD NOT SHUT THE DOOR.



By the Author of 'The Girl without a Head.'

DEAR! O dear! what shall I do? The pig has been into the garden and rooted up all my winter-greens.'

This was said by an honest and industrious labouring man named Thomas Whiting, as he came home from his work one Saturday evening in September. His wife was sitting by the window mending her husband's shirt ready for the morrow.

'You don't say so, Thomas!' said Mrs. Whiting. 'O dear! we shall have no winter and spring greens. But surely, they are not all gone!'

'Yes, Mary; and not only the cabbages, but the savoys and brussels-sprouts. The pig must have been in the garden at least an hour, and some one has put him back.'

A few cabbages and other greens may not seem much to some of my readers, but all labourers' children will know what a loss it was. These winter and spring greens had cost Thomas Whiting many long hours of toil after his day's work was over. Then, too, you must know that the sale of these vegetables in the market was to bring money enough to buy Susan a pair of boots, some calico for Harry's shirts in the spring, and baby was to have something new next Easter-day, on which day she had been baptized during the present year. Some of my readers will say—'Oh, what a horrid pig! I would soon kill him and eat him! then he would never tear up the garden again.' But this pig was expected to pay the rent, for he was to be killed in October, and would bring in six or seven pounds.

Besides, if you had been shut up a few months in one small room would you not be glad to get out if you saw the door open? If this pig saw the door of his sty open, who could blame him if he walked out? No doubt he thought the young cabbages were meant for his food; he therefore bit the heads of a great many, and in his rooting about he destroyed many more. There were, indeed, a few left, but poor Whiting in his grief thought that every one had gone.

As the parents were brooding over their misfortune, Susan came in skipping and jumping from her play. Seeing the downcast looks of her parents she became sobered, for she saw there was bad news—perhaps baby was ill—perhaps her father had lost his situation—and many other thoughts entered her head. She would have stood musing for some time, but suddenly her father said in a sharp voice, 'Susan, have you been in the pigsty?'

'Yes, father; the pig turned his trough upside down, and I went in to put it right again.'

'Did you shut the door when you came out?'

'I don't know, father, I am sure.'

'Now, think, girl,' replied her father; 'tell me, for I want to know.'

Susan looked much surprised, and wondered why

the shutting of a door could be of so much consequence. At last she said, 'I don't think I did, father; because I saw Jemima Freeman running down the street, and I ran after her, for I wanted to speak to her.'

'Go and look in the garden,' said the father in an angry tone, 'and see what you have done by leaving the sty-door open.'

Susan went into the garden and returned with a very long face, and said, 'Pig's been and eat up most all the cabbages.'

'No new boots for you on your next birthday,' said the mother.

'This is not the first time I have told you about shutting doors, by a good many,' said the father; 'mind I don't have to tell you again, or else you'll catch it pretty soundly.'

Susan by this time had got to the door, and seeing her father and mother did not feel inclined to say any more, she went away. I need scarcely say that Susan shut the door when she went out this time.

I must now beg my readers to come with me to a little cottage in Hampshire. In this cottage lived an old lady who was inclined to be rather nervous. She had only one servant, but Ellen Willis, an orphan-niece of Mrs. Bolton's lived with her aunt to take care of her and manage the house. Ellen preferred a young servant, because she found the older ones did not get on so well with a young mistress. The girl they now had came with a very good character. She was 'steady, honest, industrious, clean, and quick about her work;' what more could one expect now-a-days? She had one fault—a fault I suppose, never mentioned in a girl's character, and that fault was, she could never be taught to shut the doors. This young servant was none other than Susan Whiting. Some time after the affair of the pigsty she got into a situation as nurse-girl, and now was 'general servant' to Mrs. Bolton, in whose service she had been a month. The old lady was sitting in her arm-chair one evening, and her niece was reading the newspaper to her. Mrs. Bolton, although past seventy, always took a great interest in what was going on in the world, and now the absorbing topic was the Fenians. They had done much mischief already in Ireland, and were preparing to do more. Ellen was reading an account of a party of Fenians who went into a gentleman's house in the middle of the day and took all the fire-arms they could find. Ellen read, 'They were heard at first in the shrubbery. . . .'

'What's that?' said the old lady. 'What's that I heard just now?'

'Nothing, aunt, but the wind in the trees; it is blowing rather fresh from the sea.'

'I thought it was the Fenians in the garden!'

'Oh, aunt, how foolish you are,' said Ellen; 'the Fenians are not here, and, besides, what could they want in this cottage?'

'There is an old blunderbuss under my bed,' said the old lady, 'that belonged to your grandfather. I always keep it there for protection, they may have heard of it.'

'Nonsense, aunt, I shall go on reading.' So Ellen continued,—'but no one took any notice, for all thought it was the wind blowing the trees, when all of a sudden . . .'

Bang! clash! bang!

'Oh, dear, what shall we do? Oh! . . . ' and poor Mrs. Burton fell from her chair in a fit.

Ellen rang the bell, and sent Susan off at once for the doctor. He was at home fortunately, and presently the old lady revived.

'What caused this?' said the doctor, 'At her age another fit like this might kill her.'

'Well, doctor, the fact is, my aunt is very nervous. I was reading to her about the Fenians, and our careless girl left half the door open. A gust of wind came, and it shut with a bang, and a pane of glass was broken. This frightened my aunt so much, that she called out and then went into a fit.'

'You must keep her quiet for some time, and tell her I forbid the newspaper until she is better.'

Susan was much alarmed when she found what she had done, and promised to be more careful in future. Miss Willis said, 'I have no fault to find with you, Susan, except in this one matter; but, really, if you are not more careful about those doors, I am sure Mrs. Bolton will desire me to give you notice. The shutting of a door is a little thing, but many lives have been lost through carelessness.'

Susan, however, again let the door bang several times; she said she could not remember to shut it.

At last Miss Willis said, 'Susan, Mrs. Bolton says I must give you notice to leave. I am sorry to do so, but I will give you a good character. Pray be careful in your next place, it may be of more consequence there even than it is here, that you get out of your habit of leaving the door open.'

Susan was sorry to leave, for she had been kindly treated, and had a comfortable place; but there was no help for it, she must go.

It was not very long before Susan got another situation, as her character was a good one. This time, however, she became under-housemaid in a large family. This was quite a different kind of service from what she had seen before. The house was large, and she saw but little of the mistress. She was more exposed to temptation here than in any place she had been. She made up her mind, however, that she would be more careful in future about the doors. At first she was so careful that the other servants laughed at her. Poor girl! it is very hard when one really makes up one's mind to do right to be laughed out of good resolutions.

But it was Susan's case as well as that of many others; she said within herself when she took her new situation, 'I will certainly try my best here, for I am going into a rich family, and if I try my best I must certainly get on.'

She forgot that we live in a world of temptations, and that the great enemy of all good is always watching our good resolutions, to turn them aside. She did not remember the words in her Catechism, '*By God's help, so I will,*' but tried to do right not so much to please God, but to advance

her own interests, and she failed, and failed because she only *tried* and did not *pray*.

In her new situation she became more careless than ever. Her fellow-servants told her that in families like the one she was now in, it would not do to be particular. She had her evenings of going out here that she had never thought of before, and her increased wages were spent so much in dress that she saved nothing now. Whereas when she was paid only about half as much, she put money into the Savings' Bank.

One day the servants gave a party to a few friends, and this party was given without the knowledge of the master and mistress, and as they were feasting and merry-making with their master's good things, they were all suddenly surprised by the appearance of the master in their midst.

I will not attempt to describe the master's anger, nor give the excuses of the cook and the butler, but I will tell you what led to the appearance of the master in the kitchen. It was this: Susan had been up-stairs to her room, and returned leaving the doors that led to the offices open; and the master who heard a great noise went down to see what was the matter. This time it did no harm that the doors were left open; the cook and the butler lost their situations, and the other servants were reprimanded.

But I must mention only one more instance of Susan's failing. It was a cold winter's night, and the snow was falling thickly upon the roofs of the houses and upon the ground. She was startled by a noise in the street, she got up and opened the window and looked out. Two carriages had come into collision, and one of them was upset. Susan watched them for sometime although she felt bitterly cold; she had forgotten to shut her door, so she stood for some time in a thorough draught. She got into bed again, but could not sleep well, and in the morning woke very feverish. She felt great pain in her eyeballs, and was not able to get up. A doctor came to see her, and as soon as she could be moved she was taken home. She suffered very sadly from inflammation in both her eyes, and when she recovered her health she could scarcely see. Poor girl, I need not say that she had to give up her situation. In fact, up to this time she had not been able to do any work. The doctor hopes that she will recover her sight in time. But he says that all her sickness arose from her carelessness in leaving the door wide open and exposing herself to the cold air on that bitter night.

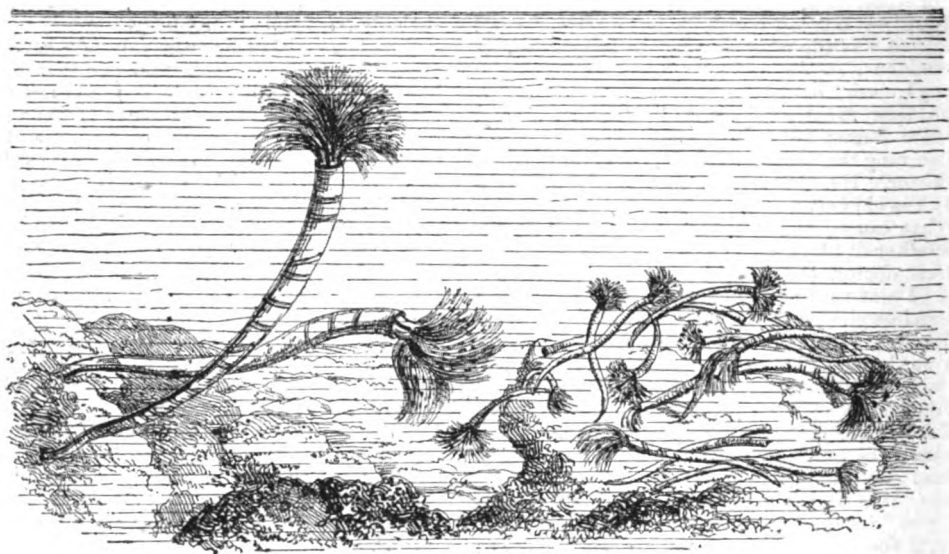
W. M.

### SEA-WORMS.

MANY readers of *Chatterbox* do not know that there are worms that live in the *sea* as well as in the *earth*; it cannot be denied that the common earth-worm is an ugly creature, and we must confess that its dull colours and wriggling movements do not inspire us with admiration and interest.

Most of the worms that live in the *sea* are, on the contrary, very pretty and graceful; amongst the most interesting kinds are the *Serpula* and *Subella*. These worms, or *Annelids*, as they are properly





Sea-Worms.

called, live in tubes something like the stem of a clay pipe, more or less bent and twisted. The tubes are fastened to broken shells or pieces of rock, sometimes in large groups, sometimes, as children say, in 'twos and threes,' and sometimes there is only a single specimen on a shell.

The inhabitant of each tube can push out, and draw back at its pleasure, a bunch of feathery tufts of extreme brilliancy of colour—some scarlet, some green, grey, blue, or brown: others, again, are orange, dotted with black, or yellow, edged with white; in short, the hues of the *Serpula* are so many and varied, that when a group of bright tufts is displayed at one time, the effect is almost like that produced by a gay bed of flowers.

Upon looking at the illustration of the *Serpula*, a 'something' like a little cork on a stem will be observed amongst its plumes; when the Annelid draws back its feathery tufts (which are in reality its gills), this little cork goes into the shell last, and acts as a stopper at the mouth of the tube; and when the gills are again pushed out, the cork makes its appearance first. I have occasionally found *Serpula* with two stoppers, one rather shorter than the other; specimens such as these are considered rare.

The principal difference between *Serpula* and *Sabellæ* consists in the gills of the latter being without the little cork just described; their tubes are usually larger, and less bent than those of the *Serpula*, and their plumes are longer and still more feathery and elegant. Like the *Serpula* they vary much in colour; those I have drawn were bright yellow, streaked with scarlet, and when fully opened, and waving backwards and forwards in the water they looked very pretty. I kept them in an aquarium for many months, and they were some of my special favourites.

Another distinction between the two kinds of

*Annelids* I have mentioned, is that whilst merely a small part of the tubes of the *Serpula* stand aloof from the rock or shell, to which they adhere, those of the *Sabellæ*, fix themselves but partially to their resting-places, three-fourths of their shells generally being quite independent of any support.

Both kinds are excessively shy, and very easily frightened; the least noise or movement makes them retreat into their tubes, and the observer must remain very quiet if he wishes to see the gay tufts come forth again.

If these beautiful worms crawl out of their shells altogether, it is a sure sign they are going to die; and they should then be removed at once from the aquarium, lest the water should become tainted and unwholesome.

Besides the *Annelids* just described we often dredge up those which do not inhabit tubes; the colouring of these creatures is also bright and varied, and they look very pretty as they dart about amongst the stones and sea-weed in the aquarium. Unfortunately they do not live long in captivity; I have seldom kept them for more than two or three days; and after a few hours' imprisonment their brilliant hues become fainter and fainter, till they fade entirely away.

A. C. W.

### LOST GERALD.

MOTHER,' said a little boy, who was trotting along in the snow, one cold Sunday morning in February, 'Mother, why does Mrs. Graham look so sad to-day?'

'Did you notice her looking sad, my child?' said his mother.

'Yes, I did; and when she looked at me, she cried, and then Mr. Graham spoke to her, and she did not cry again, but she did not look happy. She



Mr. and Mrs. Graham.

always smiles at me on other days—why should she cry on Sunday?’

‘I think I can tell you,’ said Mrs. Buxton. ‘Just four years ago to-day, she had a little boy like you, her only child. He had been left at home with the nurse whilst she and Mr. Graham went to church; and when they returned the little boy could nowhere be found. He had wished very much to go to church with his father and mother, but they were not willing to let him go, so they left him at home. The nurse said that at about twelve o’clock she put him to bed, as he was very sleepy; and when she went to look for him about an hour after he was

gone. It was a cold, snowy day like this, and they traced his footsteps for a long distance in the snow, and at last, as they got near the river, the footprints became more and more indistinct, and he could be traced no further, as the snow had been coming down very fast and the little footprints had been filled up.’

‘And did they never see him again, mother?’

‘No, Harry, never; they suppose he must have been drowned, and they have mourned for him ever since. The river was dragged with large hooks, but they found nothing. A large reward was offered for him, but it was all of no use, and he has long ago been given up for lost.’



This is the story the lady in the picture told the little boy walking by her side. We will now follow Mr. and Mrs. Graham into their house.

'Do not be so sad, dear wife,' said the husband; 'God has taken our idol to Himself, to make us look to heaven where he has gone. He cannot come to us, but we shall go to him.'

'I wonder,' said Mrs. Graham, through her sobs, 'if our good Rector thought of us this morning as he preached about David losing his child.'

'Did you notice,' said Mr. Graham, 'that sailor in church, sitting near us with a little boy? The child reminded me much of our poor lost one. I would adopt that child if the sailor would let me.'

'No adopted child could be to us like the one we have lost,' said the sorrowing mother; 'but still as you say the little fellow was like our dear little Gerald, I should like to see him. Who knows but that God has taken away our boy that He may give us another, to rescue from want and misery.'

At this moment a knock was heard at the door, and the servant said a sailor and a little boy were waiting in the hall to see Mr. Graham. He said the sexton had told him to come to this house and inquire for him. 'Yes, that is right,' said Mr. Graham, 'I sent for the man.'

The sailor and child, who was a fine little fellow of about nine years old, now came into the room. The boy looked round about him, and seemed very much puzzled—and then looked very hard at Mr. and Mrs. Graham, but only seemed more puzzled still. Mrs. Graham turned quite pale, and begged the little fellow to come to her. The likeness to her lost child was so great that she could scarcely restrain herself from pressing him in her arms and kissing him. The boy went to Mrs. Graham, and she took his hand, and, without saying a word, looked at his wrist. She then looked at his face attentively, and over the boy's face came a strange look of happiness. Mrs. Graham then folded him in her arms and burst into tears. She sometimes laughed and sometimes cried, and seemed for a time almost out of her mind; but she would not leave the boy's hand for a moment. The child of course looked still more puzzled, and then, as if a bright gleam of recollection came over him, he said, '*It is my mother.*'

And so it was; and this is how he was lost and found again.

Four years ago he woke up from his sleep, put on his hat, and went out to try and find the way to church. He lost his way in the snow, and wandered into a lonely lane. There a tramping beggar woman saw him, and wishing to steal his clothes, she wrapped him in her old shawl, and enticed him to go back with her to a sea-port three miles from his home. There she almost stripped the poor child, and left him on a door-step in the outskirts of the town. Happily the first person who passed was a kind-hearted sea-captain. He made inquiries at all houses near, but no one knew anything of the poor and now ill-clad child. As it happened, the captain's ship was just about to sail. So poor Gerald was taken on board this merchant-vessel by the captain, and made several voyages. The captain's

wife, who had no children of her own, was kind to him, and he lost all memory of his own home.

But after more than three years the captain fell sick and died. Before his death he grieved over his thoughtless action in taking the child away, and made his wife promise to send the boy back by a trusty sailor to the town from which he was taken, and do all he could to find the boy's parents. The sailor was faithful to his trust. He arrived at the sea-port where Gerald had been found one Saturday night, and on Sunday morning he went with the child to the parish church. After service he intended to find out the rector of the parish, and through him to make inquiries about the parents of the child, but the message delivered by the sexton brought him to Mr. Graham, and the result you now know. Gerald's love for the sea remained so strong that after a few years he entered the royal navy, and is now known by the name of Captain Graham. W.M.

## THE LACE HANDKERCHIEF.

(Continued from p. 124.)

### CHAPTER III.



MARGARET sprang upstairs to the work-room.

'Sophia, pray tell me, have you seen Lady Constance's handkerchief?'

'What will you ask me next, I wonder, Miss Eyles?' said Sophia, without lifting her head; 'how could I possibly see it?'

'It may have been in the parcel which you took to Madame; are you sure it was not?'

'Don't be a fool, Margaret; I tell you, once for all, I know nothing about it.'

At this moment, Madame Laure, attended by Miss Buckram, came into the work-room, an event which always awed the young people.

'Miss Eyles, I must ask you a few questions,' began Madame. 'You were sent to Lady Grayton's. I believe you saw Lady Constance after she was dressed?'

'Yes, Madame, her ladyship was just going down to dinner?'

'Did you see her handkerchief?'

'Yes, I noticed that it was a very beautiful one with wide lace.'

Madame gave her a long searching look under which Margaret did not quail, and then she turned to Sophia.

'Miss Norris, I believe you brought the parcel to me. Why did you do that when Miss Eyles had the message?'

'Margaret was tired, Madame, and Miss Buckram sent me.'

'I believe I merely counted the silks and gave them to you to put by?'

'Yes, Madame.'

'And you saw nothing of anything like a handkerchief?'



'No, Madame, there was nothing then.'

'What do you mean by then?' asked Miss Buckram.

'I did not mean anything.'

'I am sure for Miss Eyles's sake that you ought to speak out,' said Miss Buckram; 'and of course you would have noticed anything in her manner if she had seemed to be different. You did not notice that she was hurried or confused?'

Madame Laure noticed the hesitation, and began cross-questioning the other girls, till most of them had sorrowfully admitted that Margaret had seemed very miserable, and had cried herself to sleep.

'I am afraid we must just look through your boxes, young ladies,' said Madame. 'It is due to me, and to my customers. And the innocent need never fear.'

Nor did they any of them show the slightest reluctance to the search. Sophia gave up her key as willingly as the rest, and Margaret felt quite guilty in having suspected her.

Miss Buckram turned everything over in Margaret's own box, and laid bare many hidden treasures, but no lace. There was a bundle of Robert's letters, and a few dead sprigs of apple-blossom full of happy memories. Some glass photographs, too, of her father and mother, and a comfortable supply of under linen.

'A very creditable box,' as Madame observed.

The search went on, and everybody was perplexed. Madame, however, insisted that Lady Constance had herself mislaid or dropped the handkerchief, and that it would be found in some place in her own room. She was very glad to leave the young ladies in perfect satisfaction, she said.

'What a fuss about nothing!' was the general exclamation, as she and her attendant left the room. And some of the girls who liked Margaret clustered round her, and told her that they were so sorry to have told about her crying, only what could they say?

'Of course you were obliged to speak the truth,' said Margaret, 'and I can't help it if they do think I took it. One above knows.'

'We needn't bother ourselves,' said Sophia, 'there's plenty to be done, and the longer we stay talking, the shorter night we shall have.'

Once more they settled themselves. Every now and then breaking out into whispered comments on the great event of the day.

Sophia Norris had been apprenticed to a dress-maker in the county town in Margaret's neighbourhood, so though they had no previous acquaintance, they were at first somewhat drawn together by this slight bond. Very soon, however, Margaret discovered that Sophia had not been trained so strictly as she herself had been. Her Sundays were usually spent in dressing and excursions, and if by chance she went to church with Margaret, her companionship was rather an annoyance than otherwise. Sophia was clever and handsome, and was generally able to throw off any mistakes or shortcomings upon others, so that, though she was held in considerable esteem by Madame Laure and Miss Buckram, she was rather disliked by the rest.

Margaret could not sleep that night. She wondered whether Robert would hear that she had been questioned as a thief. That her box had been searched and his letters tossed about by Miss Buckram! She pictured her father's indignation, and wondered how long she would stop at Madame Laure's if he knew what had been going on.

Sophia slept in the next little bed to hers, and she was asleep. But yet she tossed and rambled so much that it could hardly be called sleep. Presently Margaret heard her own name, and then Lady Constance Grayton's, and the whole was such a jumble that she never thought of making sense of it. Till Sophia started up in the bed, and said in so distinct a whisper that Margaret could hardly believe her to be unconscious, 'Don't you see it, Margaret? There, between the lining and the—oh, dear! The lace—it is worth—what did they say!—ten guineas!'

Margaret held her breath in horror, but Sophia lay quietly down again, and spoke no more. It seemed as if Margaret had only just fallen asleep when the bell rang for the girls to rise and begin their toil. Dimly and gradually the events of the day and night broke upon Margaret's mind, and an oppressive consciousness that Sophia possessed the handkerchief overpowered her.

Elise came herself to see Margaret that day. 'The whole matter lay between them,' she said. 'Lady Grayton and Lady Constance had wished her to come and talk it over quietly with Margaret. They were really "quite unhappy."—And now, are you sure you haven't the least idea where it is, Margaret?'

Margaret turned deadly white, and then flushed up to the roots of her hair, but did not speak.

Elise pleaded again.

'If you will just tell me, you know, or still better if you have got it and will give it me, I will never say a word. I will pretend to find it among my lady's things when I pack them; but do, there's a dear girl, say what you know: for I am going abroad with her after the wedding. And that is to be to-morrow, you know.'

'I can't help it, Elise. I have not got it.'

'But you know something about it, or why did you flush up? Do you think anybody else took it?'

'Don't be so cruel. Oh! Elise, pray let me go, I am so busy.'

Elise was very angry, and when Madame and Miss Buckram questioned her on her way downstairs, she said she could not make out Margaret Eyles, and did not at all like her manner.

'That's just what I say,' said Miss Buckram; 'and we shall soon find that ladies will not send their lace and valuable things if it gets wind that you keep a suspected person, Madame.'

'I have thought of that,' said Madame; 'and as soon as Lady Constance is married, I shall tell Miss Eyles that I do not require her services any longer.'

'I am glad to hear it,' was the answer, 'she is very sly.'

'Indeed! I always thought her remarkably open and honest till now.'

(To be continued.)



### TO A FROG.

**P**oor being! wherefore dost thou fly?  
 Why seek to shun my gazing eye,  
 And palpitate with fear?  
 Indulge a passing traveller's sight,  
 And leap not on in vain affright;  
 No cruel foe is here.

I would but pause awhile to view  
 Thy dappled coat of many a hue  
 Thy rapid bounds survey;  
 And see how well thy limbs can glide  
 Along the ledge-crowned streamlet's side  
 Then journey on my way.

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# Chatterbox.





## CHINESE MANDARIN.



THE picture represents a Chinese mandarin, or official, in his handsome robes of silk. The Chinese empire is divided into several provinces, over each of which a governor is appointed from Peking, and those provinces are again subdivided into many smaller districts. All the governors, officials, and magistrates, are appointed by merit, as the result of their proficiency in the competitive Government examinations. These examinations are open to everyone in the empire. A peasant's son may present himself at the examination of his district. If he pass, and gains his first degree, at the end of another year he can present himself at the provincial examination, and, if after, perhaps one or two trials he be again successful, he can go to Peking, and study there, and compete at the examination of the selected candidates from the whole empire. His poverty is not allowed to be a bar to his success, for, should he show himself to be a credit to his family and native place, his neighbours, the inhabitants of his village or town, will subscribe and pay his expenses at Peking. Proficiency in letters is perhaps more highly honoured in China than in any other country. Degrees are conferred at the examinations. A successful candidate is carried in triumph round his native place; his father is ennobled, and the honour is reflected upon all his family. The highest offices of state are open to the poorest. Governor Yeh, of whom we heard so much in the last Chinese war, one of the highest officials in the empire, was the son of a poor man, and had gained his position by his ability and industry.

The examination courts are very curious. A large tract of ground is covered with numerous rows of little cells built of brick, somewhat like bins in a cellar, each cell being about five and a half feet high, four feet wide, and five deep. The candidate is not allowed to leave his cell during the three or four days of the examination. He brings his food with him, and is rigidly searched upon his entrance, lest he should take in any papers, or have writing upon his clothes. This is quite necessary, for the Chinese are a very cunning and deceitful people.

In the picture the reader will notice the peacock's feather in the mandarin's hat, which shows his rank; the fan in his hand (an inseparable companion of the Chinaman), and the teapot, with his accustomed beverage upon the table. The figure behind is one of his coolies, perhaps asking him if he wants his pipe.

The picture is copied from a photograph, made by a Chinese photographer. Many of the Chinamen, especially in the sea-port towns, emigrate to Australia and California; there some of them learn the art of photography, and when they return to their native land practise it as a business.—J. S.

## CUT FROM A BOY'S BOOK.

## CHAPTER IV.—WOUNDED.

(Continued from p. 43.)



DIDN'T know exactly where I was, or how long I had lain there. I had unpleasant visions of rocks and black waters, of crashing boughs, and distant shouts, and the flapping of wings before my face. Gradually, however, I saw that there was a ceiling above me, though it didn't seem to keep quite still when I looked at it; and there was a window, and a dark figure sitting near it, which also seemed rather unsteady. It occurred to me presently that I must be in bed, and I tried to lift my hand, but it was too heavy.

For a little while I watched the figure at the window and tried to make it out, but couldn't; then at some slight noise that I made, it moved, laid down a book, and came forward. I knew at once that it was Mr. Fell, but the odd part of it was that he had no spectacles, and he looked so strange without them, that the first thing I said was, 'Wherever are they?' I think at first he fancied I was wandering, but he remembered in a moment, and put his hand across his eyes.

'Smashed,' he said. 'Here, drink this, and don't say another word.'

What 'this' was I don't know. I drank it, and was asleep again in a few moments. When I awoke next my head was clearer, and though it was beginning to get dusk, I made out that I was in Mr. Fell's own room, into which my little bed must have been removed for the occasion. Presently he came and sat down beside me.

'May I talk now?' I asked.

'A little. Not much. How do you feel?'

'I am very well, thank you, sir. I have had such strange dreams, and been to such a lot of places.'

'I dare say. Never mind that.'

I wanted to say more. I wanted to ask how long it was since the storming of the fort; how it came about that I was in Mr. Fell's room; if I had been very ill, and if my father and mother knew. I hoped they did not. I knew that my mother had been in bad health, and my father had taken her to the sea-side; but somehow, when I thought about her, and remembered that but for the strange fellow at my side, she might never have seen me again, there came such a lump in my throat that I could only look my questions.

'Your father knows; not your mother, I believe,' said Mr. Fell, calmly. 'At least so Mr. Berry says. You broke your arm, and have been feverish, that's all. I hope it's over now.'

So that was it. The words brought back so vividly that sickness of pain and terror, and the odd sensation of my arm not belonging to me, that I couldn't help raising my left hand to feel if my other was there.

'I suppose I was brought here to be out of the

way, sir? I hope I have not disturbed you very much.'

'No; I am used to nursing.'

There came a sort of grey shadow down over his face as he said this. I hardly knew why, but it seemed to bring to me with a rush the danger I had been in, the risk he had run to save me; and mixed up with it all a queer dim idea of something sorrowful in his own life which was jealously hidden from the careless fellows who made him their butt.

'Sir—Mr. Fell,' I said, trying to raise myself and falling back ignominiously, 'I want to thank you—I want to tell you that I know—'

'Quiet, lad,' he broke in. 'That's not the way to get well. Be thankful of course, but not to me. I was the instrument; a piece of machinery only.' Then, seeing my puzzled face, he added, changing his tone, 'It cost me a pair of spectacles, little Burke.'

I made up my mind at once, that as soon as I got well he should have the very best pair I could get for money.

Presently he went away to the window, saying that I had talked enough and must be quiet. I watched him for some time with a great many new thoughts about him in my head. He was not like any one else in the school. The boys looked upon him, I knew, as a something quite distinct from themselves; down below them. Almost indeed, as he had said, he might have been a piece of machinery, wound up for the day's work and doing it; knowing and feeling nothing beyond. But as I lay there watching him, it occurred to me that he had a life to live, just as we had; that it was full of hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, perhaps keener than any of us had yet known. It seemed to me, too, that we had all of us been very cruel and arrogant; and he, Mr. Fell, singularly patient and free from all touch of resentment. It did not strike me then, as it does now, that he could afford to pity us and be calm. I remember seeing his face bent down closer to his book because of the missing spectacles, and feeling quite a pain in my own eyes as I looked. I noticed, too, the deep wrinkle between his eyebrows which those who read people's faces say speaks of power. I did not know that then; but yet, ignorant boy as I was, some vague idea of power did strike me; some half-acknowledged feeling of belief in him, and a sort of comfort and repose in the thought that I was under his care. But it grew too dark for him to see; the moon shone in through the window, and he shut his book. The last thing I saw as I went off to sleep was his face, with a great cloud of thought upon it, and the moonbeams struggling in to light it up. And I had an odd dream about him; odd at first, then terrible.

I suppose my nights were feverish; anyhow, at the very worst of the horror I was conscious of a sudden relief and peace; a peace so pleasant that I half awoke to find my head raised from the hot, uneasy pillow, Mr. Fell's arm supporting me, and something cool and wet on my forehead. I believe I tried to say something, but the relief was too soothing, and sleep wouldn't let me. I had an

indistinct remembrance of this having happened before, and even then a sort of appreciation of kindness undeserved; but I slept, and in the morning when I awoke he was not in the room.

I had plenty of time to think in these days. They passed so quietly indeed, that I might not have said anything about them only for one thing—they taught me the beginning of a lesson in humility which I hope I may go on learning as long as I live. I could hardly look at Mr. Fell without being ashamed, and he was so good to me.

'You may as well drop the *M/r.*,' he said to me one day when I had ventured to ask him why he worked so hard. 'I am neither one thing nor another, here; neither scholar nor usher, but a little of both. I am poor, you know, that's the secret. My father is dead, but I have a mother and sister, and they are poor too. I work hard now because I want to get a sizarship at Cambridge, if you know what that is, and then perhaps in the days to come I may help them. I might get such a place in the honour tripos—but there, I don't think you'll understand. At present we are all poor, and people don't think much of poor folk, little Burke.'

He put his hand on my head and smiled, as he said this; and I, thinking only how I had followed in the wake of others and despised him, stammered out, 'I don't know about people, but I know what I think. I'm sure I hope you'll get the—tripos, though I don't know what it is,' I said, floundering about in my ignorance, and seeing a spark of amusement in his grave face. 'I am glad I tumbled over the Black Scour; and when I remember—things—I am sorry and ashamed, sir.'

He put his fingers on my lips, and shook his head.

'You'll be well soon, now.'

'But if I am well I won't forget, Mr. Fell. And I wish I was clever enough to be your friend, but I'm not. You've been very good to me.'

He did not say any more then, but went away to his books. I fancied he was not quite so steady at them as usual; but I went wandering off into a grand castle in the air, in which, with the help of my father, I was to place Paget Fell upon a pinnacle far away above those who despised him for being poor.

When some of the fellows came in to see me, I began to talk about him. I wanted them to be good to him; not exactly that either, but I wanted them to know how much better he was than any of us.

'And some day,' I said, 'he will make a noise in the world.'

'Which is exactly what you would *not* have done but for him, Cock Robin,' replied Peterson, balancing himself on my footboard; 'so it's right you should speak up. And although we didn't win—'

'Not win! Gown not win?'

'Of course not. Nobody won. You didn't think we were going to fight on over your senseless little body, did you? I can tell you, old Fell had a toughish task to haul you up. And as I was saying, only you will interrupt—a bad habit, Cock Robin—'

although you didn't win the fort, for you're a plucky chap, and Fell's another. And so we've agreed to club together, town and gown, and—buy him a pair of goggles. What do you think of that ?

Now the spectacles had been my own private project ; but remembering that in the beginning of my lesson, self was to be the very last thing thought of, I turned my half-uttered remonstrance into something as like 'jolly !' as I could make it, and did my best to look pleased.

'Yes,' repeated Peterson, extending his hand in his best dramatic style. 'Carroll, though our ancient feud remains, yet we join as brave foes, to reward the brave. I will write the oration—address I mean ; Carroll shall present it. I go forth to purchase the offering !'

### THE INTELLIGENT STORKS.

**D**URING a terrible fire at the village of Auerbach, in Bavaria, which, in the short space of four hours reduced 108 houses and 137 out-buildings into heaps of ashes and ruins ; the heat was so great, that in the neighbouring houses which were not injured, porcelain, earthenware, and glass were cracked, and the six great bells in the church tower were melted.

Near this great fire, and in the direction whence the wind blew from it, stands a tower about eighty feet high, which formed part of the fortification on the town wall. On the massive tiling upon the summit a stork's nest had existed for so many years, that the building had received the name of the 'Stork's tower.' At the time of this fire, there were three young unfledged birds in the nest, who were daily fed by their parents. As is well known, the nests of storks are made of twigs, straw, and other inflammable substances, so that the danger, lest the nest should take fire from the thousands of sparks and burning fragments driven about by the wind on all sides, was very great, and the poor birds must have suffered not a little from the intense heat of the flames. In spite of this, the storks did not forsake their young, but by turns they each flew off to some fish-ponds just outside the walls, here they took a good dip in the water, and filled their beaks with as much as they could carry away, then, notwithstanding the smoke and flames which raged around, they flew back to their little ones, poured the water from their beaks over them and the nest, and at the same time shaking it out from their feathers. Thus during the whole day did these faithful birds perform the duty of a winged fire-brigade, till towards evening when all danger for their young and their nest was over. The tower now stands with the still inhabited stork's nest in the midst of the ruins—an eloquent testimony of the parental love as well as of the intelligence of these birds.

There is an old superstition that buildings on which storks build their nests are spared in a fire. In this case it was certainly true. J. F. C.

### A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD FABLE.

By John P. Parker.

**C**OME, John, my son, and we will go  
Unto Old Shoreham Fair,  
To sell the donkey, for I know  
We'll get a good price there.'

'Hah ! ha ! Look there ! that foolish pair  
Are walking side by side ;  
A donkey they have got, I say,  
Why don't one of you ride ?'

'John, we must try to please the folk,  
So you get up and ride ;  
I'll light my pipe, and have a smoke,  
As I walk by your side.'

'Oh fie ! you naughty, lazy lad !  
To let that old man walk,  
To be so indolent is bad ;  
You'll be the common talk.'

'John, you get down, and let me ride,  
We'll please the lady, thus :  
And when she sees you by my side  
She won't make such a fuss.'

'You ought to be ashamed, old man !  
I'm sure, if it were me,  
I should adopt a kinder plan :  
That poor boy's tired, I see.'

'John, here ! get up,—or stop a bit,  
You can jump up behind,  
And thus, together, we will sit ;  
The donkey's strong and kind.'

'Upon my word ! that is absurd !  
What a disgraceful whim !  
Enough to crack the donkey's back !  
You had better carry him !'

'John, we'll get down and let us try  
If we can carry Neddy,  
And, thus, with that friend's wish comply.  
Now hoist up ! mind, John ! steady !'

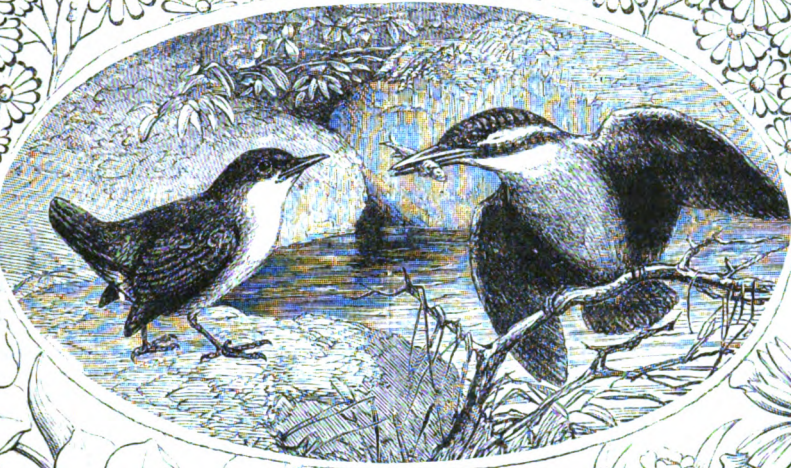
'Tom ! Dick ! here run, here's jolly fun,  
Those fellows leave have taken,  
In some strange fits, of all their wits,  
Look at that old chawbacon !'

'John, put him down ; in vain we try,  
We cannot please them all ;  
And so in future you and I  
Will not heed great or small.

'We'll walk or ride just as we will,  
And journey at our ease ;  
In trying to please all folk, still  
Some folk we must displease.

'And this good lesson, from to-day,  
We'll always keep in sight.  
Never to heed what people say,  
While we do what is right.'





## WATER OUZEL AND KING- FISHER.

By H. G. Adams.

**W**OOK at that lumpish bird! for the last ten minutes he has been sitting on a branch above the water, as if he was stupified or in a dream. He has a stout body, a large head, very short legs, and a stumpy tail. One wonders how he ever managed to get where he is for he looks as if he could not fly. He has chosen a retired spot for his meditations where the water steals noiselessly through a narrow opening in the banks, and spreads

out a glassy pool, sheltered above and around by the interlacing boughs thick with the fresh green foliage of spring.

Listen! Not a sound is to be heard, save now and then the drowsy hum of a bee, or the *coo-coo* of the wood-pigeon, or the far-off cry of the cuckoo, which seems like the echo of wandering voices. Now there is a splashing in the pool, and presently up come the black head and the white throat of the Dipper or Water Ouzel, another stout bird, but not so large as our motionless friend there, and with a short, quaint-looking tail, cocked up like that of the Jenny Wren. He has been walking under the water, searching for insects among the mud, and now he comes up for fresh air and sunshine, and there he stands staring at the companion of his solitude as much as to say, 'Holloa, old sleepy! wake up, and do as I have done, look out for your dinner!'

And very soon the other does wake up, in quite an unexpected manner. The large wings, which had been hitherto closed, flash out, for that is the best term one can use, for they seem covered with gems; the short legs straighten up, the half-closed eyes open widely, and gleam like fire, the large bill opens, and down into the stream he plunges, swift and straight as an arrow, with all the colours of the rainbow playing about his plumage.

In an instant he is up again upon his bough with a wriggling fish in his beak, and he turns to the astonished Dipper, as though he would say, 'There! don't call me sleepy again, but go and catch a fish like that, if you can.'

This is the Kingfisher, an awkward, heavy-looking bird, but for all that very quick in its motions, and adorned with feathers as richly tinted as those of the tropical humming-birds. It loves solitary places, making its nest in a hole in the bank of some retired stream, if a few fish-bones placed in a hole can be called a nest. The habitation of the bird is sometimes very large, and is used by the same inmates year after year. The entrance is often hidden by tangled grass or the roots of a willow or other tree. The eggs are five or six in number, of a pure white colour, and about half-an-inch long. The name Kingfisher is, no doubt, derived from its habits and the beauty of its plumage; being dressed in robes fit for royalty to wear, it is indeed the king of fishers.

But what about the Water Ouzel often found in the same lonely places, and nearly always beside the water? One might well take it for a larger kind of wren, so much like our little Miss Jenny is it in shape; but Jenny does not like to wet her feathers, and the Dipper, or Ducker, as he is sometimes called, delights to pass a good deal of time under water. Both these birds remain with us throughout the year; neither of them are numerous, and from their retired habits they are seldom seen.

#### ANECDOTE.

THE following instructions are said to have been given by Lord Palmerston to a Foreign Office clerk for answering a letter. Tell him, 1st, we'll see; 2nd, to use blacker ink; 3rd, to round his letters; and 4th, that there is no *h* in *exorbitant*.

### THE LACE HANDKERCHIEF.

#### CHAPTER IV.

(Continued from p. 135.)



AT half-past ten on the Thursday morning, Miss Buckram put her head in, and hastily informed the young ladies that she was going to see the wedding, and that she had Madame's permission to take one of them. She thought Miss Norris had worked as hard as any one at the trousseau, and therefore she might come, but she must be ready in five minutes. Sophia did not really care very much about it, but in her present state of mind anything was better than sitting still, and knowing that Margaret's dark eyes were continually on her. So without a word she rushed to her room, and changing her dress was ready at the moment Miss Buckram called her.

'Oh! Miss Eyles,' exclaimed Clara Bowen, one of Margaret's friends, 'what a shame for you not to go, knowing Lady Constance all your life, too!'

'Oh! never mind,' said another, 'it's a good thing to have got rid of Sophia.'

Margaret cared all the less about it, because she had had that morning a letter from Robert, which now lay in her pocket unopened. And she was impatient to get to her room for five minutes to read it in peace.

Sophia's clothes lay scattered about just as she had left them in her hurry, and the dress was there which she had worn ever since the Monday. It was the one she had pointed to in her troubled dreams, and a cold perspiration came over Margaret as she felt that here was her opportunity if she wished to use it. As she had sat next Sophia at work, the thought that somewhere about her, the handkerchief lay hid, had haunted her.

She tried to think whether there were indeed any dishonesty or fault in examining this gown. She would not have touched Sophia's box, though she had no doubt it was open. The impulse was too strong to be resisted, and with trembling fingers Margaret gathered it into her lap. It was of muslin and very little of it was lined, but surely Sophia had said something about the lining!

In one place there were a few fresh stitches as of a seam mended, but no inequality such as even a cambric handkerchief would cause. Margaret thought so at first, but yet surely—she held it up to the light, and there quite clearly discernible was an embroidered C, and folded beneath it were two other letters which Margaret felt certain were the M and G of Lady Constance Grayton's initials, but she could not discern the pattern of the lace, and there was not time to make any further search, for it was already time for the return of Sophia and Miss Buckram, and Margaret had not touched her letter! She now looked hastily through it, and read that Widow Hanner had died, and that Robert thought that would just be the cottage Margaret would like,



so he had applied for it, and his mother now wished him to marry as she had washing enough to support her with a very little help from him. Robert too had been promoted to higher wages, and he saw no reason why they should not be married about Christmas,—especially as Margaret had told him that by that time she would have earned enough to get herself a good supply of clothes, without which she would not be married, for she would not begin by being an expense to him. For a few minutes Margaret lived in a happy dreamland. Only fancy! so soon! to have a pretty home like Widow Hanner's, with roses and honeysuckle climbing about the windows with their snow-white curtains.

From these dreams she was rudely awakened.

'Madame desired to see Miss Eyles in her own room,' was the message which greeted Margaret when she re-entered the work-room. She guessed the object. Something seemed to tell her that the matter was by no means at an end as regarded herself. And now she must decide whether to bear unjust blame, or to accuse Sophia. In that short space of time she remembered Sophia's old widowed mother in bad health, the police-court, the prison. She had Sophia's ruin in her own hands,—should she accuse her and save herself? On the other hand, there was the suspicion which would attach to herself, perhaps the loss of Robert's respect and love; and what weighed with her as much as anything, the feeling that if Sophia were not honest, Madame should know it. One short prayer for help as she turned the handle, and Margaret Eyles stood before Madame, her sweet face looking sweeter and paler than ever.

'Miss Eyles, I wish we could find out about that handkerchief. I do indeed.'

Margaret was silent.

'But as we cannot, I fear there is nothing to be done but for you to get another situation. I am very sorry, but there seems an idea that you know more than you will tell, which really is guilt.'

'Charity endureth all things,' a voice seemed to be whispering.

'I should prefer to leave, Madame; but I am not guilty.'

'Then, my dear girl, why don't you clear yourself?'

'I cannot,' replied Margaret, quietly but firmly.

'Then I am afraid it is over between us, but I shall not take away any chance you may have of getting employed.'

'Thank you, Madame. I shall go home.'

A fortnight afterwards Margaret was packing her clothes, and Clara, with tearful eyes and indignant words, was helping her, when Sophia Norris came up to bed.

'Is it to-morrow you go, Margaret?' said Sophia; 'I really wish I was going too. I begin to hate this place, and you will be well out of it. Sending you away for the sake of a rubbingish handkerchief!'

Margaret could hardly help bursting out into vehement reproaches, Sophia's hard, cold nature was utterly repugnant to her. But Clara was at hand, and she could not let Sophia know that she was mistress of her secret without doing what she had

decided not to do, and informing all the rest of the house. Clara loved her too well she knew, not to make the most of such information.

#### CHAPTER V.

LORD and Lady Grayton, with the whole of their establishment, went down to their country-seat at Thornhill as soon as the excitement of the wedding was over. About the same time it was rumoured that Margaret Eyles was coming home; and as she had not given her reasons for leaving Madame Laure, her mother went to see Mrs. Andrews, the ladies' maid, immediately on her arrival. It was with a very heavy heart that she returned. There was indeed nothing definite. Mrs. Andrews said nothing about the handkerchief, but she mentioned that Elise had heard from Madame Laure that something had been missed, and though Margaret evidently knew about it, she would not tell. That was all. Mrs. Eyles must not distress herself.

This was bad news indeed, and bad news flies apace, so that by the time Margaret returned, a week later, there was a notion afloat in the village, that for some reason she was in disgrace. Robert would not allow it, but even he was anxious, for there were not wanting those who were jealous of Margaret's engagement to him, and who looked with envious eyes at the tall, handsome young game-keeper. Hitherto they had walked about the village together as a matter of course, and Robert called at the head-keeper's lodge on his way to the station to meet her.

(To be continued.)

#### HOT CROSS BUNS.

MOTHER, mayn't we have some Hot Cross Buns for tea? you didn't give us any this morning, Tommy Bates and the other boys had lots of them.

'Well, I was wondering whether you'd think about it, and want to know why you didn't have any; for I'm not going to give you any till Easter Day—you shall have some buns then.'

'But why can't we have them to-day? Good Friday's the proper day to have them; everybody has them on Good Friday.'

'No—not everybody—and I'll tell you why. You know what happened long ago on Good Friday?'

'Oh, yes, teacher says it's the day on which JESUS CHRIST died;—but I don't see what that has to do with it.'

'That's just what I'm going to tell you. We don't, any of us, forget father's death; and you know, when we have been to the Cemetery as the day comes round, you don't generally care much about a nice tea, for thinking of him; you don't want buns then.'

'No, that I don't!'

'And so people can't help being somewhat sad on Good Friday, when they think *Who* died on that day; especially when they are reminded of it by going to church.'

'Then how came people to have buns? I suppose it was those who didn't care like the others.'

'No, that wasn't it: though there are a great





'One a-Penny—Two a-Penny—Hot Cross Buns.'

many who don't care; and, perhaps, a great many who go pleasuring and tea-drinking on Good Friday never heard or thought of any reason why they should not do so. But once those people who *did* think about it felt so much that they couldn't bear to enjoy themselves as usual, and made up their minds that they would eat only one sort of food, quite plain; and they marked it with the sign of the cross, to remind them of HIM who died: they never meant it to be anything nice, as it is now.

'Is that what *cross* buns mean?'

'Yes; and, whenever you see the cross, *think of what it means*, for then it will remind you how you ought to keep *this* day on which work stands still that all may think of the death of JESUS, who is the Saviour of the world.'

\* \* \* \* \*

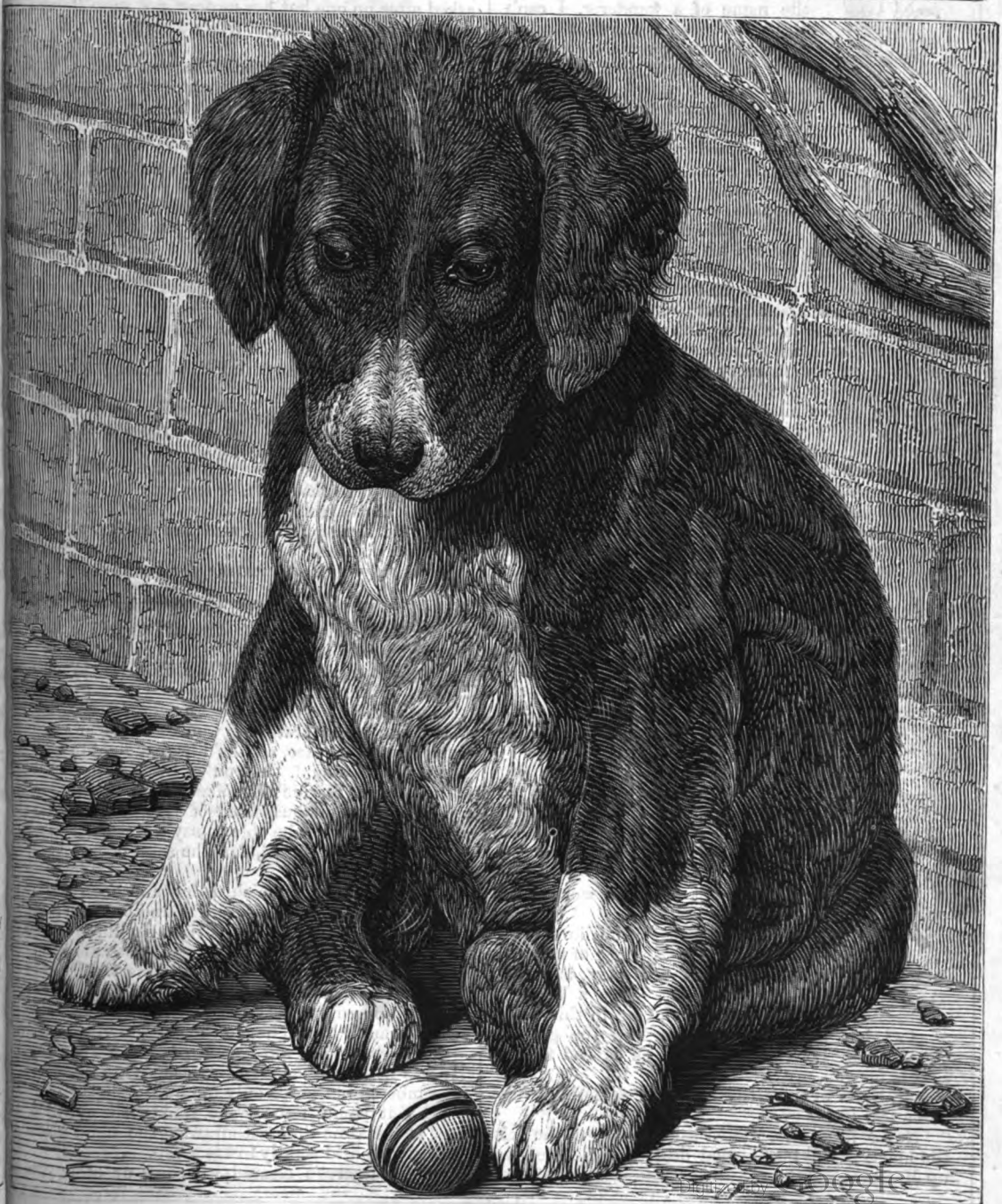
And when the boy was grown to be a man, somehow he never could bear to make merry or feast on Good Friday, for he never could forget his mother's words,—'*Whenever you see the cross, think of what it means.*'

C. R. H.

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London: WILLIAM MACINTOSH, 24 Paternoster Row.

# Chatterbox.



## 'GYP'



the short for Gipsy, and why my friends should have christened a solemn-looking puppy intended to become a stay-at-home dog with the name of a wanderer, I can't quite understand, unless it had to do with fetching and carrying, or with the Cambridge nickname for a servant. If they expected that poor Gyp would be as lively as a gipsy is supposed to be they were again mistaken, as the distemper left the little dog afflicted with palsy in after-life. How little could that puppy, who was sketched when tired at playing with a ball, know that at a future time he would never bound along with his tail up in the air, like a festive flag, but content himself with plodding behind his master, with drooping standard and tired on his four legs, long before his owner on two. However he turned out a good dog in the water, a first-rate watch-dog and companion in the house, and learned a good many tricks, which made him such a favourite with his owners that they indulged him in every way. I have often seen him looking very handsome on the sofa, as then the twitching of his hind-legs could not be seen. He lived for many years in the family, of which he formed quite a member, and, if it were the common fashion to put gravestones for dogs, 'Died universally regretted and much respected,' would have been the inscription on poor Gyp's. This seemed to me another instance in dog life which might serve as an example to us. By nature Gyp was intended for a retriever on land and water; circumstances and his infirmity prevented him from distinguishing himself in his proper sphere, for which no doubt he had many a secret hankering, and of which no doubt he often dreamt, nevertheless by good behaviour and obedience he carved out a tolerably happy life for himself, and was a source of great pleasure to others.

## THE LACE HANDKERCHIEF.

(Continued from p. 143.)



OWEVER, Eyles was preparing to go himself.

'No, no, lad,' he said, 'this business must be cleared up before you walk with her again.'

'But I don't believe a word of it,' said Robert.

'Never mind what you believe. You aren't going to be ashamed of my girl, and that's what you may be if all this talk goes on. Stop a bit. I don't mind your looking in this evening when we know how the girl is. Look here, Robert, it's as bad for me as it is for you, my lad.'

And Eyles went hastily out with something very like a tear in his eye.

'Never fear, Mrs. Eyles,' said Robert, as he left the house; 'it'll take a good deal to make me give up Margaret.'

'God bless you, Robert; but I hope you won't have occasion.'

Eyles was a somewhat reserved man, and when he found himself on his way home with Margaret by his side, he hardly knew what to say to her. She on her part was greatly changed in manner. She asked after no one but her mother, not even Robert, and instead of her bright lively chatter, only a few words escaped her.

'It will be all right when she sees mother,' said Eyles to himself. And certainly if tears were any relief, Margaret found it when she felt her mother's arms round her. Here was rest and peace, for it never entered into her mind that she would be suspected in her own home. Whatever she told or did not tell, it would be all the same there.

But Eyles did not forget that Robert Marston was coming presently, and he was too proud to endure that he should come on a different footing to his former one.

'Margy, my girl, your mother and I just want you to tell us why you are come back with such short notice. Not but what we're glad enough to have you, Margy.'

'Have you heard anything?' said Margaret, lifting her head suddenly.

'Nothing to speak of. We waited, because we knew you'd tell us all. But if you'd rather tell mother alone, my dear, I'll go.'

'Don't go, father, there's nothing to tell. I've done nothing to make you or anybody else ashamed of me. That's true as the Holy God in heaven.'

'Thank him for that,' said the mother; 'then why have you left?'

'Mother, you must trust me, for I cannot tell.'

Eyles shook his head.

'It's poor work having secrets from thy father and mother, my girl. Dost mean to tell Robert when he comes presently?'

Margaret flushed up. 'No, father, I can't tell Robert, he must trust me.'

'Then Robert comes here no more,' said Eyles. 'I tell you what, Margy, I won't have your name flung about the place, and he'd have a right to complain, that he would. If you've been in fault and own it, he can forgive if he likes, but he'll hear you talked about and suspected of this, that, and the other, and he won't be able to say a word.'

'Father, I can't tell, for the sake of somebody else.'

'Are you being punished for another's fault, Margy? If you are, I swear I'll find out who it is, and the whip shall fall on the right shoulder.'

This only strengthened Margaret's determination, but Eyles was too late to stop Robert. He had lifted the latch and was already in the room. In another moment he had Margaret in his arms, and had seated himself beside her in the old window corner.

Eyles stood first on one leg, then on the other. He was at a loss how to proceed. But Margaret remembered his words only too well.

'Say it again, father,' she said with quivering lips, at the same time withdrawing the hand which Robert still held tightly in his grasp.

'Till Margaret's cleared somehow or other, you



must hold off, Marston. Some say she took something that didn't belong to her; some say one thing, some another. She says she's clear of sin, and I believe her, but she won't tell why she left that Frenchwoman up in London, and I've half a mind to go and see her myself.'

'Don't do that, dear father; you'll do no good.'

'Then look here, Robert. I'm very sorry, for I like you well, and, please God, it'll come right at last. But till it does, you and Margaret must keep apart.'

'I don't care a bit for what they say,' exclaimed Robert, 'I'd marry her to-morrow if you'd give her to me.'

'I'll never give her to you till you can say there's never been a breath against her.'

Robert stood up. 'Margaret, before God, is there anything that should part us?'

Margaret was pale as death. She lifted her eyes to his face at last. 'If I cleared myself at the expense of somebody else you would not think the better of me, Robert.'

'But can you? Will you?'

'No, I cannot. I will not, and so, dear Robert, you must go. I do not believe that the kind God in heaven will let it be for long, but while it lasts—only so long, dear, you must go. Will you, please, go soon, while I feel it's right?'

'Not before I say that I'll never love or marry anybody but you, Margaret, and I'll never rest till I find out what this is that has come between us. I'll sift it to the bottom as sure as I'm alive this night.'

#### CHAPTER VI.

ABOUT eighteen months after this, a sick girl lay tossing about in a corner of a wretched, unfurnished room. Dark as it was, it was possible to see that no vestige of comfort was there. A dirty old woman filgited about, and seemed to make matters rather worse than better by grumbling and worrying. 'Oh, mother, can't you sit still?' at last groaned the sick woman.

'Sit still! I wonder who's to do it all if I sit still. This is what comes of having a fine lady for a daughter. Ah, my girl, it's little enough comfort I've had, I'll assure you.'

'Mother, did the doctor say I'd get better?'

'Never you mind what the doctor said. Doctors don't know.'

'Well, then, I know, and I wish you'd fetch a clergyman. He'd tell me something I want to know.'

'And who's the gentleman as I'm to ask up here, I wonder? A nice place for him to come to. I'll always locks the door when I sees a parson coming. There's not a chair to ask him to sit upon.'

'Never mind the chair, mother, go and fetch him.'

'I don't know where to find him, I'm sure,' grumbled the old woman, as she hobbled down the rickety stairs of her attic into the narrow, crowded street, or rather alley, in which she lived. 'I know where the Bishop lives, and the Dean, but they're great gentlemen. I'll ask old Susan Dyke, she goes to church most days of the week, let alone Sundays.'

Susan was only too glad to hear the old woman

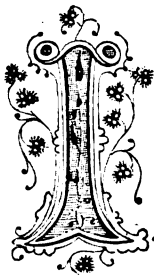
asking for a clergyman for any reason, and volunteered to send her own daughter for him, which offer was thankfully accepted.

The old woman sat rocking herself backwards and forwards on an old stool, and her daughter seemed to be dozing when a quick step sounded on the stairs, and somebody knocked at the door.

(Concluded in our next.)

### THE JACKDAW'S NEST.

A Bohemian Story. From the German by James F. Cobb, Esq.



N a wild romantic valley situated in the chain of mountains which separates Silesia from Bohemia, lies a quiet, picturesque little village containing about six hundred inhabitants. A great many years ago, a good and happy young couple lived in a small cottage, built close up against a lofty limestone rock in the outskirts of this village. The house belonged to the wife, she had inherited it from her father and mother whose only child she was; soon after their death, she had married an honest young labourer, their life was quiet and peaceful, hard at work all day, for they were very poor, they spent their evenings reading the Bible or some good book, and then he ended the day with a simple fervent prayer. But their happiness did not last long. Soon after the birth of their little Joseph, the young wife fell ill; she had caught cold during the damp spring, she neglected it at first, but soon she had pains in her limbs, which ended in gout, and so lamed her feet and hands that she was quite confined to her bed.

The good husband did not murmur, though he had to maintain the household on his scanty earnings alone, and to do everything himself. As soon as he came home from his work he got the dinner ready, milked the goats and gave them their food, which he had gathered for them early in the morning, and then worked on till late at night in the bit of potato-ground, or on anything which his hand found to do. He was never impatient, but always as kind to his wife as in her healthy days. 'For,' said he, 'we have received good from God, and shall we not also accept the evil? and it cannot really be evil if it comes from His hand; what God does is well done.'

Before he retired to rest, he always read a chapter out of the Bible, and prayed at her bedside. By his love he greatly soothed and cheered her suffering. Joseph, too, was her joy and delight; when he stretched up his little hands and smiled at her, she seemed to forget all her pain. Her faithful Saviour, above all, gave her strength to bear, with patience and resignation, the cross which He had sent.

Joe grew into a healthy boy; though his mother could attend to him so little herself, a kind neighbour used to take him to her house every now and then, saw that he was clean and tidy, and kept his little stock of clothing in good order. The less the mother could do with her hands for her darling, the



more fervently did she pray for him, and as he grew older and began to follow his own will and his own ways, the more earnestly did she commend him to the care of God and of His holy angels. She did not wish to confine him always in her sick-room; often when a good neighbour used to go to market to an adjoining village with his donkey, whose paniers were filled with fruit and vegetables, Joe would accompany him, and would often sit in the panier and keep company with the donkey and the dog while their master went to visit a friend, or do some business in the village. Joe, too, began to associate with other boys of his age not so well brought up as he was; but, happily, he still kept his simple, pious disposition. For while he was playing or running about with them, his mother was praying for him, and the angels had commands from Him who sends them forth in the service of His little ones, to protect Joe's tender heart from the evil influence of bad words and bad examples. He was a robust boy, and such a capital climber that his companions used to say, 'Joe is just like a cat or a squirrel, he climbs so well.' He would scramble up and down precipices and steep mountain sides to get strawberries, which he always shared with his mother, for he could never persuade her to take them all herself. In autumn he would

climb the wild apple and pear trees, and many a bag full of fruit did he bring home to his parents, which often provided them with a supper in the winter. Twice indeed he had fallen off a tree when climbing up, but he had not hurt himself, and it only made him more cautious in future.

Not only did his mother pray for Joseph, but she taught him also to pray himself. He could scarcely lisp the sweet names of father and mother, when she made him clasp his little hands and repeat the 'Our Father.' His mother told him every day stories out of the Bible. She taught him early to know his Saviour, and encouraged him to regard Him as his best friend, and to speak to Him with confidence, just as if He were standing close by, and holding him by the hand. She told him how Jesus loved children, even more than their fathers and mothers did, and that He heard everything which they said to Him, though they could not see Him with their eyes.

Joe remembered all this and acted up to it, not only when a little boy, but also through his whole life. When he was four years old, his mother taught him to read; he was a quick child, and in twelve months could read fluently, first in German, then in Bohemian, for his parents spoke both languages, and their beloved Bible was in Bohemian. Out of





'The heavy tree fell with a crash.'



this he often read to his mother, and the hours thus spent were happy ones indeed for both mother and son. Thus he grew to be eight years old. During the last winter he had attended the school of the village, which was only open in the winter season. His father had, with great difficulty, saved up the necessary money for his schooling, for he was very anxious that his son should learn to write. Then an event occurred which put an end to Joe's further studies, and suddenly made him an orphan and his mother a widow.

His father had gone out into the forest with the farmer who employed him: there they were cutting down a tree, they had hewn it half through, the farmer was standing a little on one side to sharpen his axe, the labourer was just preparing to give it another tremendous blow, when the heavy tree, one of the giants of the forest, unexpectedly fell with a crash to the ground, dragging the unfortunate labourer with it. The farmer turned round quickly, but too late, alas! to be able to do anything to save the poor man. He got him out as quickly as possible from beneath the heavy branch of the tree, but his life had fled. The tree had fallen on his breast, and caused immediate death.

For his poor wife, it was indeed the saddest day of her life; when she heard the terrible news, and when her husband's corpse was brought in and laid on some straw by her side, she could scarcely realise it, the blow was so entirely unexpected. She turned her face to the wall and wept bitterly, refusing to be comforted. 'Leave me alone,' she said to her neighbours who had come to comfort her. 'I entreat you, do not say another word. I must struggle through with it, and wrestle with my God in prayer, who has so severely smitten me.'

For some time she took no notice of what went on around her, then she said, 'I thank you all heartily, dear friends and neighbours, the Lord reward you for your kindness. I will not complain. The Lord has done it, and what He does is well done. The Lord gave me my dear husband, and now He has taken him from me; blessed be the name of the Lord, He will not forsake me and my orphan boy, I am sure of that.'

She remained calm and composed, till a few days afterwards, he was carried out to his last resting-place, and she could not leave her couch to follow him to the grave. When she was alone, her grief burst forth again in all its strength; but this time too, the Lord helped her with His consolations, so that when her friends returned they marvelled at her composure.

And now the poor sick woman had to pass through a sad time of trial. The bitterest poverty entered her cottage. The farmer indeed had paid her husband's funeral expenses, and his wife now and then sent her some flour and a sack of potatoes, and the neighbours now and then brought her something to eat or an article of clothing for Joseph; but this was of little avail. The poor woman could do nothing herself—neither cook a meal, sew a stitch, nor darn a stocking. She must have perished in her misery if it had not been for Joe. A new spirit seemed suddenly to have taken possession of him.

He forsook his companions and their games, and only did what would help or please his mother. Though only nine years old, he attended to the goats, milked them, and brought the milk to his mother; he cooked the potatoes, which he had planted with the neighbours' help, or he prepared a cup of coffee from the acorns which he had collected, roasted, and ground. He learned, too, to spin and sew a little from a neighbour, so that he could, in a rough way, mend his own clothes, which it was no easy matter to keep together, so ragged were they. When the farmer's wife heard how clever he was, she gave him a few pounds of coarse wool, which he spun in winter and made several pairs of stockings for himself. Only one thing he could not do, even for his mother. He could not go round and beg. People noticed that, and perhaps gave him all the more. Thus passed the first summer and winter.

(To be continued.)

## YOUR MISSION.

By Mr. Philip Phillips.

As sung by him in presence of the late President Lincoln, and five thousand others, in the Hall of Representatives, at Washington, February, 1865.

**I**F you cannot on the ocean  
Sail among the swiftest fleet,  
Rocking on the highest billows,  
Laughing at the storms you meet,  
You can stand among the sailors  
Anchored yet within the bay;  
You can lend a hand to help them,  
As they launch their boat away.

If you are too weak to journey  
Up the mountain steep and high,  
You can stand within the valley  
While the multitudes go by;  
You can chant in happy measure,  
As they slowly pass along;  
Though they may forget the singer,  
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver  
Ever ready to command;  
If you cannot to the needy  
Reach an ever-open hand;  
You can visit the afflicted,  
O'er the erring you can weep;  
You can be a true disciple,  
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the harvest  
Garner up the richest sheaves,  
Many a handful ripe and golden  
The too careless reaper leaves;  
Go and glean among the briers,  
Growing rank against the wall,  
For it may be that their shadow  
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot in the conflict  
Prove yourself a soldier true;  
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,  
There's no work for you to do;

When the battle-field is silent,  
You can go with careful tread,  
You can bear away the wounded,  
You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idle waiting  
For some greater work to do ;  
Oh, improve each passing moment,  
For these moments may be few :

Go and toil in any vineyard,  
Do not fear to do or dare ;

If you want a field of labour,  
You can find it anywhere.

### A CURL CUT OFF WITH AN AXE.

DO you see this lock of hair ?' said an old man to me.

'Yes ; but what of it ? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to heaven.'

'It is not. It is a lock of my own hair, and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head.'

'But why do you prize a lock of your own hair so much ?'

'It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care because it speaks to me more of God and His especial care than anything I possess.'

'I was a little child of four years old, with long curly locks. One day my father went into the woods to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching the strokes of the axe as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending off chips with every stroke in all directions.

'Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force.

'It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and in the blindness which the sudden horror caused he thought he had killed his boy.

'We soon recovered—I from my fright and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms, and looked at me from head to foot to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted.

'Not a drop of blood or scar was to be seen.

'He knelt upon the ground and gave thanks.

'Having done so, he took up his axe and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through and laid upon the wood.

'How great the escape !

'It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment when it was descending on my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips he took up the curl and went home with me in his arms.

'The lock he kept all his days as a memorial of God's mercy. That lock he left me on his death-bed.'

### THE ORGAN MAN.



OUR little readers, who live in a quiet street or square in London, will say, whenever they look at the picture, 'We've seen that man and his monkey often. He comes and plays in front of our house.' And even some readers in the country will say that they think he must have paid them a visit, too, or else it must have been one of his brothers.

The truth is, that most of these street organ-grinders come from

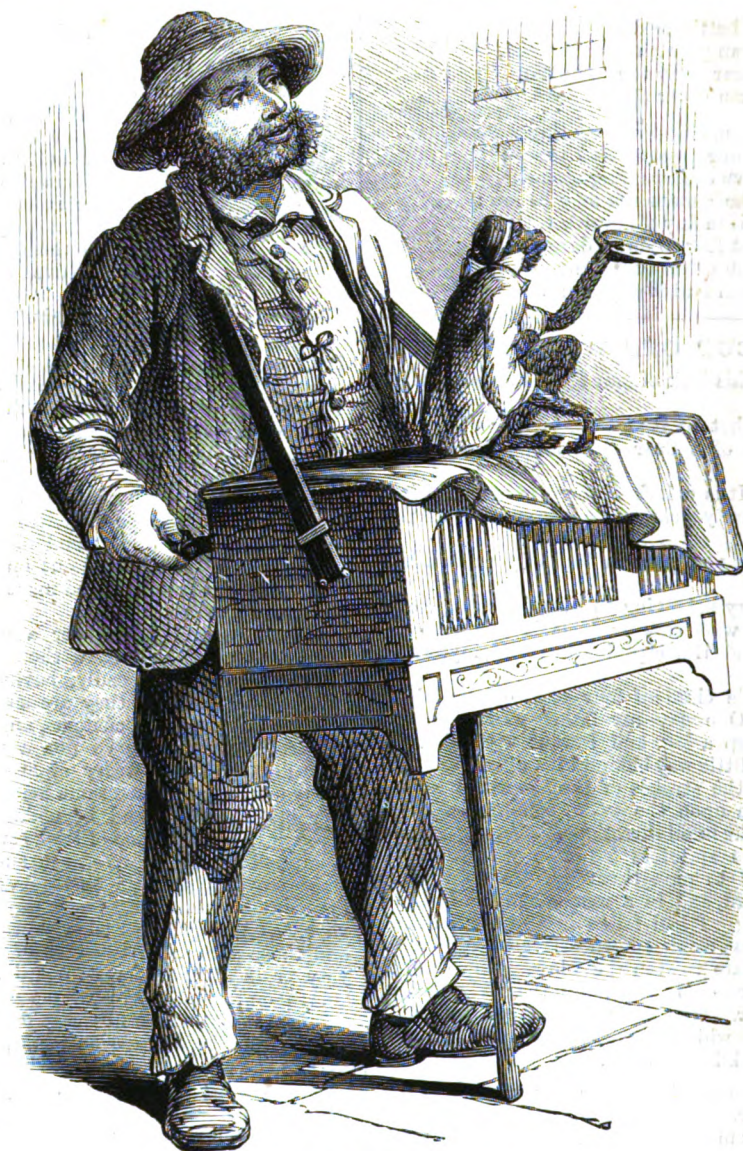
Italy or Savoy, and are all a good deal like each other, with swarthy skins, and bright black eyes. They very seldom can speak much of our language, and so they smile, and nod, and make their little monkey hold up his tambourine or his cap, to show they want a copper.

Very few of these men own the hurdy-gurdy which they grind upon. There are persons who have a number of organs and other street instruments, and they let them out on hire to the poor Savoyard boys and men, and make them pay a high price for them too.

Others persons bring over a number of these poor foreigners, and make them work for them, often cheating them sadly, having them quite in their power, because they are so ignorant of the English language, and customs, and prices.

These Savoyards have not a very happy life. They must get very weary of hearing their hurdy-gurdy grinding over the same half-dozen tunes from morning to night, and of making a monkey go through the same round of tricks and capers, though it must be a relief to have even such a companion ; and many of these men become very fond of their little dumb pets. Then those people who are nervous, and who get worried with the droning tunes, and those who have the care of sick people, look very cross at the poor Savoyard, and tell him to 'move on ;' and there is one gentleman, whose business it is to make intricate calculations, and he cannot bear these street-musicians, and hands them over to the police when they come and disturb him, which, it must be confessed, they seem to take a malicious pleasure in doing.

But, though they have some enemies, these Savoyards have some friends, and chief amongst these are children, whether of high or low degree, for you never see a Savoyard musician without two or three little street children following him ; while, if there is a monkey on the top of the organ, or some little dancing figures inside it, there is quite a crowd of juveniles, who give much admiration, though they cannot give much money ; and, whatever busy gentlemen or nervous ladies in the big houses may think of the hurdy-gurdy, the children in those big houses are always ready to come to the window, especially if it is lesson-time, and nod at the grinning Savoyard below ; and many is the sixpence that they coax out of Somebody's pocket, that they may throw it into the monkey's tambourine.



The 'Organ Man.

P. 151.

**A SLIGHT MISTAKE.**

**M**ANY years ago, a Hamburg merchant wrote to his correspondent at Lisbon and requested him, amongst other commissions, to send one or two monkeys. The letter was written in Italian in which language 'o' signifies 'or.'

The 'o' coming between the numerals 1 and 2, his friend read it '102 monkeys.' He therefore sent by the first vessel 84 monkeys, and excused himself in his letter by saying that he could get no more, but would not fail to let him have the others at the first opportunity.—*Laurie's Select Anecdotes.*

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# Chatterbox.





## CASABIANCA.

Said to be founded on fact. The boy was placed by his father in a part of the ship and ordered to remain there till he came back to him.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,  
 Whence all but he had fled;  
 The flames that lit the battle's wreck  
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
 As born to rule the storm;  
 A creature of heroic blood,  
 A proud, though childlike form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go  
 Without his father's word;  
 That father, faint in death below,  
 His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud;—‘Say, father, say  
 If yet my task is done?’  
 He knew not that the chieftain lay  
 Unconscious of his son.

‘Speak, father!’ once again he cried,  
 ‘If I may yet be gone?’  
 And—but the booming shots replied,  
 And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
 And in his waving hair,  
 And looked from that lone post of death  
 In still yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,  
 ‘My father! must I stay?’  
 While o’er him fast through sail and shroud,  
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendour wild,  
 They caught the flag on high,  
 And streamed above the gallant child,  
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound,—  
 The boy,—oh! where was he?—  
 Ask of the winds that far around  
 With fragments strewed the sea,

With mast, and he’l’m, and pennon fair,  
 That well had borne their part,—  
 But the noblest thing that perished there,  
 Was that young faithful heart.

MRS. HEMANS.

## THE LACE HANDKERCHIEF.

(Concluded from page 147.)



OME in,’ said the old woman, without moving. ‘It’s a nice place, as I told her,’ nodding towards the corner as Mr. Lee, the clergyman, entered.

He went at once to the sick bed, and asked if it was by the wish of the poor girl who lay there that he had been sent for?

‘Yes, it is. I want somebody to tell me if there’s any hope for me in the place I’m going to. I’ve been bad soul and body, and when I lie here tossing the whole night through, the devil is always there.’

‘How long have you been ill?’

‘Only so ill as this for a fortnight; but I’ve not been well a long while.’

‘Is there anything you wish to tell me? Any sin weighing more on your conscience than another?’ asked Mr. Lee.

The sick girl’s breath came short and quick, and she began eagerly to clutch the bed-clothes.

‘Do you feel your sinfulness, and that the blood of Christ is your only hope? If so, I may tell you that those who come to Him so, will in no wise be cast out.’

‘I don’t seem much to care about myself till I’ve set a wrong right, and I didn’t know how to do it; and, mother, there, she wouldn’t know.’

‘I shall be very glad to help you, but shall we ask God’s help first?’

And so saying, the clergyman knelt and offered a short, earnest prayer that the sick person might be enabled to make her peace with God before He called her away. And then he charged her very earnestly and kindly to open her heart quite fearlessly to him, in order that having discovered her soul’s disease, he might know how best to apply a remedy.

‘Mother,’ said she faintly, ‘a drop of water, and, mother, give me that old gown that lies at the top of my box.’

The clergyman sat by, half fearing that the poor creature was mad, as she raised herself in her bed and eagerly began to examine the gown. Then she set herself to unrip a seam, her poor thin fingers being hardly equal to the task. At last it was done, however, and from its hiding-place, Sophia Morris drew Lady Constance Grayton’s pocket-handkerchief.

‘Listen, sir,’ she said, ‘that was the beginning of my wickedness. I stole it and sold the lace to pay for a smart jacket. Another girl was accused and has borne the shame ever since, and I want to see her before I die. I got worse and worse, for I never could rest in a respectable place, and God only knows what I have gone through. Sin and shame enough for hell itself.’

‘Where is this person you have wronged?’

‘I don’t know whether she is at home. I want you to find out, sir, if you will. It is not far. Her father is Lord Grayton’s head-keeper.’

Mr. Lee felt that she was anxious to make the

only reparation which was in her power, and undertook to go over to Thornhill on the following day to see Margaret if possible, promising Sophia that he would let her know the result in the evening.

That day seemed very long to the poor, weary creature who lay tossing restlessly on her hard pallet wanting the barest necessities of life, to say nothing of the comforts which sickness needs. It might be about four o'clock that old Mrs. Norris again said 'Come in,' expecting that the clergyman had come. Instead of him, a tall, neatly dressed young woman entered, who instantly made her way to Sophia's bed, and folding her in her arms kissed her.

Then at last came real tears of love and penitence from Sophia's eyes. Then the hardness within her melted like snow before the spring sunshine, while still the bitter consciousness forced itself on her that if Margaret knew all, she would not kiss her.

But she was wrong. Joy was in Margaret's home that day, and out of her heart's thankfulness could she not spare a little thought for others? Besides the conviction had long ago forced itself on Margaret's mind that she had greatly erred in not telling Sophia before she left Madame Laure's, that she knew her secret, for might it not have saved her from further concealment and sin?

The two girls had a long, whispered talk, and all was made clear. How Sophia, being in debt, and recognising the value of the lace, had sold it to free herself, and how she had never regained her self-respect.

At last Margaret said, 'I knew it all along, Sophia.'

Sophia gasped, 'You could not know it, Margaret. I don't believe you knew it. If you had, you wouldn't have gone away in disgrace.'

Margaret explained that she felt very anxious to tell Sophia about her having found it out, but she had not been able to see her alone, and sometimes she thought it would be worse if she were to deny it again.

'I knew that you would be sent away, Sophia, and that your home was not so comfortable as mine.'

Mr. Lee came later, and he found that Margaret, with her mother's consent, was prepared to nurse Sophia till the end, which came about two months afterwards. The pure, unselfish character of the one so influenced the naturally hard, cold nature of the other, that when at last Sophia was called away, Mr. Lee trusted that her penitence was accepted, and that her sins, which were many, were forgiven.

Margaret is now in Widow Hanner's cottage, and the roses and honeysuckle climb about the windows with their pretty white curtains. Robert is the best husband in the world, she thinks. He had never faltered in his love and confidence in her, and now he has reaped his rich reward. Lady Constance Armitage received the remains of her handkerchief, and its history revived all her old admiration of Margaret, who, however, would never take any credit to herself since she had been able to see that her course had not been the best, although she had meant it well. And He who had seen her heart, and knew that her intention was right and pure, so

blessed those long weary months of sacrifice of her own will, that she had never ceased to be thankful for them, and thoughts of comfort as well as of pain are bound up in her memory with the 'Lace Pocket-handkerchief.'

## THE YOUNG BEAVER.

A FABLE.



A COLONY of beavers selected a beautiful spot on a clear stream, called Silver Creek, to build themselves a habitation. Without waiting for any orders, and without any wrangling about whose place was the best, they gnawed down some young trees and laid the foundation for a dam. With that skill for which they are remarkable, they built it so that it would protect them from water and from their foes. When it was completed, they were delighted with it, and paddled round joyously in the pond above, expressing their pleasure to each other in true beaver style.

In this colony there was one young beaver whose name was Flat-Tail. His father, whose name was Mud-Dauber, was a celebrated beaver, who, having very superior teeth, could gnaw through trees with great rapidity. Old Mud-Dauber had distinguished himself chiefly, however, by saving the dam on three occasions in time of flood. He had done this by his courage and prudence, always beginning to work as soon as he saw the danger coming, without waiting for the damage to become too great to repair.

But his son, this young fellow, Flat Tail, was a sorry fellow. As long as old Mud-Dauber lived, he did pretty well, but as soon as his father died, Flat-Tail set up for somebody great. Whenever any one questioned his pretensions, he always replied,—

'I am Mud-Dauber's son. I belong to the best blood in the colony.'

He utterly refused to gnaw or build. 'He was meant for something better,' he said.

And so one day in autumn, when the beavers were going out in search of food for winter use, as Flat-Tail was good for nothing else, they set him to mind the dam. After they had started, Flat-Tail's uncle, old Webfoot, returned back and told his nephew to be very watchful, as there had been a great rain on the head-waters of Silver Creek, and he was afraid there would be a flood.

'Be very careful,' said Webfoot, 'about the small leaks.'

'Pshaw,' said Flat-Tail, 'who are you talking to? I am Mud-Dauber's son, and do you think I need your advice?'

After they had gone the stream began to rise. Little sticks and leaves were eddying round into the pool above. Soon the water came up fast, to the great delight of the conceited young beaver, who was pleased with an opportunity to show the rest what kind of stuff he was made of. And though he dis-





A Colony of Beavers.

liked work, he now began to strengthen the dam in the middle, where the water looked the most threatening. But just at this point the dam was strongest, and in fact the least in danger. Near the shore there was a place where the water was already finding its way through. A friendly Kingfisher who sat on a neighbouring tree, warned him that the water was coming through; but always too conceited to accept of counsel, he answered,—

‘Oh, that’s only a small leak, and near the shore. What does a kingfisher know about a beaver-dam! You needn’t advise me! I am the great Mud-Dauber’s son. I shall fight the stream bravely, right here in the worst of the flood.’

But Flat-Tail soon found that the water in the pond was falling. Looking round for the cause, he saw that the small leak had broken away a large por-

tion of the dam, and that the torrent was rushing through it wildly. Poor Flat Tail now worked like a hero, throwing himself rashly into the water, only to be carried away below, and forced to walk up again on the shore. His efforts were of no avail, and had not the rest of the Silver Creek beaver family come back at that time, their home and their winter’s stock of provisions would alike have been destroyed. Next day there was much beaver laughter over Flat-Tail’s repairs on the strong side of the dam, and the name that before had been a credit to him was turned into a reproach, for, from that day the beavers called him in derision, ‘Mud-Dauber’s son, the best blood in the colony.’

Don’t neglect a danger because it is small; don’t boast of what your father did; and don’t be too conceited to receive good advice.





### THE DAISY-CHAIN.

**N**OW upon the shining meadows  
 Spring hath sprinkled her own snow,  
 Daisies white,  
 All silver bright,  
 With little eyes of golden glow.

Little golden eyes unfolding,  
 To the dazzling one above,  
 In blue expanse,  
 With baby glance  
 Of innocence and trustful love.

Little children, glad and merry,  
 Toddle, romp, and race along,  
 Hand in hand  
 To daisy-land,  
 With trills of laughter and of song.

Silver treasure without measure,  
 Shines upon the sunny fields,  
 Every elf  
 Uppathes pelf,  
 Which all the ground in plenty yields.

Now they weave a chain of daisies,  
Link by link it longer grows,  
But a hand  
Breaks through the band,  
And all around the treasure flows.

Life is such a chain of daisies,  
Each on the other must depend:  
One rude break  
A breach will make,  
That tears nor wishes ne'er can mend. H.



### THE JACKDAW'S NEST.

(Continued from page 150.)

EXT summer he watched the farmer's cows and sheep, for which, indeed, he received no money, but victuals and clothes. While looking after the cattle, he knitted as long as he had any wool. In autumn he gathered fruits and berries in the wood. By selling these he got a little money. Herr Paul, too, the Count's forester and gamekeeper, allowed him to break off or pick up withered branches in the wood, so that he was able to provide plenty of fuel in the winter. For this Joe did all he could to oblige him; he went on errands and took messages to the wood cutters for him. Sometimes, too, Paul, who knew he was a good climber, asked him to capture living-birds for him. On one occasion it nearly fared ill with poor Joe. The 'Jäger'\* had remarked, deep in the forest, high up in a cleft of a steep precipice, an owl's nest. He kept a sharp look-out not to miss the time when the young owls were sufficiently fledged to be taken out of the nest and could feed themselves. When the time arrived he hired another boy to look after the cattle, and took Joe with him. The old birds were away, and Paul, who had watched their habits, knew they would not return till twilight, when they always brought food for their young. Joe, with much difficulty, and not without danger, had climbed the precipice, reached the nest, and even got the two young birds in a sack, which he had securely fastened to his back, when he saw the old mother owl flying above him, ready to fix her sharp claws in his head. Fortunately the boy had kept his cap on. As it was high and thick, the claws of the angry bird did not penetrate to his skin, though Joe thought they did when she carried off his cap, which she soon let fall, and prepared for a fresh attack, which, doubtless, this time would have been more serious for Joe. He prepared for it by pressing his head against the wall and he raised his arm to protect it. Then, suddenly, there was a shot, and the bird fell dead at the jäger's feet. Paul, who had not expected the bird so soon, was yet quite ready for her with his loaded gun, and thus he had rescued Joe. The boy looked somewhat pale, and his limbs trembled a little, when, quicker than

was his wont, he came down the steep precipice and laid the sack with the two young owls at the forester's feet.

'You are a brave lad,' said he, after he had assured himself that his skin was uninjured, 'you will make a first-rate gamekeeper some day. When you are bigger and stronger, I shall take you to the Count and ask him to let me teach you, so that you may be my helper, and then my successor.' As he had no son very probably he spoke in earnest; at all events, his words made a great impression upon Joe: his cheeks grew red and his eyes sparkled. His greatest wish had always been to be a 'Jäger,' but as he always looked upon it as impossible, he tried not to think about such a thing. Then he thought of his mother, and a tear came into his eye. 'Herr Paul, that won't do,' he said.

'Why not, then? Is it because of your mother? Why, of course she would be taken care of; I should make the Count understand all about that. Leave that to me, but we've plenty of time yet. Now go back to your flock; here are twelve kreuzers (4d.) for you, for your trouble and the fright you have had.' Thus saying, he took up the dead and living birds and went off.

In the evening Joe took the money home to his mother; she thanked the Lord for it, for there was not a morsel of bread in the house. Joe told his mother of his adventure and the danger to which he had been exposed; she prayed him to be careful, so that he might not come to any harm, but, above all, to call upon his heavenly Father for His help and blessing in all that he undertook. Joe promised to do this, and kept his word. He told her, too, what Herr Paul had said, and she perceived how his proposal had filled the boy with delight.

'Do not build too much upon it, my son; men are changeable, and who knows if, when you are old and strong enough for the post, Paul will be in a position to offer it to you? Commend your ways unto the Lord, trust in Him and He will provide for you.'

A few days after, Herr Paul came to the boy again as he was watching his cattle. 'Joe,' said he, 'I have another job for you! This time it is not an easy one, much harder than taking out the owl's nest, but the reward is greater too, if you succeed you are to have a whole florin.'

Joe opened his eyes at this. He had never had so much money in his life.

'What is it, Herr Paul?' he asked; 'I will willingly do it if I can.'

'Well, it is certainly something which not every one could do; I, for example, could not; Toni could not either, but you, who can climb like a cat, will, I doubt not, be able. This time it is to take the jackdaw's nest from the church steeple.'

'The jackdaw's nest! that is quite impossible. I and others tried it last summer, but we were obliged to give it up, we could not succeed, it is too high, and nothing there to hold on by. And who places so high a value on a couple of young jackdaws that he will give a florin for them? Why, a young owl only costs six kreuzers (2d.). You are surely joking, Herr Paul!'

\* A sort of gamekeeper.



Paul smiled : 'I am not joking, Joe,' he said, 'and I will keep to what I have promised. I gave you certainly twelve kreuzers for the two young owls, and for my own part, would not give three kreuzers for six young jackdaws, but I know some one who will readily give a florin for one only. As you are so curious, I will tell you who it is. It is nobody else but the Count himself. About six months ago, our young master, the Count's son, went into the village and strolled into old Jacob the shoemaker's shop, the old gentleman, with his spectacles on his nose, was hammering a nail into a ploughman's shoe, while Fritz, the postilion's son, had just brought him one of his father's boots to mend. But what struck the young Count the most was old Jacob's tame jackdaw, which was sitting up on the stove above him and making all sorts of queer remarks. When Jacob, who is very poor, saw what a fancy the boy had taken to the bird, he offered to sell it him for a florin; the Count paid the money at once and took the bird home to the Castle, where, by its droll ways and odd speeches, it has been a constant source of amusement to all the family. But the day before yesterday the tame bird died, and the young master is in great grief about it. So the Count called me up yesterday and said he would give me a florin if I could get him a young jackdaw. But I know of none except those in the nest in the church tower. They are indeed hard to get at, but if you can't do it, I know no one else who can. You will really do me a great favour if you succeed. I think you will, too. Just come with me and try. I will give Toni something to attend to your cattle.'

'I should be glad indeed to earn the florin,' answered Joe; 'but I fear it can't be done.'

'Well, only come and see, perhaps it is possible after all!'

They both went into the village, went up the tower and looked at the opening in it, above which the nest was situated. They could hear the young jackdaws, and see them when they stretched out their heads to look if their father and mother were soon coming back with food for them in their beaks. Joe gazed up for a long time, at last he said, 'I see one thing which makes it possible, but the thing is not easy, and certainly dangerous. Up there, close to the nest, rather above it, I see an old iron hook; I suppose it was put there for the scaffolding, when the tower was built. If I had a rope I might perhaps be able to throw it high enough so as to sling it over this hook, and fasten the other end down here in the tower. If it was thus doubled, I could climb up it; but still it would be very dangerous, and I doubt whether I should succeed. And the rope, too, will be lost, for I shall never be able to unfasten it from the hook again.'

'If that is your only fear it is of no consequence, I will readily sacrifice a new strong rope,' replied Paul. 'Stay here and I will go and fetch one.'

'But I do not know whether I may do it,' said Joe. 'I must first ask my mother.'

(To be continued.)

## THE MARE AND FOAL.



HOPE that, as a rule, the horse is well cared for and kindly treated.

Every intelligent person who has had much to do with horses will allow that the horse is a most sensitive and sensible animal. Anxious to do his master's will when he knows it, but, at the same time, easily cowed and bewildered by ill-treatment; how often this state of bewilderment is mistaken for obstinacy, and treated as such by ignorant horse-breakers, it is impossible to say. I remember seeing a fine young colt taken up from grass to be broken in; he had every appearance of being good-tempered and willing, and was warranted so to be by his owner. About three weeks or a month afterwards I was riding on the coast in the same neighbourhood, and was much pained to see some men cruelly flogging a poor beast in a cart; I hastened to the beach to remonstrate, when I found that the poor animal under treatment was the good-tempered colt of three weeks before. The colt had gone very well, it seemed until the day before, when (to test its powers and its pluck), the breaker had taken it (young and tender as it was) to the sea-side, laden the cart it was drawing with sea-weed, and then called upon it to go on. After sundry vain efforts to move the wheels over the yielding sand, the horse refused to 'budge;' and the state of fright and bewilderment into which the poor animal was thrown was put down to obstinacy, to be cured by whip and stick, and thus a thoroughly good horse was spoiled through ignorant cruelty. A little patience—(an hour or two would not be thrown away in such work)—and a little more judgment in loading the cart, would have left the colt willing and staunch, and so far 'broken in,' not 'broken down.'

I remember some years ago asking an intelligent mail-coach driver, who, in a distance of some forty miles, seldom used his whip, how he managed to do so well without it. 'The horses know me,' he said, 'and they always do their best.' Now, this is just what intelligent horse-keepers feel and know about their horses—'they always do their best.'

Flogging, or the frequent use of the whip, along with a never-ceasing grinding of the steel bit over their teeth and gums, only worries and fevers them, depresses their spirits, and takes more out of them than a week's honest work.

Sitting one day on the box of a stage-coach on my way to Cambridge, now twenty years ago, I observed to the coachman, 'How straight that leader works!' 'Ah, sir,' said he, with honest pride, 'she's a little miracle, she is, and has been at this work for eighteen years, and I don't think the whip have fall'd upon her half-a-dozen times from first to last.' 'That,' said I, 'no doubt, accounts for her working so long in a fast coach.' 'Maybe it do, sir, she'd jump out of her skin with some of them; but none of my horses get much whipcord, and every one in the team you see has been with me more than seven years.'



Mare and Foal.

There was a waggoner in a town in Cornwall who always succeeded in getting his load up the steep street of the town without difficulty; I have watched the man with admiration over and over again, with horses of all tempers, but I never saw him flog one of them. I once said to him, 'You seem always to get on with your horses, how is it?' 'Oh,' said he, 'I never frightens 'em; they'll do it if they can.' Flogging is seldom or never of any use; the more the poor brute gets the more he 'can take.'

The whips which are often used are disgracefully punishing, and most dangerous to put in the hands of ignorant and unfeeling drivers. It is the boast of some men that they can 'draw a bit of flesh at every stroke;' surely, a good horse-master should hesitate before he puts such a weapon into his servant's hands, to be used just as he lists, on a poor beast which can tell no tales, and the driver who makes any such cruel boast ought never to be employed.

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# Chatterbox.



Hawaiian Children Eating Poi



### HAWAIIAN CHILDREN EATING POI.



**T**HIS is a sight often seen among the natives of the Sandwich Islands; for *poi* is their staple article of food. It is prepared from the root of the *kalo*, a species of arum, which is extensively cultivated in Hawaii.

When the ground is not very moist the *kalo* patches are tilled in the following manner. First, a rectangular piece of ground, varying in size, according to the requirements of the family, is excavated to the depth of two or three feet below the average surface of the ground, and the bottom is beaten well with sticks to make it more capable of holding water. The shoots of the *kalo* are planted in this artificial pond, and water is let in by cutting a ditch from some neighbouring stream. Between the various patches there are walls of earth, about three feet in breadth, used as pathways, and upon these shrubs and small trees are sometimes planted. The water in the patches is kept at a generally uniform depth of about eight inches, and at the end of a year after its planting the root is ready for digging.

When it is dug and required for use, an oven or hole is made in the ground. At the bottom of the hole there is placed a number of red-hot stones; upon them a layer of leaves; then the roots; upon the roots another layer of leaves; and then the whole is covered over with earth. After a certain time, which the natives know how to judge very well, the roots are sufficiently cooked, and are then ready for peeling and pounding. This is performed by the wife, for in almost all savage nations the greater part of the hard work is done by the women. She places some of the roots upon a square board kept for the purpose, and called a *poi-board*, and pounds them with a stone until they are reduced to pulp. This she sprinkles with water, and stirs with her hands, and pounds again until it has the consistency, and somewhat the appearance, of paste. The colour, however, varies slightly, sometimes having a blue, and sometimes a reddish tint, according to the species of the *kalo*. The paste thus made is put into a calabash and is ready for eating, but is not much esteemed by the natives until it has been kept for two or three days, by which time it has become sour.

In the old heathen times men and women might not eat together. The men and the women had each an eating-house for themselves. What an idea does this give us of the social tyranny of heathen customs! But the restriction was done away with when the religion of Christ was accepted by the Government, and now men and women take their food together. Accordingly the family, and any whom they may invite to join them, men, women, and children, will squat in a circle upon the ground, with a large calabash containing the *poi* in the centre. They may, perhaps, have some other food, fish, or pork, or dog, but the *poi* is the great

thing. After every mouthful of the fish (which is usually eaten raw), or of pork, the fingers are dipped into the starch-like *poi*, and with a little twirl (such as one gives to a spoon when helping oneself to honey to prevent its dropping) the dainty morsel is conveyed to the mouth. As the food waxes low there is less chattering, and more and more attention is given to the calabash. The brown fingers twinkle in and out rapidly. No one seems willing to lose his chance of getting all he can; until, the end having practically arrived, the elders withdraw with dignity from the contest, and the calabash is given over to be scraped by the fingers of the juveniles.

J. S.

### THE JACKDAW'S NEST.

(Continued from page 159.)



**J**OE stuck to this, though Herr Paul did all he could to dissuade him, fearing his mother would not consent, so they came down the tower together, and the jäger went for the rope, and Joe to his mother. After she had heard the whole story and the position of the nest, she would not consent for a long time.

'We may indeed need the florin very much,' she said, 'for the twelve kreuzers are nearly gone, and I see no prospect of earning any more at present. But you must not risk your life for a florin. Our heavenly Father will provide us with bread in some other way.'

'But, mother, if He wills to do it in this way? I am not afraid, I do not know what dizziness is. I shan't fall if the hook holds firm, and Herr Paul and I will try that well before I go up. The only question is, if we can succeed in making the rope fast.'

'Well then, go, in God's name, if you have the courage to do it; be very cautious, and if you feel afraid, give it up at once, but first let us pray together.' And Joe knelt down by his mother's bedside and clasped his hands, and she prayed so fervently for the protection and care of the Lord and His holy angels for her dear son, that the tears came into his eyes. And after she had said 'Amen,' he said 'Mother, bless me!' and she placed her crippled hands on his head and blessed him.

'Now I shall not be at all afraid,' he said, as he got up, and his mother gave him a kiss.

Herr Paul was waiting for him with a new, strong rope. 'I had almost given you up,' he said, 'I have been waiting so long; I am glad you are here at last.'

They went up the tower, Joe doubled the rope, made a loop in it, and tried to throw it over the hook. This was a very difficult thing to do and did not succeed for a long time; Paul, too, made several vain attempts. But they did not give it up. At last Joe succeeded, and the rope caught the hook. Then he asked the jäger to help him to pull the rope with all his strength to see whether the hook would hold. The trial was all that could be desired, the hook did not yield. The ends of the rope were

now firmly fastened in the tower. Joe courageously worked his way up the rope, he reached the nest, he found two young birds almost grown up, he put them into a bag which he had tied round his waist. So far all had gone well. But as he was coming down, and looking up once more, he remarked to his terror that the hook was beginning to give way, for it was only fastened into wood-work and was already much bent downwards. He turned pale as death, but did not lose his presence of mind and glided as rapidly as possible down the rope. Paul, too, by the slackness of the rope remarked that all was not right, and feared an accident. So, scarcely was Joe opposite the opening in the tower than he stretched up his arms and seized the boy, and pulled him in. With him he drew down the rope too, in the loop of which the hook still stuck. 'God be praised for having preserved you from this terrible danger,' exclaimed Paul aloud. But Joe sank down on his knees and thanked God, then he sobbed aloud, for he was much excited and moved at having been so near death, and at his wonderful deliverance. When he had recovered a little he opened the sack, one young jackdaw had been suffocated by the rough embrace of the jüger, but the other was perfectly well. Paul took them and gave the boy the florin he had promised him. 'It is well earned,' he said, 'go home now to your mother and rest yourself. Toni will take care of your cattle.'

How the boy hastened home! His mother rejoiced when she saw him safe and sound, as he placed the florin on her counterpane, but she turned very pale when she heard of the danger to which he had been exposed, and of his deliverance.

'The Lord be praised!' she said, 'that He sent His angels to guard you as we prayed Him to do; but now, Joe, you must promise me not to go into such peril again.' He did so, and he kept his word.

Before he left his mother he took something shining out of his pocket. 'Look here, mother,' he said, 'what I found in the jackdaw's nest. I don't know what it is, but I thought I would take it with me to show you; perhaps it is a plaything which I can give to the farmer's little Mary. I only wonder how it ever got up there!'

When his mother had examined the plaything, she turned pale, as Joe thought, even more than she had done on hearing of the danger to which her only son had been exposed. For a long time she could not speak. Then she lifted up her hands to heaven and said, 'Thanks be to Thee, O eternal and righteous God, that Thou hast brought this hidden thing to light, and thus restored to us our good name before men, so that we may again lift up our heads among our fellows!'

Joe could not understand why his mother was so deeply moved by the sight of a brass plaything. He looked first at her, then at it, and sought in vain for any explanation.

'My child,' said she, 'that which through God's gracious guidance you have found is no plaything, but a costly bracelet of pure gold with two precious pearls, which as I see are still both there. This evening when you come home you must polish it up, and to-morrow you must take it to the Castle and place

it in the Count's own hands. Till then say not a word about it to any one. Does Paul know anything about it?'

'No, I was at first too frightened to think about it, and afterwards it did not seem worth while to show it to him. I thought he would only laugh at me.'

'So much the better! Now ask Toni to drive out the cattle for you early to-morrow morning, and I will give him a couple of kreuzers for it.'

'When he asks me why I don't do it myself, what shall I say?' asked Joe.

'Only, "My mother wished it,"—nothing more. You are old enough, my son, to know the history of this bracelet, or rather that which is connected with it. This bracelet has brought shame and misery upon our whole family, and I am much surprised that you have never heard about it. But there are very few who know all the particulars of the affair.'

'Toni told me once when we had a quarrel that I belonged to a thief's family; he afterwards asked me to forgive him when I cried about it. Had that anything to do with it?'

'Yes; you shall hear all about it this evening. I have often meant to tell it you. But go now, Toni will be getting impatient.'

That evening Joseph carefully polished the bracelet as his mother directed him, and as he rubbed it and the gold shone forth brighter and brighter by the light of the pine torch, his mother told him the following story:—

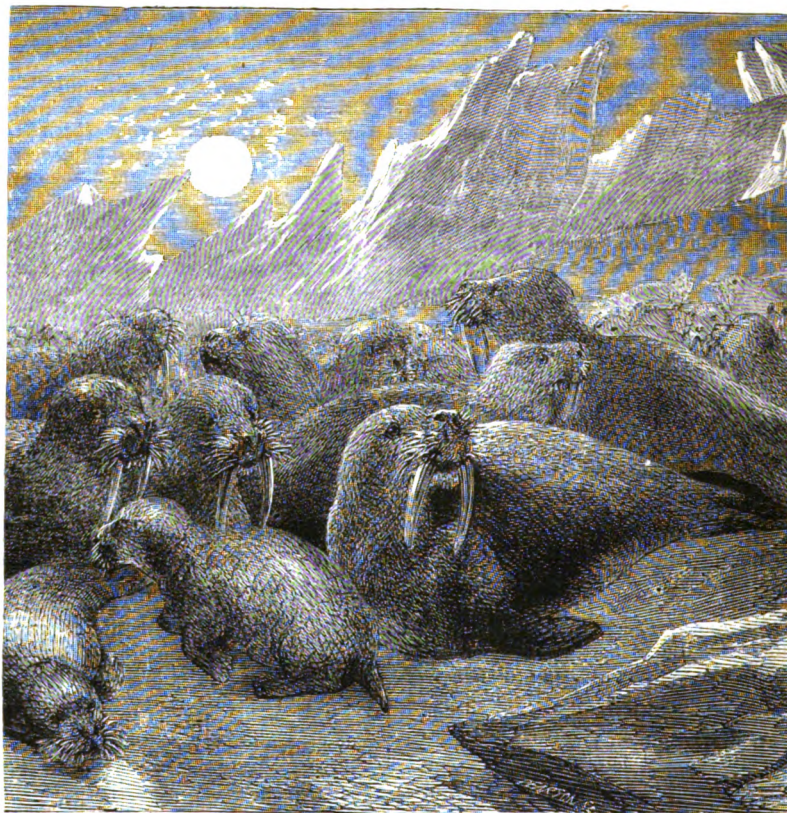
'My late grandmother on my mother's side came, when a young girl, to the Castle with the Count's family from Bohemia. She and her family, as we do now, belonged to the Church of the Moravian Brethren, who were then sadly persecuted by the Austrian government to oblige them to change their religion. Many perished, hundreds had to work in the mines all their lives, while some secretly escaped out of the country. Her father was among the persecuted. He had ended his life in prison, as he would not change his religion nor give up his Bible and other books which he had concealed in a secure place only known to his wife. She died of grief for the sad end of her husband, but before her death she told my grandmother where the books were hidden, and enjoined her to keep them safely and take them with her when she had an opportunity to leave the country. When the present Count's grandfather, who was also a member of the Moravian Church, determined to leave those parts on account of the persecution, he offered to take her with him as waiting-maid to his wife, to which she gladly consented. She readily obtained permission to take the books with her: they are the same in which you often read. When the Count married his wife, who was one of the Empress's ladies-in-waiting, the Emperor gave her a golden bracelet with two precious pearls as a clasp,—the same which you, through God's providence, found in the nest to-day. My grandmother said it was worth more than a thousand florins.'

'The Countess, though she had joined our church out of love to her husband, had little sympathy with the persecuted Brethren; so she did not like my good grandmother, and often laughed at her when she

saw her pass her leisure hours reading in her Bohemian Bible, or heard her singing her favourite hymns. When the Count was at home she did not dare to show her dislike, because she knew how greatly he esteemed her for her father's sake, and for her own piety and honesty. But when he was away, then my poor grandmother passed many sorrowful

hours which made her pray much for strength and comfort. But now different and harder trials were coming upon her, the consequences of which her children have experienced even to the third generation, but which now, I hope, through your discovery, will at last be removed.

(To be continued.)



Walruses on the Ice.

## A TRIP TO THE NORTH SEA.

### CHAPTER I.



WAS paying a visit, during a long summer vacation, to my cousin Christian Ericson at Copenhagen, in company with my friend Robert Ansel. Christian had long proposed a trip to the North Seas. One morning he rushed upstairs, exclaiming, 'Pack up—we'll be on board at once! A capital craft I have hired here for three months.

The *Never Sink*! not a bad name! I hope she will prove true to her character. She is not handsome to look at, and not over sweet inside, but you will soon get used to her fishy odours.'

We were soon on board. The *Never Sink* was rigged as a sloop, and fully equipped with two strong whale-boats, harpoons, lines, lances, seal-hooks, blubber knives, and an ample supply of provisions. She was about forty tons burden, with a skipper, two harpooners, a cook, and eight seamen.

In about ten days we were among the ice. Our first prize was an old walrus, harpooned by the skilful hands of our skipper. Accompanying the old lady was a young walrus, which our skipper, in his broken English, denominated a 'little boy' walrus. It was a most comical facsimile imaginable of the old one, and, being taken on board, soon became as tame and playful as a kitten. The only thing which disturbed his equanimity was pulling his whiskers, or pretending to use the rope's end to him, when he used to sneak off, looking over his shoulder like a dog chas-



tised. He ate salt beef, blubber, and anything that was given to him; but we got him a supply of seaweed to serve as vegetables with this strong diet.

One great advantage in sailing in this region was that there was no night; but we had to beware of fogs, in which many a vessel has been lost. We had come chiefly to shoot seals, and were very successful.

The seal is never to be caught napping. This watchfulness arises from the fear of being stalked by a bear, as the Bruin of the north, habited in a white coat, lives chiefly on seal-flesh. The seal has an acute sense of smell, and must be approached to leeward. As he never lies more than a foot on the ice, he must be shot dead, or he will roll off and sink. When seals are in the water they are not at all afraid of a boat, but come boldly up, quite close, first on one side and then on the other, curious to see what the strange object can be.

One morning we were aroused by the cry of 'Walrus on the ice!' We rushed on deck and saw four large flat icebergs, so densely packed with walrus that they had the appearance of being solid islands of walrus. The monsters' heads reclined on one another's backs and hides, like a lot of fat hogs. There were about one hundred, and many around trying to clamber up on the others, who, like people crowded in an omnibus, growled as much as to say, 'Don't you see we are full!' There were plenty more icebergs about, but they evidently liked being packed close for mutual warmth. Away we went after them; but they had not been long enough on the ice to grow sleepy, and the discontented individuals in the water gave the alarm, so that we only managed to secure four.

Afterwards we went in chase of a large pack which appeared. The boat rushed into the midst of them. Away went the harpoon; the line ran quickly over the gunnel, and a luckless youngster, on whom our skipper had kept his eye, was fast. His bereaved mother charged the boat instantly, with flashing eyes, and snorting with rage. She quickly received a harpoon in the back and a bullet in the brain, and hung lifeless to the line. Now the youngster began to utter a plaintive grunting bark, and fifty furious walrus came quickly around the boat, in a few seconds rearing up breast high in the water, and snorting and blowing as if they would tear us all to pieces. Two of them were harpooned. The rest wisely hung back, and the youngster breathing his last, the rest retired to a more prudent distance. Had it not been for the death of the youngster, the skipper said he saw that we should have had more walrus on our hands than we could have managed.

Not long after this, looking through our telescope, an object was seen moving slowly on a black rocky island about two miles off. 'It is Gamelerick himself,' observed our skipper. 'He is gathering eggs.' Multitudes of gulls, fulmars, and eider-ducks, were hovering about the island, screaming and chattering in a state of great perturbation at Bruin's researches. We landed and crept towards him, with rocks between us. He winded us, and took to the water. We fired, but missed. We rushed to the boat and pulled away in chase. We overhauled him rapidly. Two shots were fired; one bullet went through his jaw, another through his brain, and Bruin floated

dead on the water. We towed him on shore, and whilst divesting him of his white rug a thick fog came on. We looked about—the sloop was nowhere to be seen.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## A STORY OF A GREAT STATESMAN.



PEOPLE are apt to think that the great men who interest themselves in the affairs of the kingdom have not leisure, even if they had inclination, to attend to the business of obscure individuals. We generally imagine the Queen's Ministers and the other high officers of state devoting all their time and power to making laws for the good of the nation as a whole, while they care little for the suffering which may be taking place within sight of their very doors. Happily, however, it is a mistake to suppose such to be the case, for many instances might be mentioned where private acts of generosity and kind-

ness have been shown to the needy by those who hold posts of weighty responsibility in the public departments of the realm; and the story which I am going to tell proves that the same noble spirit was not wanting in the famous men of a by-gone age.

Among the politicians of the last hundred years through whose exertions, under God's providence, England has attained to her present prosperity, none were more distinguished than Edmund Burke. He was the younger son of an Irish solicitor, and was born in Dublin about the year 1728. Early in life he gave promise of his future success. Both at school and college he won the esteem of his tutors, who could not but admire his brilliant talents; whilst among his companions he was ever regarded with the truest affection from his frank, warm-hearted disposition. One of the most remarkable features of his character was a hatred for all kinds of oppression and wrong; almost from childhood this manly feeling of liberty was seen in him, and in after life it made him often plead with touching earnestness against the cause of injustice.

At the age of twenty, Edmund Burke came to London for the purpose of studying for the law. Full of high hopes and aspirations, he would wander about the streets thinking of the future. Sometimes he would gaze upon the Houses of Parliament, and wonder whether it should ever be his lot to sit in the House of Commons and take part in the discussions of the day. At other times he would spend hour after hour in Westminster Abbey, examining the monuments, and musing on the past. 'Shall it ever be,' he thought, 'that I, too, shall have my resting place in this grand cathedral, side by side with the great men who are now calmly sleeping after their lives of usefulness?'

The dry study of the law was not much to the taste of Edmund Burke. He longed for a wider

field of action. Already he had made some speeches at the meetings of a private debating club, and there could be no doubt as to his eloquence. Feeling within him, therefore, that God had given him this special gift, it became his utmost ambition to have a voice in Parliament. But we now must leave him for a while, and travel in thought to a distant Eastern land, far from Edmund Burke and all his dreams of greatness.

At the very time when the son of the Irish solicitor was forming plans for the good of mankind, it so happened that two natives of Armenia had taken refuge in Calcutta. They were driven from their country by a tyrant named Kouli Khan, who had turned against his own army, and had caused several distinguished warriors belonging to it to be brutally murdered. Among those who fled for their lives were a father and son of the name of Emiu, and they barely escaped by seeking a place of safety in the capital of India. Joseph Emiu, the son, although only in his eighteenth year, was a youth of singular courage and determination. Two of his uncles had been murdered by the cruel chief Kouli Khan, and this, together with his own and his father's forlorn condition, had a powerful effect on the mind of the young Armenian. One desire became uppermost in his heart. Night and day, as he pondered over his sorrows, he thought of some means by which he could restore his beloved Armenia to freedom. The conquest of India by England had then but just begun, and Joseph Emiu saw the preparations made by our countrymen to establish their dominion in the East. English forts had been built, English soldiers were marching on land, and English ships were riding at anchor in the harbour of Calcutta. Filled with wonder at a nation so powerful, he resolved that he would visit Europe and learn the arts of the great Western world. 'Having done so,' thought Emiu, 'I shall return to my native land, and with a knowledge of European inventions, and having become a master of military science, I shall place myself as leader over those of the Armenians who are still brave and warlike, and with sword in hand I shall show them how to conquer their freedom for themselves.'

He told his father of his cherished scheme, but it seemed so wild to the elder Emiu, that he positively refused to aid his son in going to England. But even this difficulty did not daunt the firm purpose of the youth. He threw himself at the feet of an English captain, and, after many tears and supplications, got leave to work his passage to these shores. The rude sailors looked on the little brown Asiatic with contempt, and the daily hardships and insults he had to endure were frightful. He was treated worse than a dog, yet he kept his great aim steadily in view, and never lost hope or courage. The ship at last arrived at Wapping, and with the little money he received as wages, he put himself to school, but this stock being soon exhausted, he became a servant. Unfortunately, however, his master failed, and Emiu was thrown destitute into the streets of mighty London. He tried to become a bricklayer, but the employment was too

laborious for him; he was for a while a porter, but injured his back in attempting to carry weights above his strength. He then endeavoured to earn a little money as copying-clerk to an attorney, but the 'History of Peter the Great' happening to be in the office, Emiu's mind soon became so full of it, that he could never write a single page of law, without introducing some sentences from the life of the renowned northern hero. The brave fellow had met with nothing but misery and misfortune, all resources were gone, when his father sent him, through an English gentleman, sixty pounds, on condition that the money should pay his voyage back to Calcutta. This, however, Emiu could not bear to think of—he would rather endure anything than appear among his acquaintances after having failed in his enterprise. 'Would they not say,' he considered with himself, "'A lascar he went, a booby he has returned!'" As he would not go back to India, he did not receive a farthing of the money which his father sent.

One Sunday afternoon he wandered into St. James's Park. Two gentlemen were walking to and fro opposite Buckingham House, and to his great joy Emiu saw in one of them a lawyer whom he had known in Calcutta. But for some time he felt reluctant to address him. On the same spot, a few days before, when accosting the first mate of the vessel in which he worked his passage to England, he had received a sharp rebuke, and he feared lest he should again suffer from a similar rudeness.

Emiu looked first at the lawyer and then at his companion; he was struck with the manly and benevolent countenance of the tall, noble-looking gentleman who was talking to the very person who might be able to give him some tidings about the parent whom he had left in sorrow and anger. At last, after following them up and down for some time, he took off his hat, not to the lawyer, but to his tall young friend, and said timidly that he knew the other gentleman. The stranger at once returned the salutation, and asked what the name of the other gentleman was.

'Mr. Bodly,' replied the Armenian.

'Why, then, since you knew him, did you not speak to him?' inquired the young man.

The little Armenian looked earnestly up with his keen intelligent eyes to the face of his questioner, and told him of the manner in which the mate had treated him, and that he had been deterred from taking the same liberty with Mr. Bodly. The stranger's interest was kindled by this simple tale; he asked the lawyer about Emiu's father, and inquired closely into his history. Emiu's heart opened, and he told the singular circumstances of his life. The evening was coming on before they had left the park. Mr. Bodly the lawyer, went his way without troubling himself about the destitute Asiatic; his companion, however, invited him to his rooms, which were in the neighbourhood of Temple Bar. The hours of the night were fast slipping away, and the hum of the vast city was becoming fainter and fainter, but still the two young men who had come together from such distant lands sat conversing. Emiu at last desired to know the name of the gentleman who had taken

so much interest in a poor and miserable foreigner. The stranger at once answered, 'Sir, my name is Edmund Burke, at your service.'

Putting his hand into his pocket, Burke took out half-a-guinea, as though he were ashamed to offer so small a sum. 'This is all I have at present, please accept it.'

But he had to do with as noble a spirit as his own. The Armenian showed him in return three guineas and a half, which was all the money he had been able to save from his hard labours, and added, 'I am worth this much, it will not be honest to accept of that, not because it is a small sum, if it were a thousand pounds I would not; I am not come away from my friends to get money, but if you will continue your kind notice of me that is all I want, and I shall value it more than a prince's treasure.'

Burke then put a book into Emiu's hand to see how he could read, and after he had gone through a short portion said, 'Very well, I am your friend as much as it lies in my power.'

He wrote down Emiu's address, and promised to call upon him the next day. That morning he made his appearance at the lodgings of his new acquaintance, gave Emiu advice about what books he should read, and lent him many of his own. The poor fellow begged leave to visit his kind friend regularly; 'As often as you please,' said Burke. 'I shall be glad to see you.'

Since our mention of Edmund Burke when we left him to follow Emiu's career, he had begun to write for the press. He was not yet a member of Parliament, but as an author his fame was already becoming known. Still, he was not too much taken up with his own interests to lose sympathy for the friendless. Emiu afterwards declared, that had not Burke seen him every day, comforted him in his misery, and exhorted him to put his trust in God, he must have sunk down in despair; the thought of what he might have to bear, should he return to his father, weighed heavily on his heart. He was employed for some time by Burke in copying manuscripts, but better days were to follow. Happening to meet with a countryman of his own, who had come to England about an Arabian horse for the Duke of Northumberland, Emiu attracted the attention of this nobleman, who introduced him to the Duke of Cumberland. He was sent to Woolwich by the royal Duke, and there he learnt the 'art military,' which was the object of his coming to England.

On the breaking out of the war, Emiu crossed over to the Continent, distinguished himself in eighteen skirmishes, and was always at the post of danger. He went with our army to St. Malo, and though he was on foot and almost worn out with fatigue, he was the first man to set fire to the French ships. If ever there were a hero in this world, Emiu was one, but difficulties of various kinds prevented him from carrying out the chief purpose to which he devoted his life—the restoration of his dear native land, Armenia. He went to Georgia in the hope that the prince of that country would help him in his design; he was disappointed,

for the miserable jealousy of the man to whom he offered his services, stood in the way of every attempt. For years Emiu struggled against hardships, but finding at last that all was useless, he went once more to Calcutta, where he finally settled down. But in that city he turned his good qualities to the service of England, and to the very end all who were connected with the Government of India had cause to feel grateful to him.

Thirty-four years after their first meeting, Edmund Burke, now in Parliament, although deeply engaged in his great labours for the welfare of India, found leisure to write to Emiu in these words:—'Who could have thought the day I first saw you in St. James's Park that this kingdom would rule the greater part of India? but kingdoms rise and pass away, emperors are captive and pedlars become emperors!'

It is pleasant to think of the celebrated statesman in the midst of his work keeping faithfully to his old friendship, but it is still better to reflect on the power of kind words and noble actions.

### SONG OF THE SHOE-BLACK.

I WAS born—I was bred—in the midst of the dirt,  
With nothing for stockings, and rags for a shirt;  
I never knew father, and as for my mother,  
She never was sober from one day to t'other.

I'm hungry, and often in want of a meal,  
So, of course, I must work, or beg, borrow, or steal;  
But work there's no getting, for none will employ  
A shoeless and parentless vagabond boy.

I meet with companions—there's PENTONVILLE BOB  
Good-naturedly offers to give me a job.  
Says he—'There's the pawnbroker's over the way;  
Take the coat from outside—there'll be nothing to pay.'

I do as he bids me; he tells me, with joy,  
He's glad to have found such a promising boy;  
And as without money I buy things so well,  
He thinks I shall likewise be able to sell.

So he takes me at once to a kind-hearted gent,  
With a beard rather black, and a nose very bent,  
Who gives me a shilling, and calls me 'good lad,'  
And asks if there's not any more to be had.

The game I continue—with this thing and that;  
To-day it's some boots, and to-morrow a hat:  
Though less I keep getting for each thing that goes  
To the gent with the beard and the bend in the nose.

The game it goes on, every day after day,  
But more gets the trouble, and less gets the pay;  
That it comes, very soon, as a present relief,  
To be sent for three months as a juvenile thief.

When turn'd out of prison—the season is cold—  
Of a School for the Ragged I somehow got told.  
I think that I'll go there;—if nothing I gain,  
At least I'm kept out of the wind and the rain.

The lessons they teach me, I try and repeat,  
But my want, as I tell them, is *something to eat*.  
They ask if I'll work; I answer—'Of course;  
If I'm fed like a Christian, I'll work like a horse.'






'It comes very soon, as a present relief,  
To be sent for three months as a juvenile thief.'

So they give me a box, and of brushes a set,  
And a bottle of Warren's superior jet,  
And start me in life in the polishing trade,  
By which ever since a good living I've made.

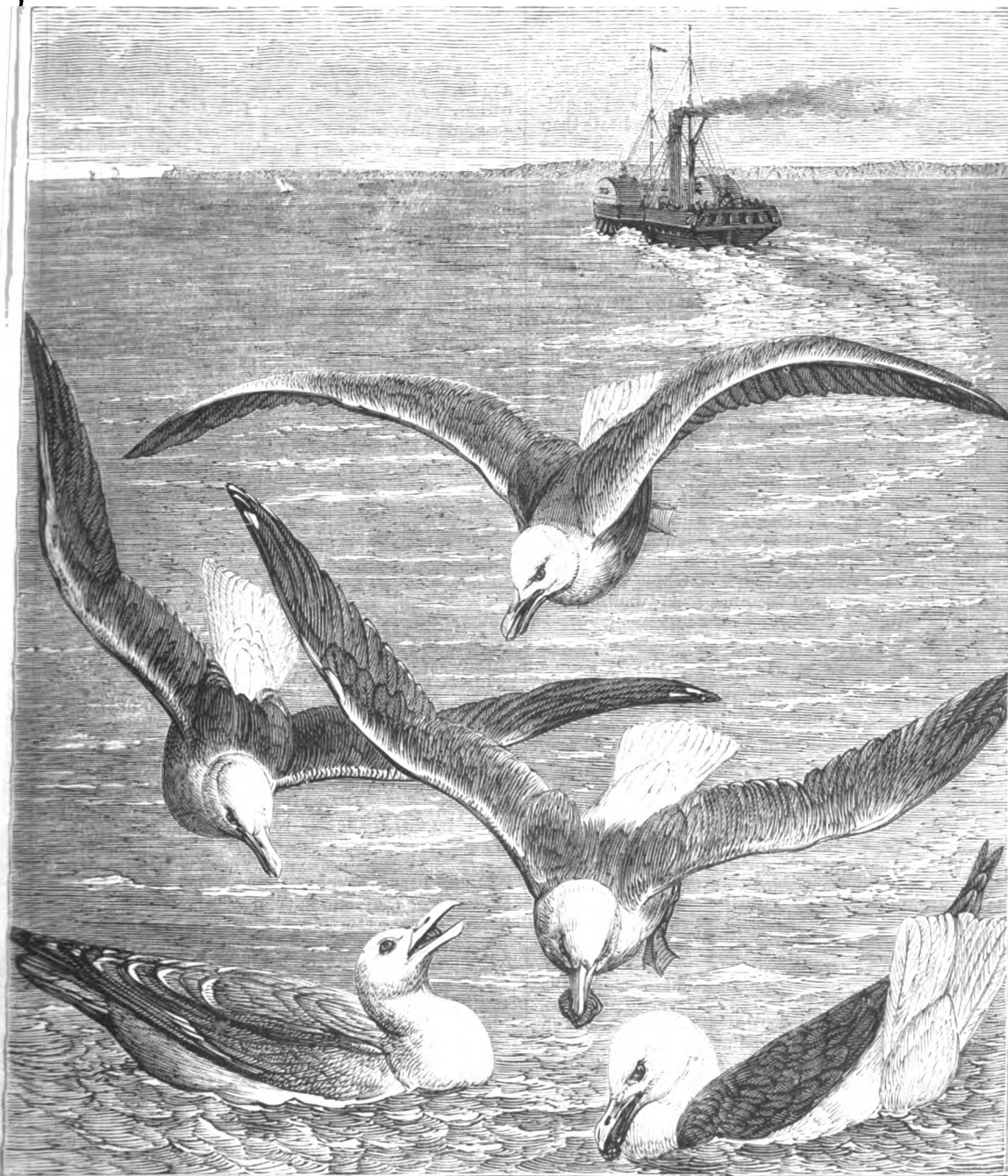
And often my memory carries me back,  
Comparing myself to the shoe that I black;  
I think how the dirt might have stuck to me still,  
For want of a little hard work and good will.

So, honour to those who are on the alert,  
To raise up poor fellows like us from the dirt,  
And cause all the rubbings through which we have  
To end, like this boot, in a polish at last. [past,

There is nothing so black, but, if pains we bestow,  
With something like sunshine will speedily glow;  
And, though deep in mud, if exertion we use,  
We may walk very soon in respectable shoes.

 All the back Numbers of 'CHATTERBOX' have been reprinted, and may be had,  
price One Halfpenny each.

# Chatterbox.



Sea-Gulls.



## SEA-GULLS.

IT is a common occurrence during a journey to the sea-side, to see a small flight of gulls following in the wake of a steamer, disputing with each other the scraps and waste which are thrown overboard during the voyage. If gulls have proverbs like human beings, they must certainly have a saying, 'All is fish that comes to the beak;' for nothing comes amiss to them—bits of salt pork, biscuit, fish offal, all are equally welcome.

It is delightful to see these birds on the wing, glittering in the sun; nothing can be more delicate than their colour and plumage, nothing more charming than their graceful flight; and when a few alight on the water, surrounded by others on the wing, they amuse by their varied noises and seeming disputes. Pretty birds they are indeed; and pretty are the girls that wear their wings on their hats, but I wish the pretty girls would think a little of the havoc their fashions make among the birds. A single dealer in London assured me that if he could only have obtained the wings he could have sold one thousand hats more per week. Now, if one reflects that this is at least five hundred gulls per week over and above what he actually did sell, one can imagine what the destruction must be to these pretty and useful scavengers of the sea, the more so as the chief times for obtaining them are the very seasons when they are pairing or breeding.

Sea-gulls are spoken of as 'natural fog-signals'—telling the sailors of the nearness of the land. It is unfortunate that fishermen and many idle landmen too, look on these birds as lawful game, and though they would not like to keep their guns unused at home, yet it is evident that something should be done to protect even seabirds from wanton and wilful destruction.

## THE JACKDAW'S NEST.

(Continued from page 164.)



NE beautiful summer day the Countess had taken off her bracelet, which, as it was not heavy, she almost always wore, and had laid it down upon the window-ledge. She then went down into the hall. Soon after she sent my grandmother up into the room to fetch something. When she returned there herself she at once missed her bracelet. No one had been in the room except my grandmother, so suspicion at once fell upon her. The windows, indeed, were open; but no one could come into the room that way, for they looked over a steep precipice, so that no one could get up there without a high ladder. The Countess asked my grandmother what she had done with the bracelet. She was at once terrified at the suspicion which the sudden disappearance of the treasure had raised, and she changed colour. This was a fresh reason for the Countess, who was never friendly to her, to suspect my grandmother. She accused her at once of the theft, and

demanding the bracelet back. With many tears my grandmother asserted her innocence, though she was unable to justify herself, for she was obliged to confess that, besides herself and the Countess, no one had entered the room. The disappearance of the bracelet, she said, was indeed most strange; she had herself seen it lie upon the window-ledge, but still she was quite innocent. The Countess became very angry; she called up the other servants, and ordered the accused to be confined in the Castle turret. Then she herself examined the room, drawers, boxes, every corner, most minutely, but found nothing. She searched her own room, too; she sent people to the foot of the precipice; but all in vain. Then she sent a message to Teschen to fetch thence an officer of justice. My grandmother, with her hands pinioned, had to walk all the way to the prison at Teschen. There she was strictly examined. They urged her by an open confession to free herself from the torture which otherwise certainly awaited her if she persisted in her denial. The judge had compassion on her youth and helplessness; he saw her in private, and spoke kindly to her, but she persisted in asserting her innocence, and called the Almighty to witness that she had never been guilty of so great a sin. The judge, upon whom her appearance made some impression, could not deny her his sympathy, but he could not save her. Those were terrible times, and she had to suffer the torture. The thumb-screw crushed her fingers so much that for a long time she could not use them at all. But the torture made her confess nothing. "The Lord is my witness," she said; "I am a poor sinner before God, but in this thing I am innocent." She was taken back to prison, in order to be submitted to further torture, when her fingers were healed.

Meanwhile the Count had returned from the Imperial court. His wife received him with the story of the bold theft of her maid.

"Where is she?" he asked; "I will speak to her."

"His wife replied, "At Teschen."

"The Count was angry. "Why did you not wait till my return?" he said; "I know Marie too well to suspect her of such an evil action. She is a real child of God, and her father was my most faithful servant, whom I valued more than a thousand bracelets."

"He ordered his horse and rode at once to Teschen. There he was conducted to the prison. He found my grandmother very pale and wretched. "Tell me, my child," he said, solemnly, "as if you were now standing before your own dear father, and in the presence of God our Saviour—do you know anything about the Countess's bracelet?"

"She replied with tears, but firmly, "No, Sir Count; I saw it on the window-ledge, but did not touch it. Where it is gone I know not; God alone knows."

"The thing is most strange," answered the Count; "but I believe you."

"With much difficulty he persuaded the judge to release her.

"But she is innocent," said the Count; "she did not steal the bracelet; I pledge my honour upon it."

The judge shrugged his shoulders and was silent, but yielded to the Count's request. He was really glad, as he doubted the girl's guilt himself.



'The Count now placed my grandmother under the care of a skilled physician till her fingers were healed as well as they could be, for several remained stiff all her life—and then he sent for her. But he did not bring her back to the Castle, because of the Countess's ill-will towards her, for she still considered her guilty, and could not understand her husband's conduct. The Count had learned that an honest young man, one of his servants, had taken a fancy to Marie, and that she was willing to accept his proposals of marriage. The Count sent for this young man; told him all the circumstances of the case, as well as his own belief of Marie's innocence, and then asked him whether he would marry her. He did not conceal from him that her hands would never be quite right again. He told him, too, that the world would still look upon her as a thief, and that it would be confirmed in that opinion by his own Countess, who could not explain the disappearance of the bracelet in any other way. But he promised to give them a start in life, and to help them on.

'The young man—he was my dear grandfather—accepted the Count's proposal with joy; he had never for a moment doubted Marie's complete innocence. While my grandmother was at Teschen the Count had had a cottage built for her—the same in which we now live—and gave a piece of ground with it. When she arrived he took her at once to this cottage, and provided her with everything that was necessary: there were even a couple of goats in the stall beside the house. My poor grandmother was much surprised; she could never cease expressing her gratitude. He told her to be silent, for what he had done was a very small payment of the debt which he owed to her, the poor orphan, and to her good father. Then he urged his servant's proposal of marriage, in the hope that she would accept it with joy, but she decidedly refused to marry. She said that she would never share the shame of her disgraced home with a man whom she loved and esteemed. With her crippled hands, too, she could never properly perform a housewife's duties. The Count did all he could to persuade her, but she remained steadfast. He did not give up, but made repeated attempts to change her decision; your grandfather, too, himself implored her to consent, till she at last gave way and decided to be his wife.

'The Count kept his word, and supported the young couple as long as he lived. But, unfortunately, he died early. Now there was no more help from the Castle. So my dear grandparents had want and trouble enough. Your grandfather, who had learned no trade, because, from his youth, he had been a servant in the Count's family, helped the farmers; but, as he was not used to such work, he received very small wages; my grandmother could not earn much on account of her hands, and had enough to do in the care of her little household. Happy as she was in the love of her good husband, she had many a sad hour. She could bear the pain in her hands, but the suspicion of being a thief, which still rested on her, often made her feel as if her heart would break. Though her husband repeatedly assured her that he had never for

a moment suspected her to be guilty, she felt the shame that she had brought upon him. For many of the Countess's people would openly speak of her as guilty of the theft, and only rescued from a just punishment by the favouritism of the Count. I knew my grandparents well, and remember how often and fervently they used to pray that the Lord would bring the thing to light, though then I did not understand what they meant by it.

'They had an only child who gave them great joy,—my dear mother. With her parents' consent she had married my father. When I was about ten years old my grandparents died soon after each other. My mother shortly after my birth was attacked by the same disease in her limbs from which I suffer—her hands were crippled, but not so badly as mine are.

'You know what a poor sufferer I have been ever since your birth, Joe; I know that all things work together for good to them that love God, but it has often been hard to bear—to hear people say that my pains, as well as those of my mother, were a punishment from above for the unconfessed theft of my grandmother, and that God is showing that He visits the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. And you too, Joe, young as you are, have had to bear the shame of the family without knowing it. How often have I, as my parents did before me, prayed that God would remove this shame and bring our innocence to light! How this could happen was indeed a riddle to me till to-day. How wonderful are the Lord's ways! To-day, my dear boy, you performed a feat to which I never could have consented if I had understood its danger, and to think of which now fills me with terror and trembling, and yet through that you have established your great-grandmother's innocence before men. I do not doubt for a moment that the present Count will at once recognise his grandmother's bracelet, and not only rejoice that the family should again possess the Emperor's gracious present, but that the cloud should at last be removed from us, for he is a good and just man, though sometimes rather headstrong. To-morrow early you must go to the Castle and ask to speak to himself. You must show the bracelet to no one, and give it into no hands but his. If the servants refuse you, you must say you have something very important to tell the Count. But now let us say our evening prayer, it is very late.'

Joe read the fortieth Psalm, and his mother prayed—'Let us give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious; His mercy endureth for ever,' was the burden of her grateful prayer.

(To be continued.)

## A TRIP TO THE NORTH SEA.

### CHAPTER II.

IN the last chapter of my journal I described how we were left on an island. We had no fear of dying for want of food, for the island swarmed with birds, and thousands of eggs of the eider-duck, the fulmar, and the little auk. We soon knocked down a supply of eider-ducks and fulmars from their nests for supper, for the eggs were far too advanced



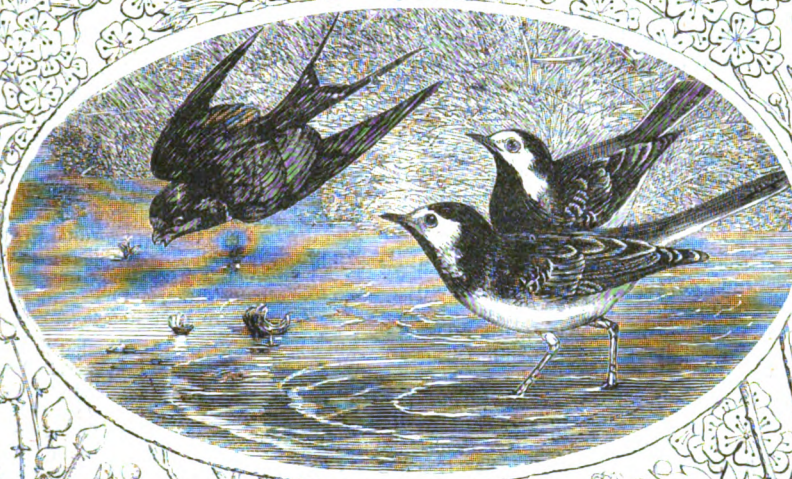
The Dead Bear.

to suit our tastes. We gathered drift-wood for our fire, and made ourselves comfortable for the night. We were about to breakfast on bear-steaks and eider-ducks, when the fog cleared and we saw the sloop three miles off. We got on board before noon, and turned in for a few hours' sleep, thankful that our fate had not been that of many poor fellows who have perished miserably on that bleak and desert island in consequence of accidents arising from fog, ice-currents, and *brandy*.

It would weary my reader if I were to describe the number of seals we killed. One day, when in the cabin, notice was given us that a bear and two cubs were walking along the shore about two miles off. We made chase, and got within five hundred yards of the bears before they perceived us. Mrs. Bruin stood on her hind-legs as if to dance, but in reality to examine the boat, and she soon seemed convinced that it was time to be off. At first she and her cubs got on rapidly over the smooth surface of the fresh ice; but soon she reached a muddy expanse, with some rough ice and numerous channels. This embarrassed the youngsters, as they could not jump over the channel, and the old bear appeared anxious and uneasy. She showed great forbearance with the cubs, waiting after she jumped over a channel until they swam across, and affectionately assisted them to clamber up the steep sides of the icy places. Nevertheless they were soon in a pitiable distress, and we heard them grumbling at their

mother for dragging them through so disagreeable a place. For some time we thought they would escape, but my cousin Christian's bullet struck the old bear on the back; she fell paralysed, and we scrambled through the icy mud and despatched her. The poor cubs, black with mud and shivering with cold and fear, sat on the body of their mother, growling viciously, and allowed no one to touch them, until the men, bringing a couple of walrus lines from the boat, threw nooses over their heads and secured them, closely coupling them together like a brace of dogs. They were about the size of colley dogs, and no sooner did they feel themselves secured, than, regardless of our presence, they began a furious combat with one another, and rolled about amongst the mud, biting, struggling, and roaring until they were quite exhausted. We had taken the skin off the old bear, and the cubs sat down on it, and refused to leave it: so we dragged it, and them sitting on it, like a sledge to the boat; but we did not get them on board before they had bitten and scratched several of the men. On the deck of the vessel was the skin of a bear we shot yesterday. They recognised it as the jacket of an acquaintance, perhaps of their papa, and settled themselves on it and went to sleep immediately. We built a crib of driftwood on deck into which, when we thrust them, they receded so furiously that we could almost imagine they knew that they were bidding adieu for ever to the keen breezes and icy waters of Spitzbergen.





## WAGTAILS AND SWALLOW.

By H. G. Adams.



At the end of our garden was a green meadow, which sloped gently down to a pond which hid itself away among the trees, that seemed to enfold it in their leafy arms. Many bright flowers grew there: the blue forget-me-not, and the yellow water crowfoot, and the fragrant meadow-sweet, with others that we cannot now speak of. There the dragon-flies, like winged gems or flashes of green and azure fire, sported amid the slender reeds, and velvet-headed bulrushes, and there birds of many kinds used to come



for their morning bath, and to quench their thirst or to feed upon the insects which were plentiful in and around it.

A pair of wagtails built their nest of fibrous roots and moss, lined it with wool, hair, or feathers, and laid their five or six eggs of yellowish white, with pale brown mottlings, and fed their young, year after year, in a hollow close by, and at the pond they delighted to spend much of their time in hunting among the water weeds for small worms and grubs, or pursuing each other round and round the meadow, sometimes flying over the hedges into the neighbouring fields and gardens, where one would not wonder if they occasionally ate a little ripe fruit, for like all *insectivorous*, or insect-eating birds, they like a change of diet now and then.

Very pretty and graceful birds are the wagtails, or quake-tails, as they are sometimes called from a curious habit common to the whole family, of constantly shaking or quivering their tails. The country people often call them dish-washers, we suppose from their being so commonly found in or near water, on which they often seem to be walking when really they are stepping upon the weeds near the surface; they tread very lightly and rapidly, and every motion is full of grace and beauty. They seldom take long flights, but fly from place to place with a circular kind of motion, as if they were always at play. Beautiful creatures, with slender forms, straight thin bills, long legs and tail; their plumage black and white, shaded with grey, and tinged here and there with yellow, in some species much more distinct than in others.

But, stop! what is a *species*? Well, how shall we make our readers understand? Suppose we say that of the wagtail *genus* or family, there are several kinds; that in England we have the grey wagtail, the pied wagtail, the yellow wagtail, the grey-headed wagtail, and others, all very much alike in their appearance and habits, and yet each having certain distinctive marks which enable a naturalist to see to what particular branch of the family each one belongs, and these we called '*specific marks*,' or marks of a species.

We are not sure that our readers will quite understand this, but whether or no, we must now be off to the pond, and see the wagtails at home, and receiving a visitor, who, unlike themselves, has travelled from beyond the seas. At the latter end of September, or beginning of October, when the air becomes chilly, and insect food less abundant, the swallow, with his relations, the Swifts and the Martins, set off for a long fly, a strong fly, and a fly altogether. Up into the air they mount, and then straight away to the sunny south. Over the British Channel, over France, Spain, and the Mediterranean Sea, to tarry among the swarthy Moors and Arabs, until the spring comes round again, when they once more crossed the seas, to build their nests and rear their young among the cottage and other homes of England, for they are sociable birds and love to dwell by the habitations of men. And here, in the picture, we see one of them visiting the wagtails by their favourite pond, over which he skims to catch the gnats, and other insects that float on, or fly

about the waters. But our paper is getting too long; let us finish it by asking,

#### WHERE DO THE SWALLOWS GO?

Where, oh, where do the swallows go,  
When the breezes sigh, and the clouds hang low,  
When over the hills there cometh a wail,  
Telling of glories that fade and fail;  
When the leaves are turning brown and sere,  
And the strength is sapped of the waning year,  
And the trill of the lark no more can bring,  
The gladness it brought in the early spring?

Oh, where do the swallows go? we know  
They're away ere cometh the Winter's snow;  
When Autumn hath gathered her fruits and grain,  
And the hunter's horn is heard on the plain,  
We see them skimming the glassy pool,  
Like happy children escaped from school;  
We hear them twitter, and chirp, and then  
They are gone from the homes and haunts of men.

And where do they go? To what happy isles,  
Where eternal summer reigns and smiles?  
To what homes of sunshine and of song,  
Verdant and fragrant the whole year long?  
And how do they journey, so fast and far,  
O'er the ocean wide with no guiding star,  
Leagues upon leagues over land and sea,  
Feeble and frail as they seem to be?

Where do they go? To a balmier clime,  
To escape the woes of a troublous time:  
And God, who giveth them strength to fly,  
And telleth them *where*, though they know not *why*,  
Will surely provide us a place, wherein  
Our souls the longed-for Rest may win,  
And guide us, and guard us, when we take  
The journey long, which we all must make.

#### THE BEE'S SERMON.

GOOD morning, dear friends! I'm a clever young bee;

And a sermon I'll preach, if you'll listen to me:  
It will not be long, and it will not be dry,  
And your own common sense my remarks may apply.

*Not slothful in business*, must be the first head,  
For with vigour we work till the sun goes to bed;  
And unless one is willing to put forth one's powers,  
There is no getting on in a world such as ours.

We are fond of our dwellings; no gossips are we,  
No gadders about idle neighbours to see;  
And though we are forced for our honey to roam,  
We come back as soon as we can to our home.

'The way to be happy, and wealthy, and wise,  
Is early to rest and early to rise.'  
This proverb has moulded our conduct for years,  
And we never sleep when the daylight appears.

If you were to peep in our hives, you would own  
That as models of cleanliness they might be shown;  
All dust and all dirt, without any delay,  
Are swept from our door, and soon carried away.

*Ventilation* most thorough our domiciles share,  
So no one need teach us the worth of *fresh air* ;  
For we could not live, as we've heard people do,  
In close rooms where no health-giving breeze can  
pass through.

When one of our number is sick or distressed,  
He is sure of kind treatment from each of the rest ;  
We sympathize warmly with those who're in grief,  
And are eager to proffer immediate relief.

We carry our stings, not on any pretence  
For *aggressive* attack, but in pure *self-defence* ;  
We meddle with no one, and only repel  
Assailants who will not in peace with us dwell.

Now my sermon is ended, and you, if you please,  
Some hints may derive from us hard-working bees ;  
May your life be as useful, your labours as sweet,  
And may you have plenty of honey to eat !



### THE NURSE'S BLESSING.

NURSE, dear, I am in trouble,' said Kate Seymour, a young lady of about nineteen years of age, as soon as she entered the cottage of an honest and excellent old woman in the village of Netherby.

'Well then, sit ye down in that chair, dear Miss Katie, and tell your old nurse all about it. Ye are young to have trouble, but nobody

knows better than I that your sweet young life has not been free from care. I well remember the time when your poor father died ; you were a wee little thing, of about three years old, and didn't know then what death meant, but thought he had gone a long journey, poor soul, and so he had, but it was a blessed journey to a blessed country. But when your poor dear mother left you, quite an orphan, seven years ago next Ladytide, it was a trouble. I thought I should have lost ye too, but, blessed be God, ye found some comfort in the love of a poor old woman, and it's not many troubles and trials ye have had since, but this poor old heart has felt them all as much as if ye had been my own flesh and blood. But enough, Miss Katie dear, forgive an old woman's tongue, and tell me the new trouble that has come to cloud the sunshine of your face and wet your bright blue eyes with tears.'

Kate Seymour sat patiently until her old nurse had finished, for she was accustomed to hear the story of her two great losses repeated whenever anything unusual had happened, and she loved the old woman too dearly ever to interrupt her.

Now she began :—'My trouble is this, nurse, only an hour ago my guardian, Mr. Sims, came to tell me that I must prepare for a heavy blow. Then he said that the bank in which all my property was invested had failed, that I must leave my present home and go out before long as a governess. It is not, dear nurse, that I care for money, for money's sake, you well know, but I love to have a little to make others happy.'

The old nurse put her hands up to her head, and for some moments seemed absorbed in thought or prayer, and then said,—

'Dear Miss Katie, it is indeed a sad trial, but I know your brave young heart, with God's help, will bear it. All things sent by God are blessings either seen or unseen. You will go and teach the children under your care the love of God and the happiness of making others happy. There's many a poor soul will pray for ye in Netherby.'

'You must give me your blessing, nurse, and then, perhaps, I shall feel strengthened ; for I always feel happier after your hands have been laid on my head.'

The old nurse rose up whilst Kate knelt at her feet ; and as she put her hands upon the dear girl's head, said, 'May the blessing of the Blessed One attend thee in all thy ways, and make thy troubles and trials work for thy good and the glory of His holy name, and bring out of the dark cloud the sunshine of His face to shine upon thee. May His light shine upon thy footsteps and make thee a blessing unto many, and give thee the peace which passeth all understanding, for the sake of His dear Son, our Saviour.'

And Katie answered 'Amen.'

Before many months had passed, Kate Seymour became governess in a nobleman's family. Lord Sunningdale had known Kate's father when he was a young man, for they were companions at College, and kept up an occasional correspondence until Mr. Seymour died. Lord Sunningdale lost sight of the family upon the death of his friend, for he was away from England for two years, and only when he heard of the failure of the bank did he find out his friend's daughter. When he heard she was prepared to go out as a governess, both he and Lady Sunningdale agreed to ask her to come and teach their two younger children, Lilian and Dora.

Katie found a most happy home at Barton Court, and soon began to be treated as one of the family. She was told that Barton Court was to be called her home, and indeed she was loved by the father and mother of her pupils as a daughter. Her two pupils, who had no elder sister, always called her 'Sister Katie.' Dora said one day, 'I wish you were our real own sister, but we should not love you more if you were.' Lilian was a very sweet and lovely child. She was very seldom well, but although often in pain seldom murmured. Her father and mother felt that she would never live to be a woman, and Lilian felt so too. In the middle of November, as it was getting dusk, she heard her brother, a young man about twenty-two years old, come in from hunting, and begged to see him before he dressed for dinner. Douglas loved Lilian dearly and came in to see his sister directly.

'What is it, my pet ?' said he, 'you want me in a hurry, have you some important news to tell me ?' But looking down into Lilian's face he became alarmed at her extreme paleness.

'Dear Douglas,' she answered, 'I shall not be here long, but one thing I should like to know before I die,—Will "Sister Katie" ever be a real sister to Dora ?'





Nurse's Blessing.

The young man looked earnestly at his sister's face, and bending down kissed her forehead and said, 'Yes, my sweet little sister, she will.'

'Has she promised?' said the child.

'She has, dear Lilian.'

'I thought so,' she replied; 'I saw father and mother both kissing her, and then I felt sure she would be your wife. But I shall not live to see it.'

Lilian, the gentle and good, before long breathed out her soul to Him who gave it, and Barton Court mourned many days.

But in the space of two years Barton Court rejoiced, for Kate Seymour became Kate Riversly, and now is Lady Sunningdale.

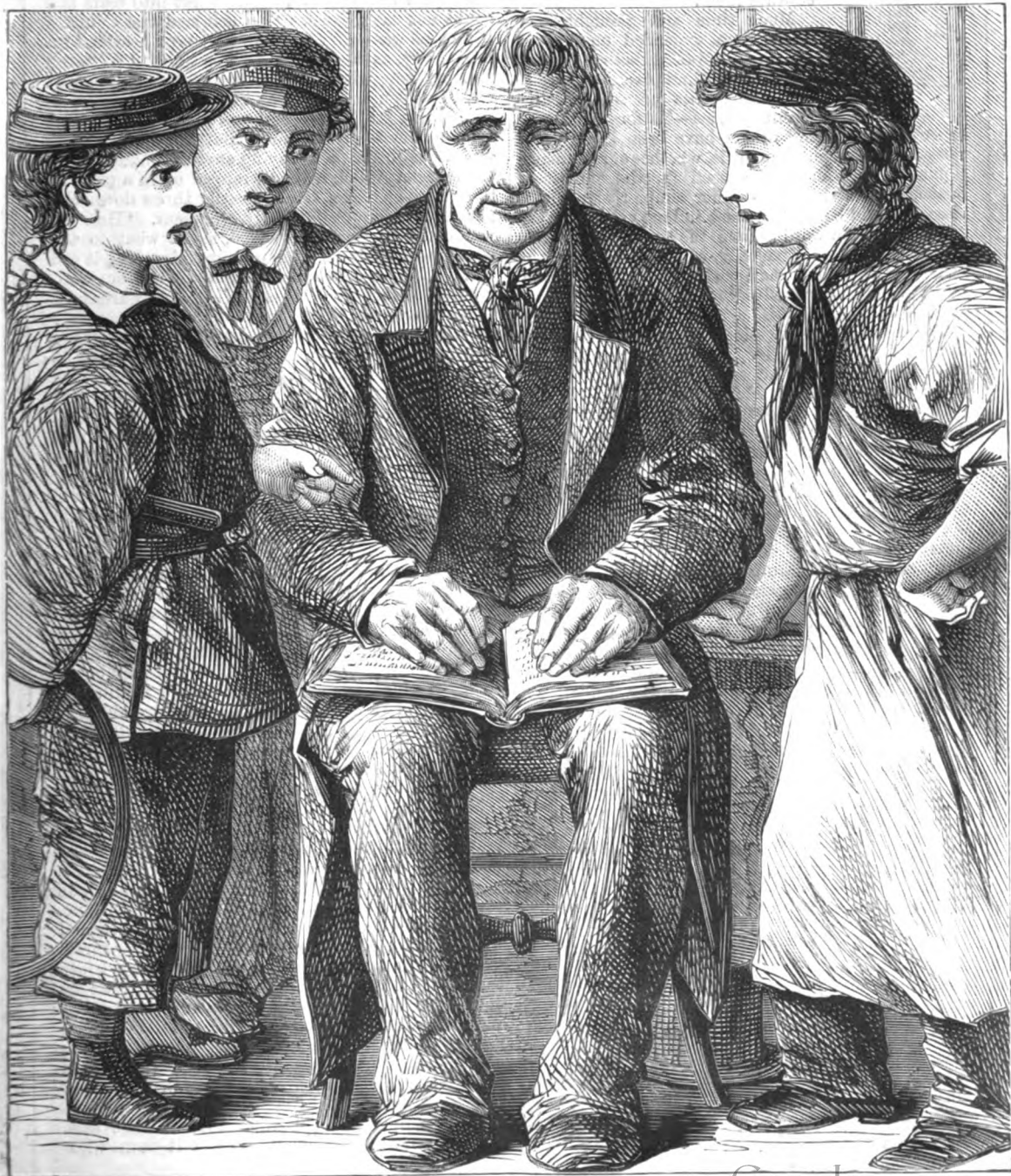
The old nurse lived until the wedding, and saw her darling's trouble turned into joy. W. M.

Parts I. II. and III. for Jan. Feb. and March, 1869, price Threepence each, are now ready.

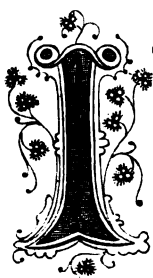
All the back Numbers may be had, price One Halfpenny each.



# Chatterbox.



## BLIND FOLK.



It is said that there are now thirty thousand blind folk in this country, and it is an important question that we should learn how best to educate them.

Much time and thought has lately been expended on finding out the kind of embossed letters which the blind can best read, and the merits of several different systems—Mitford's, Moon's, Frere's, Lucas's, and others, have been keenly discussed. One disputed point is, whether our ordinary Roman letters should be used for the embossed books, or whether some other simpler signs and shapes should be used, as the blind are very quick at knowing what a word is from the first two or three letters. They can often tell a word by putting their fingers on the whole word without touching it letter by letter, just as we tell a word at a glance without spelling it.

The method of embossing called Moon's is easy to read, for the letters are plain and far apart, and the lines are printed alternately from right to left, and from left to right, which is a great help to the blind who are apt to lose their place in lifting the fingers to go back to the beginning of the next line.

A council of blind gentlemen are now engaged in settling on which is the best kind of embossed letter, and as the blind are plainly the best judges of their own wants, it is hoped that soon the money that is spent in producing rival books on several different systems may be applied to increasing and cheapening the literature of the blind, in one type used and taught everywhere.

We are thankful, however, that the invention of embossed letters at all has made reading easy for many who have not the blessed gift of sight, and especially that the Word of God is now thus opened to them, not only by the hearing of the ear, but by the touch of the finger, as you see the man in the picture reading it to his wondering listeners.

## THE JACKDAW'S NEST.

(Continued from p. 171.)



EITHER Joe nor his mother slept much that night. The next morning at eight o'clock Joe was at the Castle, and asked to speak to the Count. The answer, as was to be expected was, that he must give his message to the servant, as the Count had no time to see him. Joe replied, that he had something very important to tell his master which he could not impart to him. The servant tried to persuade him, and even laughed at him. But all in vain; the servant could do nothing else but go and speak to his master again. He grumbled a little at the impudence of the shepherd-boy, but ordered him to be admitted to his room.

'I know well enough what you want,' he began rather angrily, 'you took the young jackdaws out of the nest yesterday, and are not content with the very liberal reward which my jäger gave you in my name; you could have told Johann that well enough.'

Joe did not expect this, he burst into tears and could not say a word. This softened the Count a little; he was sorry to have given pain even to a beggar boy, as he considered Joe to be. 'Well, tell me, my son, what do you want,' he said kindly. 'Did I not guess right?' and he drew his purse out, as Joe was still silent, and was about to take out some money to give to him. But how surprised he was when Joe, without saying anything, handed him the bracelet, which he had wrapped up in a piece of brown paper. The Count hastily threw down the purse, and took up the costly ornament. 'How did you come by this?' he asked, as he went to the window to examine it more minutely, 'Yes, it can be no other,' he murmured to himself, without waiting for Joe's answer. 'It is the lost family treasure, these pearls and clasp my grandfather minutely described in his will; and here is the Emperor's monogram. God be praised, that it is given back at last. They have kept it long enough: your mother then inherited this from her grandmother?' he said sharply to the boy. 'She has sent you to me with it, because she will no longer keep the stolen jewel, which has brought no blessing on her family. Is it not so?'

'Gracious sir,' replied Joe, becoming red as fire, 'my great-grandmother was innocent. I found the bracelet yesterday in the jackdaw's nest!'

'In the jackdaw's nest, do you say?' cried the Count in amazement; 'in the jackdaw's nest? Now at last all is clear to me. I remember in my childhood that I used to see the jackdaws from the church-tower come to the window-ledge where food was given them. God be praised that the innocence of the poor waiting-maid should at last be brought to light, which my grandfather always maintained against every one else. This is far more valuable and pleasing to me than to have the bracelet back again: and that my grandparents, too, should never have thought of the jackdaws!'

Joe now had to relate exactly how he found the bracelet. He did this in such an open, simple way, that every shadow of a doubt as to the honesty of his family, vanished from the Count's mind. The tears came into his eyes. 'God be praised,' he said, 'that she was innocent. We have much to make up to her for all she suffered. That shall be done. But now go out, my son, and call Johann here, and wait outside till he comes back.' Joe did so. 'First,' said the Count to the servant, 'take the lad into the kitchen, and give him a good breakfast; he does not look as if he had eaten anything to-day, and then ask the Countess and the children to come here.' While Joe was enjoying himself in the kitchen, the Count related to his wife and children the whole story of the bracelet; then he presented it to the Countess, and fastened it on her wrist.

'I have only one condition to make,' he said, 'which is, never take it off and put it down with-

out enclosing it in a box. If my grandmother had done this, she would have saved a poor family terrible misery. But now, Kurt,' he said to his son, a boy of seven, 'go into the kitchen, and call hither the lad about whom I have just been telling you, if he has done his breakfast.'

Kurt ran merrily out and returned with Joe.

'Now, tell us the whole story again,' said the Count.

Joe did so. The Countess was not a little frightened when she heard about the hook giving way, and how he would have been killed if Herr Paul had not caught hold of him.

'Say rather,' said the Count, 'if God had not sent His holy angels to protect you in the hour of danger.'

'That is what my mother told me,' said Joe, blushing.

When he had finished his story, he expressed his thanks for the florin which the Count had sent him by Herr Paul.

'What did you say? he gave you one florin?' asked the Count.

'Yes, sir,' replied Joe; 'it was truly too much, but my mother sadly wanted the money, so I received it with many thanks.'

'One florin for a work in which you risked your life!' exclaimed the Count very angrily. *One florin!* did I not give him five? Paul is a—' he swallowed the word 'thief,' which was on the tip of his tongue. 'But he shall give you the other four. I will tell him pretty clearly what I think of his conduct, if I do not dismiss him from my service.'

'Do not do that, gracious sir,' said Joe. 'I entreat you. Paul has always been very kind to me and my mother. I really did not deserve more, and should have been quite contented with half a florin. I hope your honour will say nothing to Paul about the florins; he would never show me any kindness again, and I owe him so many thanks!'

The Count's anger had abated.

'For your sake,' he said, 'I will forgive him. Here are four florins, take them to your mother, with my best wishes, and tell her it is only a very small instalment; I will do far more for her. She appears to be very poor and ill. Tell me all about yourself and your parents.'

Joe plainly told all he knew. When he had finished, the Countess dried her eyes. 'Greet your mother from me, too,' she said; 'tell her I shall send her some dinner to-day, and come and see her afterwards.'

'Before you go back to your mother,' said the Count, 'call at the parsonage, and tell the clergyman that I should be glad if he would come and see me to-day: I have something I wish to say to him.'

Joe hastened down from the Castle hill, joy gave him wings. 'What could his mother say to all this?' he thought. After he had left his message at the parsonage he hastened home, and told all to his mother, and there was great joy indeed. At the end he told her about the four florins which Paul had kept for himself, but for which dishonesty the

Count had forgiven him at Joe's request. His mother approved of his conduct. 'But,' he continued, 'here are the four florins, the Count gave them to me, and said I was to bring them to you, dear mother.'

She opened the packet, and when, instead of finding four florins, as she expected, she found twenty-five florins therein, she was frightened. 'Go back at once to the Castle,' she said, 'and take the Count his money, he has made a mistake.'

But when Joe assured her repeatedly that the Count had said, that all the paper contained was for her, and that he meant to do still more, she was satisfied to wait.

At noon a servant came from the Castle with a dinner so plentiful, that it was enough not only for that day, but for the whole week. She brought a message to Joe to come early next morning to the Castle. When he arrived at the appointed hour, he was at once shown into the Count's room, where he found the pastor as well as the Count. At the Count's request, he heard him read Bohemian and German, examined him in the Catechism, and asked him many questions on Scripture history; afterwards Joe had to write a few lines. Thanks to his good and pious mother, he acquitted himself very well in the Catechism and Scripture history, and knew, too, something of the history of his Church. His reading was fluent, but his writing made the Count smile.

Joe was now sent into another room, and when he was summoned back, the Count told him how pleased they were at his knowledge of the Catechism and the Bible; but that as his writing was not good, and there were many useful things which he did not yet know, he had arranged that he should go for a couple of hours every day to the pastor to be taught, who would lend him books too, so that he might also study at home. 'I hope you will be very industrious,' concluded the Count.

Joe's face beamed with joy. He kissed the Count's hand, as people in that country do to express their gratitude, but a darker shadow came over his face, and he said, 'But I must attend to the cattle; Toni cannot always drive them out, and the farmer will be angry with me.'

The Count smiled and said, 'You good little simpton, I will settle all that without any difficulty.'

But as Joe's face was still not very cheerful, the Count said, 'Well, what is it now?'

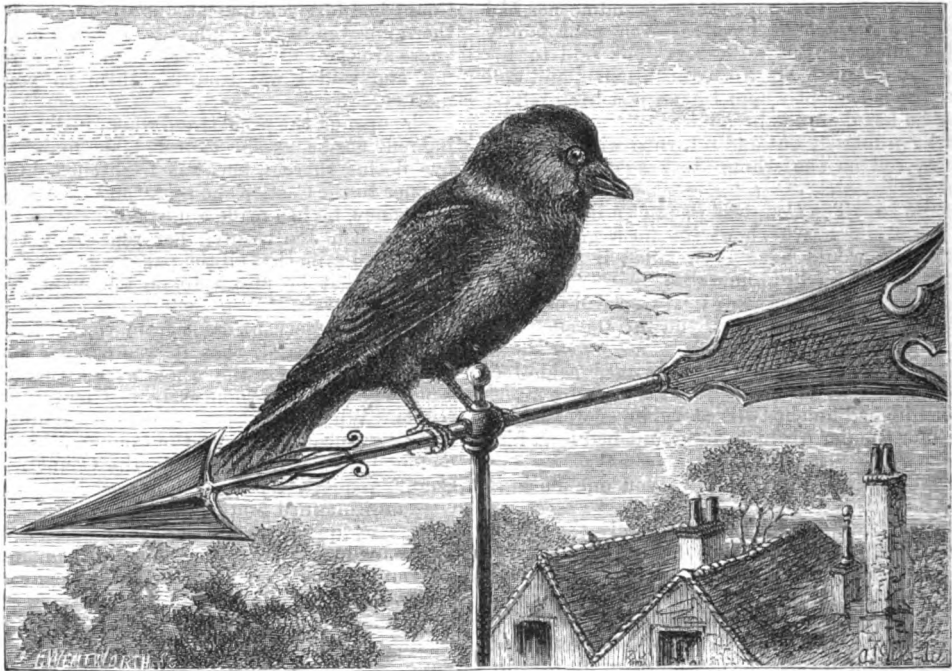
'Ah, sir,' he said, 'who will cook my mother's dinner, and get food for the goats, and milk them if I am to go to school?'

'Why,' said the good-natured pastor, 'we can manage that; you can milk the goats early in the morning and late in the evening, and at noon I shall send you home for an hour to dinner, so that you can cook for your mother and yourself.'

'We have thought of all that,' said the Count; 'and as your mother needs more attention than you can give her, the Countess engaged yesterday a poor but honest girl, who is to cook for her, and do all the household work, and sew and knit for Joe too. She has already gone to your mother.'

Joe was delighted, indeed, at this. When he got





The Jackdaw.

home he found the new maid busy sweeping. In the afternoon the Countess paid her promised visit. She was a good kind lady, whose visit Joe's mother much enjoyed. She often afterwards came to see her, and was always edified by the pious conversation of the faithful and deeply tried widow.

The pastor soon began to teach Joe Latin, and not long after Greek, and was quite astonished at the progress which his scholar made. If he had seen his diligence at home, how he sat among his books, he would not have been so surprised. The Count rejoiced in his progress, and always delighted Joe by giving him some new clothes, or a beautiful book as a present.

After two years had thus passed, the Count determined to send Joe to the Gymnasium or public school at Teschen; he got him a lodging there with some good honest people, and asked one of the clergymen of the town to look after him.

It was a sad hour for both mother and son when they had to part; she shed many tears over her beloved Joseph, but she committed him just as confidently to the care of the Lord and of His holy angels, as on that day when he went on the bold expedition which had had so unexpectedly changed the manner of their lives.

Joseph made great progress at the school. All the masters praised his industry and steady conduct.

Next spring Joe's mother had a great surprise. One day the Countess came to her with a strange gentleman. He asked her many questions about her state of health; he was a physician sent for by

the Count to examine the sick woman, and to give his opinion on her case. It was, that though her malady could not be completely healed, yet that after she had been several months at a mineral bath, which he recommended, she would probably be so far cured as to be no longer confined always to her bed.

A few days after the Countess came to inform her, that next week she was to go to this bath at the Count's expense, and remain there a few months. With deep gratitude the poor sufferer received this news; she had heard of this bath, and long wished to go there, but had always considered such a thing impossible.

The physician was quite right. When Joe came home for his first holidays, to his joyful surprise—for they had told him nothing about the bath—he found his mother sitting up in a comfortable arm-chair, with her Bohemian Bible on a desk before her. The meeting was indeed a happy one. Joe had lost none of his simple ways and earnest pity, but his mother found him grown much taller and stronger.

After several years at the Gymnasium, Joe completed his studies, passed his final examination, and provided with excellent testimonials both as to industry and conduct, returned to his native village. One day the Count sent for him, and asked him if he would like to go to the university to study theology, and then become a pastor. This was Joseph's greatest wish. He could not find words to express his gratitude to the Count. He went home and told his mother, who wept many tears of joy.

After three years at the university, he returned



again to his native land. He then for a short time was tutor to the Count's son, Kurt, who was about to go to the university to study law. They went together for a tour among the Tyrolese Alps, where Kurt had a terrible fall, and was only rescued by Joe's daring and skill in climbing.

Joseph married the pastor's daughter, and after a time he succeeded him in his office. His mother lived with him till her death; they often talked about old times, and they were never weary of thanking God, by whose wonderful Providence Joe had been led to find the long-lost bracelet in

'THE JACKDAW'S NEST.'

### A DAY'S FLY-FISHING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

**I**HAVE been a fly-fisher from early youth, and have fished in the quiet picturesque rivers of England, and in the wilder waters of Ireland, but I prefer to either the romantic streams and lochs of my native land. Well do I remember one particular day's fishing in the Highlands, I need not say how many years ago.

Three of us, all true friends, were making a walking and fishing tour, and were staying at a small cottage near the Trossachs. Our party consisted of Stewart (a Haileybury man), my brother, and me. About two miles from the Trossachs was a quite wooded loch, from which a stream ran down, passing close to the door of our cottage. This was the perfect

picture of a trout stream, with every sort of pool and run which trout love. The long, deep run of nearly a mile, the round-shaped pool, running swift on one side, and swirling back much deeper on the only side from which it could be fished. The banks thickly wooded, so that the whole attention had to be given, and truly a light hand was needed to throw a fly with success. On the day I speak of, we took a boat on the loch in the morning and fished our homeward way down the stream in the evening. We walked some miles very early to the head of the loch, and there met old Donald and his boat. A queer old Celt he proved. We drew many stories of his exploits from him, and how he once owned 'a sma' still yonder,' pointing among the distant crags, but, alas! the gaugers came one day and caught him in the act of the illegal manufacture of whisky. 'They took me awa over Benahally yonder,' pointing to a bare peak, 'and there I left them.'

'Left them! What do you mean by that!'

'Oo, I just left them and fled awa.'

He had really given the gaugers the slip, and kept out of their way for four years. Then, pining for the scenes of his youth he ventured back. Keen eyes were upon him, he was recognised and imprisoned for years. He had only lately been released, and looked crest-fallen and broken in health and spirits. Prisons don't agree with Highlandmen.

Even with only two persons, fly-fishing in a boat requires considerable practice to avoid fouling one another's lines. Here we were three; Stewart was much older than either of us, and considerably in advance of us in all knowledge, except that of fishing. He had not begun it at the early age we had,

and from want of success his patience was soon exhausted. He snapped off his tail-fly, he hooked the bottom of the boat, he hooked Donald's nose (or the nob which did for one), he hooked the oars, he hooked himself; while all the time my brother and I, as our turn came, pulled in our trout steadily and quietly.

Trout are eccentric in their feeding times. For an hour they will rise freely, and then stop suddenly. Nothing, it seems, will win them from their watery homes. Let the flies be changed, let the fisher shift his position, nothing will move them. During one of these lulls we put on minnow-tackle to try deeper parts of the loch.

Stewart was in the stern, my brother in the bows, I was pulling quietly with Donald. Suddenly, up jumped Stewart in a state of frantic excitement, stumbling first forwards, then backwards, while his line flew like lightning out of his rod.

We screamed, 'Up with your point!'

He roared 'Pull, pull!' meaning, no doubt, that we should pull after the fish. Most unequal was the contest, and the advantage was all on the side of the fish, provided he had not gorged the hook. In a few seconds Stewart was staring with flashing eye and angry brow at his empty reel and a large fish, which was leaping in the distance with seven hooks in his mouth, and thirty yards of line trailing after him.

After Stewart lost his line, we left the loch and fished down the river towards home. We had no reason to complain of our sport, though, of course, all the best fish got away; they always do; you must make up your mind to that.

In the evening I fished the streams flowing into the river with great success, and well remember that my last fly was a small grey and black hackle—a fly I do not often see used, but a very useful one I have found it. I took the three best trout caught during the day with that fly. The biggest fellow of all I hauled out of the shallow water at the foot of a deep pool. I saw them rising busily, and marked where the best ring was made. Just thereabouts the bank was free of trees or cover of any sort, so I crawled on hands and knees to within casting distance. Gently I threw my fly over the spot where I last saw the ring. The big trout had the bait the instant it touched the water, and in five minutes he was landed and in my basket.

Our evening used to be as enjoyable as any other part of the day, and Stewart was the life of the party, a happy, open-hearted, careless fellow; how well I remember him with his curly brown hair, clear blue eyes, and hearty laugh, raised as often as not, at his own expense. Happy days those, but, alas! I shall never again see our kindly Stewart. He went out to India in the East India Cavalry, and distinguished himself as a first-rate soldier. He wrote word to me at last that he was coming home on furlough, but next mail brought news of the fearful mutiny; then he was mentioned as holding a high place under the gallant Havelock, and then came the news of his death, shortly before that of his commander. Even his iron frame sank under wounds and over-exertion. He was a noble fellow. All honour to him and such as him.

### JOHNNY MCCREE.

By the Rev. E. Eardley Wilmot, M.A.

IN a little back house  
Near the sign of 'The Goose,'  
There lived one Johnny McCree;  
Up the third storey high,  
'Twixt the earth and the sky,  
And he liked something *stronger than tea*.  
A shoemaker by trade,  
He both mended and made;  
Well skilled was Johnny McCree.  
But his trade was no use,  
For he lived at the 'Goose,'  
'Cause he liked something *stronger than tea*.  
He'd as good a wee wife,  
As you saw in your life,  
And sober and tidy was she;  
She both washed and she chared,  
But 'twas all labour marred,  
'Cause he liked something *stronger than tea*.  
With no shoes on their feet,  
And all day in the street,  
Fine boys had Johnny McCree.  
Little schooling they got,  
Because dad was a sot,  
And liked something *stronger than tea*.  
Late one Saturday night,  
In a pitiful plight,  
Reeled home did Johnny McCree,  
You could tell by his grin,  
To the 'Goose' he had been,  
And his drink something *stronger than tea*.  
He had fought the lamp-posts,  
Which he swore to be ghosts,  
Had valiant Johnny McCree;  
He'd lectured the railings,  
And told them their failings,  
And advised them to 'stick to their tea.'  
When she'd got him to bed,  
Like a fool off his head,  
She wept did poor Nancy McCree.  
But the big tears of grief  
Gave her little relief,  
'Cause he liked something *stronger than tea*.  
Till the church clock struck four,  
Sad and cold on the floor  
Lay sorrowful Nancy McCree:  
And she sobbed and she prayed,  
Oh! could Johnny be made  
Just to take nothing *stronger than tea*.  
But, like kind, prudent wife,  
She avoided all strife,  
Nor scolded her Johnny McCree.  
When he cursed her and swore,  
She more gently forbore,  
'Cause he took something *stronger than tea*.  
So next morning she said,  
As she buttered his bread,  
'Oh, Johnny, what pain you give me!  
My poor heart is breaking,  
I feel quite forsaken,  
'Cause you drink something *stronger than tea*.



'When your earnings we spent  
In food, clothing, and rent,  
Oh, Johnny, how happy were we !  
I remember you said,  
When at first we were wed,  
That you took nothing stronger than tea.

'We'd a snug little room,  
And "There's no place like home,"  
You would often be saying to me.  
When your day's work was done,  
You read, chatted, and sung,  
And you liked nothing stronger than tea.

'Oh ! Johnny, look round,  
There's nought here worth a pound,  
Cheerless and wretched are we.  
Where these bits must soon go,  
These pawn-tickets will show,  
'Cause you take something stronger than tea.'

Now, though Johnny was rough  
He was made of good stuff,  
And a kind-hearted fellow was he.  
The tear stood in his eye,  
And he said with a sigh—  
'Then I'll take nothing stronger than tea.

'Nan ! you fill me with shame,  
For I know I'm to blame ;  
You're so winning,' said Johnny McCree.  
'Such a good little dear,  
And I'll—no !—but I fear  
I must take something stronger than tea.

'How's a fellow to work  
If the "Goose" he should shirk ?  
Your stuff—why, 'twould never suit me.  
I should feel mighty queer  
If I gave up my beer,  
And should take nothing stronger than tea.

'But,' says Johnny in fun,  
'Tis as sure as a gun,  
And that my name is Johnny McCree,  
My best word I'll plight  
That till third Saturday night,  
I'll take nothing stronger than tea.'

'Twas with joy Nancy heard  
And accepted his word.  
'I'm thankful you've promised,' said she.  
So at morning and night,  
And all through the weeks quite,  
They sat down to a cup of good tea.

Johnny stuck to his bench,  
Though 'twas terrible wretch,  
To the joy of Nancy McCree.  
And his brain got clear,  
When 'twas minus the beer,  
And he took *nothing* stronger than tea.

And on each Saturday eve,  
'I can scarcely believe  
The earnings I've got,' said he.  
'And then only to think  
It's saved from the drink—  
Oh ! I'll take nothing stronger than tea.'

Clock, knives, forks, spoons, and chairs,  
Pans, and all kinds of wares,  
Were bought by Nancy McCree,  
And the cupboard was stored  
As she now could afford,  
'Cause he took nothing stronger than tea.

And as Sundays came round,  
In God's house always found,  
Were Johnny and Nancy McCree,  
All their boys, too, were taught,  
And well clad as they ought,  
'Cause he took nothing stronger than tea.

And as years pass away,  
So the good neighbours say,  
Still prospers old Johnny McCree ;  
And with Nancy, his wife,  
Leads a bright, happy life,  
'Cause he takes nothing stronger than tea.

The old 'Goose,' too, shut up,  
Is a snug coffee-shop,  
And served by Nancy McCree ;  
While John works at his trade  
Like a steady old blade,  
And will take nothing stronger than tea.

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### 'PUT THE BRIGHT SIDE OUT TO MOTHER.'

**F**AR away in the gloomy prison of Andersonville, a little drummer boy was dying. The matted, brown hair was pushed back from the white brow, and in his wasted, haggard features, his fond mother, if she had seen him, would scarcely have recognised the handsome, merry-hearted boy, who, a short time before, made pleasant sunshine in her widowed home.

Manly and patiently had he battled with the hardships of his prison life, never complaining and never despairing, but hunger and exposure of every kind had done their work too well, and therefore he could not escape terrible sufferings. But our kind Heavenly Father, who never leaves us here to suffer more than is for our good, sent a gentle messenger, the angel of mercy, to bear his brave spirit to 'His house of many mansions.'

The blue eyes unclosed, the pale lips moved, and the comrade bent his head to catch his dying words. 'Put the bright side out to mother,' he said ; and one more prisoner was free.

The faithful comrade bowed his head and wept, and said, bitterly, to himself, 'Alas ! what side in this terrible prison-life is bright !'

Beyond the gloomy stockade, the drummer boy was laid to rest, and the life of his comrade was spared to tell the sad story to the lonely mother.

Do you not think, in that hour of terrible trial, that it was a great joy to the mother to know that her son was brave, and patient, and true ? and that, amid all his sufferings, he remembered her, and wished to spare her all possible pain ?

Boys, are you as careful not to grieve your mothers ?—*Little Corporal.*



### REJOICE IN MAY.

THIS is the merry month of May !  
 The days are warm and long ;  
 And every bush in copse and grove  
 Resounds with joyous song :  
 And to my heart and listening ear  
 Each minstrel seems to say,  
 'The sweetest time of all the year  
 Is the merry month of May.'

Slowly the hedge-row's various green  
 Is deepening in the sun ;  
 And up the white-thorn's bursting bloom  
 The lengthening brambles run ;  
 Crowfoots bedeck the pastures near,  
 Sorrel and iris gay :  
 'The sweetest time of all the year  
 Is the merry month of May.'

Parts I. II. III IV. and V. for January, February, March, April, and May, 1868, are now ready,  
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# Chatterbox.



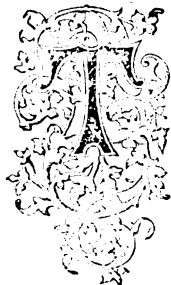
Algerian Donkey-boy.



## A PEEP AT ALGERIA AND THE ARABS.

By James F. Cobb, Esq.

### PART I.



HOUGH it may sound almost impossible, yet it is, nevertheless, a fact, that one may breakfast in London on Monday morning, and at Algiers on the following Thursday. Steam and rail bring the traveller to Marseilles by noon on Tuesday, on the evening of which day one of the splendid mail-steamers leaves for Algiers; and if wind and weather are

favourable he will be safely moored in the harbour of Algiers soon after sunrise on Thursday morning.

I did not make this rapid journey from England to Africa, as for some weeks previously I had been rambling about in France and Spain. Moreover, I unfortunately could not secure a berth on board the mail-steamers and had to put up with a passage in a very inferior vessel, the *Avenir*, which took fifty-six hours on the voyage instead of thirty-six. It was fine weather however, when it is always pleasant to be out in the bright blue Mediterranean; the Spanish coast, too, was grand and rugged, with here and there a white village nestling beneath the brown cliffs. The islands of Majorca and Minorca looked somewhat barren and dreary; and when they had faded away in the distance we lost sight of Europe altogether, and eyes were strained all day to get the first glimpse of Africa, but night came upon us before it was visible.

It was interesting to watch the passengers, many of whom were emigrants, about to try their fortune in a new country, and make for themselves a new home beyond the seas. Some were rough, careless-looking men, who passed the whole day drinking, smoking, and gambling. At early dawn, when I first came on deck to see the sunrise, these fellows, wrapped up in their cloaks, were handling the greasy cards, and quite late at night with a dim lantern in their midst, they were still employed in the same way,—deeply engrossed in their game. This passion for gambling, which, if the evil habit be once encouraged, so grows upon the victim, that it is scarcely possible for him to shake off its fatal grasp, though we see, alas! enough of it in England,—is far more universal in all parts of the Continent. It was a horrid sight to see these men sitting in the midst of a number of casks full of petroleum, occupied in such a manner. It was indeed a dangerous cargo we were carrying, fortunately we did not know of its existence till we were near our journey's end, for after the frightful Abergele disaster this inflammable oil will always be regarded as a very unpleasant travelling companion.

But there were other passengers besides the gamblers, merry little children chasing each other round the deck, and two young married couples, who each possessed a very young baby. It was

pleasing as well as amusing to watch the affection of one young father, who could not have been twenty,—for his infant, as well as for his wife; to spare her, for she suffered from sea-sickness, this exemplary young papa nursed the baby nearly the whole day, walking up and down the deck with it, singing and even dancing sometimes, in order to soothe and please it. Every now and then, this and another baby belonging to the other couple, would be deposited on the deck,—nothing visible but a small heap of clothes, and left there for some time, till a cry betrayed to some startled passengers that the bundle he had nearly kicked or trodden upon contained a live baby.

We reached Algiers in the middle of the night, and all turned out of our berths to go on shore; it was brilliant moonlight, and the gas-lamps extending up and along the shore showed us what a large city Algiers is. A swarthy Arab carried our traps on shore to the Hotel d'Orient, where we had some difficulty in awakening the inhabitants from their slumbers. It was too hot to sleep much that night, for the thermometer was nearly 80° in our rooms, though it was the middle of October.

I was out by seven in the morning to have my first stroll on African soil. It was a brilliant day, the sun positively dazzling. That part of Algiers which faces the sea is quite modern, and thoroughly French; here are long streets with colonnades and fine shops, a beautiful quay, with splendid houses, commanding a magnificent view over the harbour, the sea, and the beautiful coast which skirts the bay—as well as several large squares. Upon one of these squares I came almost immediately; it is one of the chief centres of life and health in the city. On one side of it is the large mosque, a building so dazzlingly white that one can scarcely bear to look at it, but it forms a striking contrast to the deep blue of the sky above, and to the rich green of the palm-trees which grow round the elegant fountain close by.

Modern civilization and ancient Oriental life and manners meet in a wonderful manner in Algiers, and this makes it a most interesting place to visit. Close to the mosque are a row of rickety yellow French omnibuses with drivers in blouses, loudly calling out the names of the places in the suburbs, whither they are bound, and urging passers-by to enter their vehicles. Stately Arabs in long white flowing drapery are slowly walking through the colonnades; French soldiers and sailors are lounging round the statue in the centre of the square; and respectable gentlemen, clerks, and merchants, are taking an early cup of coffee at the *cafés*. Arab boys with very little clothing, and Negro boys with still less, accost one at every step with the word 'Cirer,' which appears to be the only French word they know, and which means 'Black your boots, sir.' Never was there such a place for idle boys as Algiers: we talk about 'London Arabs,' but here we have real Arabs, and a noisy importunate set they are, some have lucifer-matches or trinkets for sale, but shoe-blackening is their principal occupation. The majority, however, do nothing but lie about and sleep in the streets.

The picture of the donkey-boy is taken from a photograph which I bought in Algiers.

The shaving shops are one of the most amusing sights in Algiers. They are open to the street, a divan runs all round them, upon which grave Arabs in white robes or grinning boys are seated waiting for their turn to be shaved. In the centre sits the victim who is being operated upon, and above him stands the barber shaving either his head or his face.

Another square, full of life and bustle and very picturesque, is that which contains the great Roman Catholic cathedral, formerly a mosque (and still very like one outside), the Governor's palace, and the Archbishop's residence. These two latter are very beautiful buildings inside, and were palaces belonging to the Dey or king of Algiers in the old Moorish days. These Deys were very cruel despots, they had their subjects beheaded for the slightest offence, and frequently merely to gratify their own whims and fancies. They were also most ruthless persecutors of the Christians, and terrible slave-owners. They used to fit out pirate vessels to scour the Mediterranean, they attacked any Christian ship they fell in with,—crew, passengers, and cargo, were brought into Algiers, the men and women were sold for slaves, and the Dey took possession of the cargo for himself. The poor Christian slaves were often treated with great barbarity, many languished in chains and dungeons, many, too, were executed because they would not give up their holy religion. Frequently, however, the Christian powers would attack Algiers and rescue the slaves, and bring the Dey to his senses for a short time. The English have more than once bombarded Algiers. But these lessons were soon forgotten by the cruel Mahomedan Deys, and at last the French could put up with his insults no longer, so they stormed the place, drove him out, and took possession of the whole country for themselves.

By far the most animated and bustling scene in Algiers is the market-place. Here French and Arab life thoroughly meet, and are seen in most striking contrast. The whole 'place' is one moving mass of human life, and beneath the brightest sky displays every shade and every hue of every colour under the sun. Fruit, vegetables, butter, eggs, poultry, alive and dead, meat, bread, flour, are here offered for sale by both French and Arab dealers; it would be difficult to say which are the more noisy of the two. The purchasers also are of both races, and the clatter kept up by the constant bargaining going on, the cries of the vendors, the cackle of the poultry, the shrill shrieks of Arab boys, and the barking of dogs, are deafening indeed.

The vegetables here are most abundant and varied, salads and cabbages of the brightest green, peas, beans, yams, enormous potatoes, the yellowest carrots, the pinkest radishes, and most crimson tomatoes. The fruit is specially tempting and of every possible kind; the grapes are larger than the finest net-house grapes we see in England; figs are large and plentiful; oranges and lemons abound; olives, pears and apples can almost be had for the asking; while pomegranates, bananas, and the prickly figs

which grow on the cactus, all of which are thoroughly African, can be purchased for the smallest coin. In the centre of the market and shaded by a spreading willow, is a large marble fountain; round this lie sleepy Arabs in graceful attitudes, while swarthy children dabble in its waters, and those who have more regard for cleanliness wash their hands and faces in its stream. The market swarms with beggars, especially half-naked Arab boys with baskets, who want for a small reward to carry home your purchases for you, and dog your steps in the most persevering way.

Behind the market-place we begin at once to ascend the steep hill-side upon which Algiers is built. This part of the town is purely Arab. It consists of an intricate mass of streets, or rather lanes, very winding, roughly paved, and so steep that many of them are formed of steps. The houses on either side are thick with whitewash, they are gloomy-looking buildings with small grated windows and arched doorways. If we venture to take a peep inside one, we shall probably see a beautiful courtyard, surrounded by a double colonnade formed of arches of horse-shoe shape, into which the rooms open, while a cool fountain plays in the centre, and graceful oleanders and orange-trees stand round it. Some of these narrow streets are very crowded, especially those which are lined by shops; these shops are very small, not large enough for more than two or three men to sit cross-legged on mats at their work; they are open to the street, where the purchasers stand and bargain,—shoe-making, tailoring, and embroidery, are the principal occupations in which these picturesque-looking men are employed. They look busy enough, when they are at work, but they seem to require plenty of rest, for now and then you will see them lying half asleep at the back of their shops, or more frequently playing at chess or draughts. The *cafés*, too, seem always to be full of lazy Arabs who have nothing to do but sip coffee, smoke, and doze away their time. The figures we meet in these streets, whether beggar children with dark, almost black skins, and the brightest of eyes, or the bare-legged men toiling up with large water-pitchers, or some other heavy load on their heads or shoulders, or veiled women, a waddling mass of white garments, huge baggy trousers, tight awkward slippers, with their eyes only to be seen peering out of this abundance of white drapery, are everywhere novel and picturesque.

(Concluded in our next.)

#### A MISCHIEVOUS PARROT.

ONE day a party of ladies paid us a visit aboard, and several had been hoisted on deck by the usual means of a 'whip' on the mainyard. The chair had descended for another whip, but scarcely had its fair freight been lifted out of the boat alongside, than the unlucky parrot piped, 'Let go!' The order being instantly obeyed, the unfortunate lady, instead of being seated comfortably on deck, as had been those who preceded her, was soured overhead in the sea.—*Lord Dunsford's Autobiography.*



Algiers.

P. 186.

### LADY EDITH.

**A**LONE, within her boudoir, Lady Edith sits and sighs,  
And wearily on all around she casts her wistful eyes;  
Whate'er high station can command, or boundless wealth can buy,  
Around the bride of two brief years in rich profusion lie.

Resting upon her damask couch, with listless ease  
and grace,  
On every side in mirrors tall she meets her own fair face;  
Full weary of the constant gaze of two such mournful eyes.  
To turn her thoughts on brighter themes the Lady Edith tries.

Upon the table by her side the last new book she sees,  
But ah! the leaves are yet uncut!—perchance it might not please:  
And, ere the effort can be made, the reading mood is o'er,  
The print is close—the title dull—the book allures no more.

The languid eyes in sadness turn to where her harp yet stands;  
Unused are those melodious strings to touch of gentle hands;

For paints and pencils, once so dear, now all neglected lie,  
For these things give her no delight as in the days gone by.

Then to the window listlessly her wandering glances rove,  
O'er upland swell, and mossy vale, and thickly wooded grove,  
To where a river, azure blue, rolls on in lordly pride,  
And ferns and flowers with tender green bedeck the mountain-side.

No thrill of rapture fills her breast, no pulse of thankful love  
Thrills gladly as she marks these signs of favour from above;  
Before her mind a vision comes—a tiny lawn and field—  
Which—strange to tell—had once sufficed the deepest joy to yield.

The door flew open, and there came a maiden scarce sixteen,  
No beauty hers save radiant eyes, and youthful, joyous mien;  
A robe of simplest texture, with a kerchief o'er her head,  
To shelter cheeks on which the sun a rosy hue had shed.





'O Edith! such a morning! such a glorious summer day!

I've been upon the river-bank, and watched the fish at play!

And oh! there's such a ripple, such a gurgling, gushing sound!

I shut my eyes and sat and dreamed upon a grassy mound.

'Whilst dreaming, other sounds I heard—the sighing of the trees—

Around the meadow-sweet, close by the drowsy chant of bees;

The cattle lowed in distant fields, the sheep were bleating near,

And joyously from bush to bough the bird sang loud and clear.

'See what a nosegay I have brought—wild flowers enough to fill

The vase that on your table stands—but, Edith, are you ill?'—

'No, Lilia; but you speak so loud; and as for flowers like these,

With choice exotics I can fill my vases when I please.

'But everything to me seems dull—how can you look so gay?

There's nothing to amuse me here—to while away the day.'

'O Edith!'—and her cousin paused, in simple wonder lost—

'Here's everything that Kate and I have always longed for most!

'Piano, harp, and sweet guitar, with music ever new; The loveliest pictures on your walls—and such a lovely view—

New books, rare flowers, and costliest gems—yourself an honoured wife,

And but one trouble, Edith dear—to while away your life!

'But, more than this, such wealth is yours as you can never spend—

To all the poor upon your land you've power to prove a friend;

Your voice may far and near go forth to comfort and relieve,

With alms to give to all who want, kind words to all who grieve.'

'Ah! Lilia, once I thought with you,' the Lady Edith said;  
 'I too thought music, books, and flowers, o'er life a brightness shed;  
 I thought, when as a bride I came mine was a joyous lot:  
 But these things fail, and now I want—something—I know not what.

My charities the curate gives. At first I used to try  
 To see the poor myself sometimes, but oh! it made me cry,  
 They were so dirty and so rough! You know I am not strong,  
 To shun depressing scenes like these can surely not be wrong.'

A smile crossed Lilia's sunny face, she quickly turned aside,  
 But not ere Lady Edith had the lurking thought espied;  
 And fretfully the question came, 'Lilia, what makes you smile?  
 You think that this is idle talk, that I am well the while.'

'No, dearest Edith, no, not so,' and Lilia's face grew grave,  
 'I do not doubt that you are ill, and I would even brave  
 Your anger, so that I might speak and e'en your ailment tell;  
 For once to know it, Edith dear, would almost make you well.'

'Then speak,' the Lady Edith said; 'angry I will not be.'  
 And Lilia spoke, but paused again, and then said timidly:  
 'Full wearisome you find a life of dull, unbroken ease—  
 You've nothing left to wish for now—none but yourself to please.'

### SPIDERS AND THEIR WEBS.

A POOR savage, watching the workmen in an English ropewalk, so bitterly felt the contrast between this mode of rope-making and the clumsy, tedious efforts of his own countrymen, that he burst into tears. What would the poor savage have felt, could he, by means of such a microscope as we hope all our readers possess, or at any rate *will* possess some day, have had the opportunity of examining a little spider performing a similar operation!

Let us just consider what he would have discovered by means of such a microscope. Here is the little rope-spinner, no bigger than a pin's head. The smaller part of him in front is, properly speaking, his body, the larger ball behind forming what is called the abdomen. Within this abdomen are little cells in which is produced a gummy kind of substance called *gossamer*, and this is what forms the

web. Now, if we put the little fellow under the microscope, we shall perceive that the lines, of which the web is formed, are produced by means of a beautiful little piece of mechanism at the end of the abdomen. Within a little round orifice you will see five teats, or *spinnerets*, and a careful observation of them will convince you that each spinneret is studded all over with thousands of minute tubes or *spinnerules*. Through each of these spinnerules issues a thread of gossamer so fine that it has been calculated that sixteen millions would be required to form a thread as thick as a human hair. All the threads from each of the five spinnerets unite and so form five threads; and at about a tenth of an inch from the spider these five unite and form a smooth, regular, beautifully polished little line. Thus we see that what appeared to be a single thread, indeed not merely single but so extremely fine as to render it difficult to imagine it divided into two parts, is, in reality, a cable composed of *thousands of threads*.

We should reasonably and correctly suppose that the Creator having arranged such an elaborate apparatus for the production of these gossamer lines, they were designed to be of essential service to the spider. One or two of the most important ways in which this clever little mechanic uses his ropes, we shall mention.

In the first place, we need scarcely refer to the fact that many spiders employ them for the capture of flies, beetles, earwigs, and any other luckless wanderers, for which the predatory proprietor of the snare has any relish. Instead of dwelling on this, which must be well known to all our readers, we will give an anecdote showing that these shrewd little sportsmen not only manifest great skill in the construction of their nets, but also display an amusing amount of ingenuity in getting the prey into them.

A spider of moderate dimensions had fortified himself within a very formidable web in a corner of our office, where he was suffered to remain for no other reason than his predilection for mosquitoes. His taste for variety was, however, very soon developed. We observed him one morning making very rapid preparations for attacking an enormous beetle whose peregrinations had extended into his neighbourhood. The web was made fast to two of his legs at the first onset. Mr. Beetle, apparently not altogether satisfied with these attentions, bade him good morning, and marched off, carrying his chains with him, in doing which he well-nigh demolished the fortress itself. In a few moments, however, the beetle repeated his visit. In the meantime the spider had repaired damages, and was prepared for the reception of the formidable stranger. The web was about eighteen inches from the ground; the spider precipitated himself from it, but stopped suddenly when within about two inches of the floor. As this feat was again and again repeated, we have no doubt that it was an experiment to try the strength of his cord. At length he threw himself upon the back of the beetle, attached the web to the beetle's hind-legs and then retreated.

'Mr. Beetle's suspicious of the good intentions of his long-legged host were now confirmed, and apparently with no small degree of displeasure he turned

his back upon the spider, the web not at all interfering with the dignity of his measured tread. The spider, convinced that open attack was altogether unavailing, resorted to stratagem. He drew the attention of the beetle upon himself, and then began a retreat up a somewhat rough wall. Whether Mr. Beetle mistook this trick of the spider for politeness, under the impression that he was conducting him to his castle, or whether it was a matter of sheer curiosity that induced him to follow his betrayer, we are unable to decide; it is sufficient that the decoy was successful. Mr. Spider was exceedingly civil to the beetle until they had reached a point directly over the web, when, like another Roderick Dhu, he threw off his disguise, and in a trice mounted upon the back of the beetle, disengaged his feet from the wall, and they tumbled together into the web. With the rough legs of the beetle extrication was impossible, escape hopeless; he surrendered at discretion, and on the following evening was found dead in his chains.

Probably most young persons have seen flies and other insects captured by the common house-spider; but all may not be aware that in some countries, Java for instance, there are spiders forming webs so strong and tough as to be capable of ensnaring birds, and even small quadrupeds. We may observe that all spiders do not capture their prey by means of webs. Some lie in wait, and suddenly pounce upon their victims. Others give chase and run them down.

Not only do the silken lines of the spider assist him in capturing his food, but in many instances they supply the means of locomotion, enabling him to perform extraordinary journeys with as much speed and safety as if he were provided with wings. Probably you have all noticed a little brown spider, looking, at first sight, very much like an ant. If this little fellow wishes to travel, he has only to eject a little gossamer line, which, being extremely light, readily carries him up, and he is borne off by the wind sometimes, it is said, for thousands of miles. If he wishes to rise, he lengthens the line, and of course descends by shortening it. Thus we see that the spider is not only an ingenious rope-spinner, weaver, trapper, and huntsman, but is also a skilful and daring aeronaut.

Another very singular use to which the gossamer is applied is to form the framework of a house under water. This is done by the common water spider. He first stretches a number of threads amongst the water weeds, and then spreads over them an elastic fluid very much like liquid glass. This forms his chamber, into which he has now to introduce some air. He ascends to the surface of the water, and, in a way understood only by himself, he carries down small globules of air, which he deposits under his roof, until a space is formed large enough to afford him a dry comfortable lodging.

It would be easy to give many more instances of the skill and ingenuity displayed by these interesting little creatures; but we will close by remarking how much better it would be if all young persons, instead of indulging in the stupid antipathy usually entertained for spiders, would

avail themselves of every opportunity of examining their movements. The terror with which many are inspired at the sight of a spider is not only ridiculous, but may, by most persons, be easily overcome. The exercise of a little common sense and resolution is all that is requisite. In very many instances such feelings are merely the results of nonsense instilled into the mind in childhood. Who has not heard frightful tales of the grim, ugly spider, who catches poor harmless little flies and drags them into his dismal dungeon to suck their blood? Most children are taught to regard the spider as cruel and merciless, and deserving death wherever he may be found.

Now we are not altogether surprised that he should have acquired such a bad character amongst the unreflecting; for we know very well that he rather likes the job of killing a fly. We have sometimes put one into a web and seen the spider pop out of his watch-box and shake it. If the fly moved, he was upon him in an instant; but if he had reason to believe that it was dead, he rather sulkily mounted guard again. Before, however, we condemn him on this account let us look a little further.

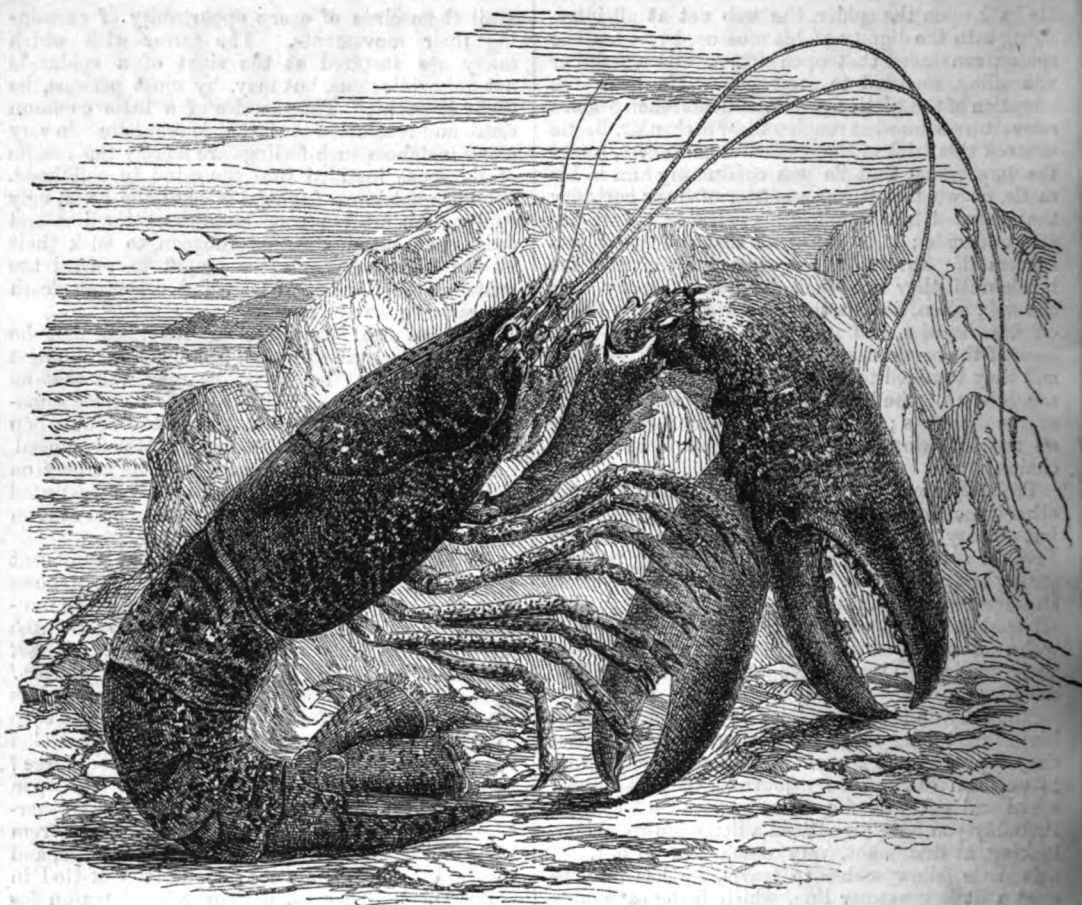
Mr. G. A. Rowell, in his 'Essay on the Munificent Distribution of the Sense of Pain,' very clearly shows that if the common house-fly were allowed to multiply without any check, in less than six months there would be flies enough to cover the whole of Great Britain to the height of three miles and a quarter! This may appear to be incredible, but nevertheless it is, we believe, perfectly true. How ought we then to regard these wonderful little creatures that God has provided to save us from such a terrible scourge? Spiders might, no doubt, find plenty to live upon without killing flies, but God has arranged otherwise. He intends that they shall preserve us from being overwhelmed and destroyed by insects, and they are only carrying out the designs of God in killing them. There is, moreover, good reason for believing that the moment the fly is seized by the spider, it loses all sensation, and that it suffers no pain whatever by the infliction of death.

Let us then regard the spider as a friend, and instead of ruthlessly putting to death every wanderer we find, let us watch his movements and inquire into his habits, and we shall discover much to instruct and interest us.—*The Youths' Miscellany.*

### THE UNSELFISH SOLDIER.

IN 1863, a poor American grievously wounded, had just been laid in the middle bed, by far the most comfortable of the three tiers of berths in the cabin of the ship in which the wounded were to be conveyed to New York. Still thrilling with the suffering of being carried from the field and lifted to his place, he saw a comrade in even worse plight than himself brought in. Thinking of the pain it must cost him to be raised to the bed above him, he surprised his kind lady-nurses by saying, 'Put me up there: I reckon I'll bear hoisting better than he will.'—*Golden Deeds.*





### THE LOBSTER.



HE esteem in which the lobster is held as an article of food, and the large numbers which are annually caught and brought to market cause an important and profitable business. Lobsters are caught on various parts of our coasts, particularly on rocky shores. From the Southern and Western coasts of England a considerable number are sent off constantly to the London markets by the South

Western Railway from Southampton, and by the Great Western from Bristol, also by steamers from Guernsey and Jersey and from the coast of Ireland to Liverpool, and from the coast of Scotland and the Orkney Isles it is computed in the season that not less than 150,000 reach Billingsgate weekly, but the principal supply is from Norway, whence we derive not less than 600,000. There is often in the season no less a supply than from 20,000 to 25,000 lobsters a-day at Billingsgate.

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# Chatterbox.



She was kneeling by the side of one whose hair was grey,  
And for his sake she was so kind.

### THE COTTAGE DOOR.

AS I pass'd a cottage door, a low sweet voice I heard,  
Breathing forth a touching strain, like song of some wild bird,  
And I paused to listen there, unseen by her who sung,  
While I gazed through that low door, round which the roses clung.  
There I saw a gentle child, in her unstudied grace;  
Beauteous was her little form, and fair her youthful face.  
She was kneeling by the side of one whose hair was grey,  
And for him, so much belov'd, she knelt,—she knelt to pray.  
I heard her ask of Heaven, in that sweet evening hymn,  
A blessing on that old man, whose eyes with age were dim;  
And she pray'd he might be spared to far, far distant years,  
While down her artless face fell the true, the heart-felt tears.  
Many born in princely halls have seem'd less fair to be,  
'Mid the glittering show of wealth, than that dear child to me.  
It was but a simple scene, long years have pass'd away;  
Still in mem'ry, often yet, I see her kneel to pray!  
A. A. L. M.

### DR. LIVINGSTONE'S DOG.

IN one of Dr. Livingstone's letters from Africa the intrepid explorer gives an account of his poodle dog, which he says was as popular with the natives as any of his party:—

'His appearance is so terrific to the country curs, that they flee from him as if he were a lion, and he chases them as if he believed the same thing of himself. I think his fierce appearance arises from its being difficult to decide at which end his tail lies; This poor poodle "Chitane" was drowned, as we were crossing a marsh a mile wide and waist deep. The bottom was of soft peaty stuff in which one did well enough, but deep holes made by buffaloes' feet caused us to flounder. I went over first, and forgot to give orders about the dog—the natives were too busy in each keeping his own balance to notice that the poodle swam among them till he died. He had more pluck than a hundred country dogs—he took charge of the whole line of march, ran to see the first in the line, then back to the last, and barked to haul him up: then when he knew what hut I occupied, he would not let a country cur come in sight of it, and he never stole anything himself. He was becoming yellowish red, like the native dogs, and he shared the starving with me.'



### EDWARD'S WISH.

HOW I wish I could be a Missionary! This exclamation burst, without his meaning to say it, from the lips of Edward Moore, who, at the moment he uttered it, was sitting on a stile looking at the pictures in a missionary magazine, which had been given him at the meeting from which he and some of his schoolfellows were returning. He had hardly spoken the words before he wished them unsaid, for he was answered by a shout of laughter.

'A nice missionary you would make!' 'What fine sermons you would preach!' 'Well, stand up on the stile, and fancy we are blackies, and begin one now!' 'I should like to see Mr. Edward Moore at a meeting, with a fine black coat and white neckcloth. How grand we should be, to be sure! And all the gentlefolk would come to listen to us. And the Vicar would shake hands and thank us, as he did the missionary to-day.'

Such were the remarks with which his unlucky speech was greeted on all sides. Poor Edward! his besetting sin was a violent temper. The colour now rushed into his face; he answered angrily, first one, then another, of his tormentors: the voices on both sides rose higher and higher, and they were so engrossed that they did not observe that the Vicar had approached during the quarrel, till they were startled into silence by the words, 'Boys! boys! what is all this? Is this the proper way to come home from a missionary meeting? What are these angry words about?'

The boys were all thoroughly ashamed of themselves, and hung their heads without daring to reply; till a boy answered, looking up with a twinkle of suppressed merriment in his eye,—

'Please, sir, Ned Moore wants to be a missionary, he says.'

'Well, what of that?'

'And we laughed, and said he would make a fine one; and then he put himself in a passion.'

'And then you did the same, I suppose? Well, he should not have done that, nor you either; but there is no harm in his wishing to be a missionary, and no one likes to be laughed at. Now, go home quietly, all of you—unless you, Edward, would like first to help me carry these books to the Vicarage.'

Edward gladly relieved Mr. Richmond of some part of his burden, and yet he did not look nor feel so happy as he would usually have done as he walked by the side of the clergyman, of whom he was very fond.

'What are you thinking of, Edward?' asked Mr. Richmond, kindly, when they had walked some time in silence.

'I was thinking,' answered Edward, timidly, 'how silly you must think me, to have thought I ever could be fit to be a missionary, especially when . . .'

'No, my dear boy, I do not think you are wrong to wish to be a missionary, or even to think it



possible; at least, all depends upon the motive. Why, do you think, have you this wish to be a missionary?'—

Edward did not answer directly: he thought for a moment, and then said, very gravely,—

'I think it is that I am so sorry for the poor heathen, because they worship false gods, or have no religion at all, and do not know anything about the Lord Jesus, and about heaven; and I should like to teach them.'

'But you know missionaries have many trials; the poorest cottager in England has more comforts than they have: they must literally give up all and follow Christ.'

'I know they must; but then, as you told us last Sunday, sir, what is anything we can give up for Him compared with what He gave up when He came down from heaven for us?'

'You are right, Edward; and I am far from wishing to discourage you, or dissuade you from your wish. Keep it in your heart, it may be your calling at some future time; and if so, events will be so ordered that you may be able to carry it out. But at present your duty is clear. You must work, and help to support your mother and sister. Never allow yourself so to dream and long for duties which may be yours in future, as to neglect those of the present moment. One sense in which I think we may apply our Lord's words, "Take no thought for the morrow," is, Take no thought for to-morrow's duties, but carefully perform those of to-day. But there is one way in which you may prepare yourself for the work of a missionary, or any other to which you may be called, and that is, by conquering yourself. You were right in thinking that angry words are specially unbecoming in one who is wishing for such a high calling. We are told that the charity of the early Christians was such an unfailing proof of the reality of their faith, that even their enemies could not but remark it, and said, "See how these Christians love one another!" If you were trying to teach the heathen, and they heard you speak angry words, and saw you impatient and passionate, do you not think they would doubt your belief in a religion which teaches us to be gentle and meek? You, my dear boy, have a violent temper; this is the chief enemy against which you must fight. Try to subdue it, and then you will be fit for whatever duties are appointed you.'

'I will try, sir; but it is hard!'

'I know it is hard; indeed impossible in your own strength: but you know how to obtain help. This should be your daily prayer as well as your daily effort, and then you are sure to succeed. Now, here we are at the gate,' added the Vicar, kindly, as he took from Edward the books he had been carrying. 'Thank you, my dear boy. God bless you. Remember what I have said.'

'Indeed I will never forget. Thank you, sir,' Edward answered cheerfully as he turned from the gate, and ran briskly towards his home.

It was a small, but neat and clean cottage, surrounded by a little garden, which Edward had cultivated from a child, as he was very fond of gardening. His mother was standing at the door, looking

out for him. She was a worthy woman and an affectionate mother, but many trials had soured her temper, and this day she had had several annoyances: so that, instead of a welcome, the first words she spoke to Edward were,—

'So here you are at last! That's what comes of letting boys go to missionary meetings; they stay playing on the road when they are wanted at home. Maggie and I have been waiting for you this last half-hour for tea, and I know when the meeting was over, for I saw Ellen May come back ever so long ago. Where have you been all this time?'

An angry answer rose to Edward's lips, but the thought came at the same moment, 'What would the heathen say if they heard a Christian speak undutifully to his mother?' and he answered good-humouredly, 'I am sorry, mother, to have kept you waiting. I am afraid I did loiter as we were coming back; and then the Vicar asked me to carry some books for him. But I thought I should have been home in time for tea.'

'Well, I did get it ready rather early. I wanted to go to the Hall, as there has been some mistake about the work. I am sure I took it up before the time. I suppose that fine housemaid forgot to give it, and lays the blame on me.'

'I am sorry for that, for I know how hard you worked to get it finished in time.'

'It seems I was to hear nothing but bad news to-day. You cannot have the place at Squire Rowney's, which was nearly promised you, for he is not going to send John Hughes away, after all.'

'Never mind that, mother. The Vicar has promised to get me a place, so I shall be sure to have one soon. And poor John would never have got one if he had been sent away in disgrace. Let me take the kettle off for you, mother! And now I will tell you about the meeting.'

The Vicar did not forget his promise, and soon succeeded in procuring for Edward a good situation—that of under-gardener at the Hall. This exactly suited Edward, as he delighted in flowers, and already knew something of their culture. But deep in his heart remained the one great wish, which had become, as it were, a part of his very life—the wish that he might some day go out to teach the poor heathen those great truths which were an ever-present reality to himself. This did not make him discontented with the present, for he heartily endeavoured to do his daily duties; but it was an object for the future always before his eyes, and for which it was his constant aim to fit himself. And it had a wonderful effect on his character. His passionate temper gradually softened; for when it was rising, one thought always subdued it—'What would the heathen say if they saw a Christian in a rage?' Not but that at first there were outbursts now and then, over which he deeply mourned. Once even, when passion had mastered him, he uttered an oath; but his penitence and grief, not only for the sin he had committed, but also at the thought of the effect such dreadful words would have had on any one who was looking to him to learn the gospel of peace and good-will, were the means of his watching more carefully than ever for the first risings of anger, so

as to put them down before they were too strong for him.

The same motives guided his whole conduct, so it is no wonder that he rose in the esteem of his employers, and that his kindness and willingness to help won him the friendship and affection of most of his equals. Of course, by others he was disliked. His high standard of right and wrong was a continual reproach to them, and though he shrank from giving advice to others, from a deep consciousness of his own failings, yet he never hesitated in standing up for what was right, when he was called upon to do so; and his firmness in keeping away from evil was more likely to do good than any talking and lecturing would have been. Another effect of the object he always had in view was a great wish to improve his mind. He knew, if he wished to teach others, he must first learn himself. Now that his school-life was over, he regularly attended evening-school, and much of his spare time was spent in reading. And as he had good natural abilities, and thought about what he read, he profited much by it, and acquired a great deal of useful knowledge.

Years passed on, and as Edward grew from boyhood to manhood even his outward appearance bore witness to his true noble character. No one could look into his thoughtful, pleasing face, or remark his manner—unassuming, quiet, and manly, without feeling that he was living for a purpose, and *that* a high one. And he was happy—happy in his own conscientious discharge of daily duties, in the esteem and confidence of his superiors, the goodwill of his friends and neighbours, and the love of his good mother and sister, though the great wish of his heart seemed as unlikely as ever to be fulfilled.

Margaret and her mother still lived in the cottage, for as Edward now lived altogether at the Hall, Margaret would not leave her mother alone to go into service; she was well supplied with needlework by the neighbouring gentry; and she and her brother felt it not only a duty, but a privilege, to support the mother who had so long toiled for them. There was always great rejoicing at the cottage when Edward came to spend an evening there, and it must be owned that Margaret found it pass even more quickly and pleasantly when he was accompanied by his friend William Gray; and Edward was pleased to see how glad they were to meet, and how sorry to part, for he loved William as a brother, and there were none of his companions of whom he had thought so much.

William was a high-principled, steady, young man; he and Edward had been friends at school; they had been confirmed together, and had knelt side by side at First Communion, and they shared many thoughts and feelings—not all, though. Edward's great wish and purpose had given a higher tone to his mind, and besides that, or perhaps caused by that, he was more earnestly bent on avoiding all that was wrong in any way, or that might lead to it. William, while he kept away from it himself, did not 'hate the thing which is evil,' and so would approach nearer the boundary of right and wrong than was safe or wise.

(To be continued.)

## BRAVE

### LITTLE BELGIANS.



IN France and Belgium it is the custom to give public rewards every year to those who have distinguished themselves by acts of courage and devotion. In Brussels, this autumn, several of these prizes were allotted to children, as follows:—

Julienne Rameyssen, aged seven years, and Henri Rameyssen, aged six, both of Merxplas, obtained a medal of the Third Class for having saved the life of their sister who was drowning in the Marck.

Polydore Guillaume Wittebroodt, aged 12½ years, received a medal for the following bold action. On the 9th of June, just as the express train from Ostend was about to pass through the station at Hansbeke, a child was seen upon the line of rails close to the barrier; it would certainly have been crushed to death, had not young Wittebroodt, with a presence of mind rare at his age, darted towards it and seized it almost at the moment the engine touched it.

On the 19th of August, at Herenthals, a child had fallen into the river. It would undoubtedly have been drowned, had not Peeters, although he could not swim, thrown himself resolutely into the water, and succeeded in saving it. Peeters was only eleven years old.

On the 4th of September, a child fell into the river, near Tournay, the water was nearly four feet deep. It was drowning, when Amy Darieux, aged twelve, a farrier's apprentice, jumped into the water and succeeded in seizing and dragging it to the shore.

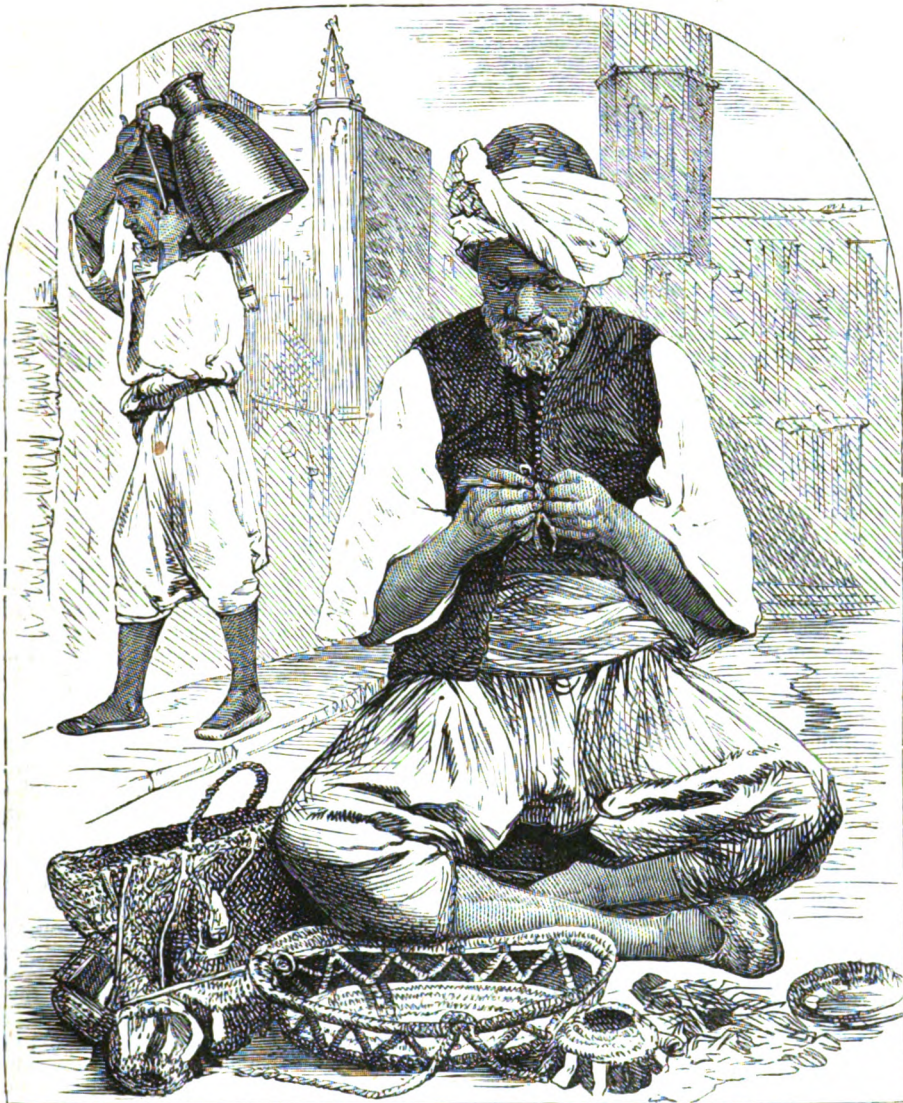
On the 21st of July, a child fell into the river at Mons. He had disappeared for the third time when Henri Carlier, aged eleven, threw himself, dressed as he was, into the water, seized it, and dragged it towards the bank; but his strength failed him, and he would have been the victim of his own bravery, had not M. Trelachaud happily arrived upon the spot, and, seeing the danger of the two children, he sprang into the river, and succeeded in saving them both.

A child, amusing itself by walking on the edge of a boat moored in the basin at Herstal, suddenly lost his footing and fell into the water. Nelis, a school-boy of ten years of age, jumped into the boat at the risk of capsizing it, and was fortunate enough to save the child.

On the 24th of June, a child of eleven months old, left by its sister upon the banks of the Meuse at Namur, fell into the river, and would have inevitably perished had it not been for the timely succour of Adèle Rousseau, a girl of fourteen, who entered the water, clinging with one hand to a large stone, and seizing the child with the other, she succeeded in saving it.

All these children received medals for their courage.

J. F. C.



## A PEEP AT ALGERIA AND THE ARABS.

By James F. Cobb, Esq.

### PART II.

**A**T the corner of the street we come upon a basket-maker, who, with piles of baskets all around, which he and his assistant lads have made, has established himself against a wall. These baskets are pretty and peculiar to Algiers.

The picture of shoe-blacks at page 200 is from a photograph, and they are black enough themselves, being Negroes; there are a great many

Negroes in the town, and they are far more industrious and willing to work than the Arabs. You will notice that they have no hair; all, both men and boys have their heads regularly shaven closely, with the exception of a tuft on the top which grows into a pigtail, and all they wear on their heads is a little red cap on the crown.

There are a great many mosques in Algiers; but two are large handsome buildings. Within, however, they are bare and dreary, the floors are covered with matting and carpets. The Arabs are very particular in obliging strangers to take off their shoes on entering the sacred places. After very careful ablutions, many of the worshippers appear, after a



short prayer, to lie down on the mats and compose themselves to sleep. Indeed lying down and sleeping seems to be the favourite amusement and supreme delight of these lazy people, not only in mosques, but at the corners of streets and on door-steps one is constantly coming upon some sleeping figure. As cats are counted sacred animals by the Mahommedans, kittens are not destroyed as with us, and so cats and kittens swarm in Algeria, and especially in and about the mosques.

The scirocco, a burning wind which blows straight from the great Sahara Desert, is prevalent at Algiers, and has a disagreeable enervating effect upon strangers. It raises, too, vast clouds of fine dust or sand which get into eyes, nose, and mouth, and seem almost to choke one. The effect this wind has on the Arabs is only to make them more sleepy and lazy.

One day, when the scirocco was blowing, and I felt very uncomfortable, I went to try the effect of a Moorish bath. I was shown into a large marble-vaulted chamber with large raised divans all round it, the walls hung with carpets, towels, sheets, and clothing, several Arabs and Turks were reclining in these divans smoking and sipping coffee after their bath. After I had been undressed and wrapped in a sheet, I was led by an Arab into another large vaulted room very hot indeed, and full of steam. Here I was made to lie down upon the stone floor, and two men began to rub me all over to the sound of a melancholy, monotonous chant; then they pulled my arms, fingers, and legs, as if they would dislocate all my joints. Afterwards I was rubbed and soaped, then wrapped up in a number of large sheets and towels. I counted at least twelve, of which six or seven were placed round my head, so that I felt quite top-heavy on being led back to the outer room, where I was finally laid down on the matting, and given a cup of very sweet coffee. Strange to say, that after all this severe treatment, I felt refreshed and better able to endure the scorching scirocco.

The country all round about Algiers is very lovely. The slopes of the hills are covered with gardens and vineyards, and everywhere studded with villas and cottages. All the hedges which divide the fields are of cactus, and very beautiful they must look in spring, when they are covered with the brilliant red flowers, which in England we so admire in conservatories or cottage windows. The most delightful place to visit in the neighbourhood is a public garden, called the 'Jardin d'Essai,' about two miles from the town, situated between the hills and the sea-shore. Here every rare and tropical plant and flower is to be found, we wander among groves of oranges and lemons, among vines and figs, through masses of huge plantains and cactus, through thickets of sugar-cane and bamboo, which form the most delightful shade. Two magnificent avenues lead through the garden down to the Mediterranean, one of stately plane-trees, the other of lofty palms, most of them with clusters of young green dates hanging from among their broad leaves, while the convolvulus creeper grows up their stems and covers them with a gay mass of brilliant blue and purple

flowers. This latter avenue, with a bright blue sea at the end, and the graceful palms towering over all the luxuriant foliage around them, forms quite a fairy picture.

There is one railway at Algiers which goes to Blidah, a town in the interior, a journey of about two hours. Thither we went one afternoon and found Blidah, a very dreary, desolate town, after such a bright, cheerful place as Algiers is. Not long ago it had suffered from a severe earthquake, there were still several ruins, and the houses are built very low, as if the inhabitants expected a repetition of the shock; but the great sights of Blidah are its orange-groves. These surround the town on all sides, and are well worth a visit.

When we were there most of the oranges were still green, but they hung very thickly among the dark green leaves of the large trees, to which, when the golden fruit is ripe, it must form a striking contrast. Dreary-looking Blidah thrives by its oranges, which are its one great article of produce. There are some 60,000 orange-trees around the town, and about 6000 citron and lemon-trees. It is celebrated, too, for its grapes, which are magnificent, and were just in perfection when we visited it.

From Blidah we went a five hours' journey by diligence still further into the interior to Midiah. It was a beautiful drive through the very heart of the Atlas mountains, along a splendid road constructed by the Zouaves, which reminded me of the passes over the Alps. This road is cut out in a ledge in the mountain side, hundreds of feet above a roaring torrent, with bold perpendicular cliffs overhanging it, and granite peaks rising all around. Now and then a waterfall or cataract trickles or rushes down into the stream below, and at every turn in the road some new scene of beauty is disclosed. Trees and luxuriant shrubs, with the rarest ferns and most brilliant flowers, frequently line the road-side, and greener slopes occasionally take the place of the dark, beetling precipices. The most cheering spot in the whole route is the Ruisseau des Singes, or Monkeys' Stream, where the diligence halts for refreshments—a bubbling brook flows down through willows and shrubs, by the side of which a pretty little inn has been built. Monkeys may constantly be seen and heard here, springing from branch to branch, and jabbering among the trees. After proceeding at a slow pace up hill for a long time, the gorge opened out among sunny slopes, covered with vineyards and corn-fields, with here and there a solitary farm-house. We soon after arrived at the bright, pretty town of Midiah, situated at the summit of this range of the Atlas, in a high and healthy position. We were lodged in a most comfortable inn, and much enjoyed a day's ramble in and around this thoroughly Arab town, as well as its pure and bracing air, after the heat of Algiers. From the French barracks, at the top of the hill, round which the town is built, we had a grand view, over the surrounding country. Beyond the undulating slopes covered with vineyards, gardens, and corn-fields, which surround Midiah, rise the mountain-ranges of the Atlas, and the Great Sahara;—so brilliantly clear is the atmosphere that we can

discern chain behind chain of mountains, their faint, jagged summits almost fading into the blue horizon in the far-away distance.

As next day was the weekly Arab cattle-market at Midiah, there was much bustle and excitement in the place, as the dealers were arriving from all parts with their cattle. The market-place itself presented a most extraordinary scene. It was so filled with Arabs in their long flowing white robes and head-dresses, and sheep with long white silken hair, that it looked like a moving mass of white drapery and wool. The natives were busy arranging their sheep and cattle, and making their bargains. The poor sheep and goats were tied together in fours by their heads or horns. The camels, a whole caravan of which we had just met arriving from the Sahara Desert, and of which a great many were collected in the market-place, looked miserable and savage, and raised sounds something between a scream and a roar, with their forefeet tied to their thighs, to prevent them from moving and doing mischief. They presented a truly pitiable appearance. Most of them were heavily laden with corn and other grain. The noise made by the Arabs quarrelling and bargaining in their harsh, guttural tones, was almost deafening. When they had concluded their bargains, most of them composed themselves to sleep on the ground.

We had to leave Midiah at 5 A.M. to return to Algiers; and a very cold drive it was. We met several droves of sheep and cattle going to the market, and every now and then an Arab, perched upon a heap of all kinds of goods, which seemed almost to crush, as well as to hide, the poor little donkey upon which they and he were placed. A whole regiment of Zouaves, on their way to Algiers, halting to breakfast on the road, presented a gay and lively scene. We found it warm enough when we arrived at Bli-dah, and still hotter when we reached Algiers.

Algiers is a place admirably supplied with the necessities, and even luxuries, of life of every kind, and its climate is so delightful that it is not to be wondered at, that it is much resorted to by invalids as a winter residence. The bread is certainly the best I ever tasted, meat is excellent, and game of all kinds abundant. As to the fish, a visit to the fish-market is enough to convince any one how varied and plentiful it is. The fish-sellers are nearly all French or Italians, fine-looking fellows in blue jackets and red caps, who make quite noise enough in praise of their fish. What struck me most was the immense size of the prawns which we constantly had at the hotel for breakfast; I measured one which was more than six inches long and an inch and a half in diameter. Shellfish of all kinds is very plentiful on this coast.

I spent only ten days in Algeria, and was very sorry to be obliged to leave it so soon. Though we returned to Marseilles in a splendid government steamer, the *Cydinus*, three or four times as large as the *Avenir*, we had a much worse and even a longer passage, and passed the greater portion of the three days in our berths in the cabins in a help-  
less state of sea-sickness. I pitied very much the poor soldiers, many of them invalids, who were returning to France, who were obliged to bivouack

on the deck, and had no shelter from the storm of rain and wind which lasted during the entire voyage. When we reached Marseilles at last, many of these poor fellows looked quite exhausted, and more dead than alive.

### BOYS' AND GIRLS' RIGHTS.

IN every land and continent  
Good people bear in mind  
How much is said about the rights  
Of men and womenkind;  
And though we're present everywhere,  
And make a deal of noise,  
There's very little said about  
The rights of girls and boys.

We want the right to use our eyes  
And take in every sight,  
To see, compare, and measure facts,  
The length, and breadth, and height.  
We want the right to use our tongues,  
And keep them busy, too,  
In asking questions every day,  
And have them answered true.

When we do wrong we want the right  
To claim a day of grace,  
A household jury, if you will,  
To sit upon our case,  
And not be punished for our faults  
With sudden words and blows,  
Enough to drive the goodness out  
Through fingers and through toes.

We want to be respected, too,  
And not be snubbed outright,  
And put off with a careless word,  
Because we're small and slight.  
And when we take the Ship of State,  
And throw by childish toys,  
We'll make a law to regulate  
The rights of girls and boys!

*Young America.*

### 'TAKE ANOTHER!'

BOASTING of the past is a poor way to achieve success for the future. He who rests satisfied with a victory, will soon experience a defeat. While we go forward we are safe; when we stop we are preparing to turn back.

A story is told of the celebrated general, Sir Charles Napier. At the battle of Meeanee an officer who had been doing good service, came up to him, and said, 'Sir Charles, we have taken a standard.' The general looked at him, but made no reply, and, turning round, began to speak to some one else; upon which the officer repeated, 'Sir Charles, we have taken a standard.' The general turned sharp round upon him, and said, 'Then take another.'

Oh, soldiers of Jesus, be this your course. Toil on; fight on; take a standard; and then 'take another,' and 'take another!' There is no stopping-place here. The rest remaineth! Press on to gain it.



Algerine Shoeblacks.

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# Chatterbox.



### THE TELEGRAPH BOY.

**H**AVE you seen young Dick in his uniform  
Of Lincoln green, and bright red facings?  
And upon his cap and his pouch are blazoned  
A monogram's golden interlacings.

He hastens along the street of the city  
With tidings, borne on the wonderful wire,  
That throb with the words of men and nations,  
And speed with the flash of the thunder's fire.

The bearer is he of joy and of sorrow,  
Of great successes and hopes deferred;  
And life is gladdened, and prospects ruined,  
With his simple freight of a line or a word.

He has knocked at the door of a man of riches  
With tidings of name and fortune lost;  
And has the great man bowed and humbled,  
Bemoaning his high ambition cross'd.

He has opened the door of the poor man's cottage,  
And filled the place with thankful joy;  
And such, though unheeded and unnoticed,  
Is the daily work of the Telegraph Boy. H.

### EDWARD'S WISH.

(Continued from page 196.)



**O**NE day as Edward was walking towards the cottage after work was over, it suddenly struck him that he had seen nothing of William for nearly a week—a strange thing, as they generally were very few days without meeting somewhere or other. All at once, at a turn of the road, he met him.

'So there you are, William, at last! It is so long since I have seen you that I thought you must have started for Australia.'

'Is it so long, Edward?' William answered. 'Let me see, when was it? Oh, I forget. I was coming to see you now, for I wanted to tell you about a new friend of mine. I am sure you will like him, too. It is the new coachman at Squire Fortescue's: he really is a first-rate fellow.'

Edward thought it was rather early in their acquaintance for William to speak so confidently, as he had not known his new friend more than a week; but he said nothing, and when William afterwards saying how much he wished that they should know each other, asked Edward to come with him to call for his friend James Brown for a walk, he cheerfully agreed.

He found James certainly very pleasant and amusing, and there was something in his careless, merry manner and conversation, and even in his cheery laugh, which was very pleasant; but when Edward, before his evening prayers that night, examined as usual his conduct during the day, he felt with deep regret, that though he had not perhaps

said anything that was downright wrong, yet he had been led on to join in conversation which bordered on it, and that the tone of his new acquaintance was not at all likely to improve one who was trying to walk in the strait path, as he evidently was not guided by high principle himself. He therefore determined to avoid his society, and to tell William the reason of it, which he did the next day. But William by no means agreed with him.

'I think you are too hard upon him,' he answered. 'I do not mean to say that Jim is as religious as he might be. He does not think as you do about a great many things, but he is not a bad fellow, I'm sure. If he does speak thoughtlessly sometimes, it is because his spirits carry him away, and I'm sure there is really no harm in him.'

'I dare say not,' Edward answered; 'but I think it is better to avoid choosing for our intimate friends those who are not treading in the same path with ourselves. It is hard enough to walk steadily in it without any one else to help us to go astray.'

William was not convinced, and Edward did not press the subject; but as it was a point on which they did not agree, the name of James Brown was never mentioned between them.

Some weeks had passed since their conversation on the subject, when, one day, as Edward was going to his mother's cottage, he met William coming home from work.

'Come with me, William,' he said, 'and have a cup of tea at mother's. It is my sister's birthday, you know, and we shall all like to have you.'

William coloured and looked vexed.

'I wish I could come, Edward, but I have an engagement. I would much rather spend the evening at your mother's, if I could.'

'I am sorry for that, but it cannot be helped. Good-night, then, for I am rather late.'

He was passing on, when William stopped him and said, hesitating, 'I think, perhaps, you were right after all.'

'About Jim, do you mean? I have sometimes wondered whether I was too hard on him.'

'No, I think not. I do not quite like all he says and does, and I do not think I get much good by being with him; but it is difficult to break with him now we have been so friendly.'

'So it is; but you can see less of him by degrees. Come to us as often as you like. I suppose you *must* go to-night. Is it Jim you are to meet?'

'Yes; and some of his friends. I think I must go, or they will wait for me. Good-night, and thank you. You are a true friend, and a good one too.'

William went thoughtfully on his way when he had parted with Edward, wishing that he was himself as firm in what was right, and comparing him with the new friend whose careless good-humour had pleased him so much at first, but who was, as he now saw, without fixed principle, carried about by every passing caprice and inclination. He was so lost in thought that he passed the turning which led to the place where he had appointed to meet James. When he found this out he was vexed, for he knew it was late, and thought James would be

cross at being kept waiting. So, wishing to go by a shorter way across the fields, he tried to jump a ditch by the side of the road; but he missed the opposite bank and fell into the ditch. In doing so he twisted his foot, and when he tried to rise the pain was so great that he could not move. He lay there some time, and at last, with great difficulty, dragged himself out of the ditch and began to hobble slowly homewards,—so slowly, that he did not reach the village till the twilight of the long summer evening was already deepening. It was not dark though, and he was rather surprised to see James Brown and two of his friends coming into the high-road from a cross-path. He had thought that they had intended going in another direction, and he thought too that they had meant to stay out much later. But he was much pleased to see them, as he could now explain that it was not his fault that he had not gone to the meeting-place; and besides, it was easier for him to walk leaning on James' arm. His foot was becoming more and more painful; in fact, he was suffering so much that he did not think much then, though he remembered afterwards how strange the manner of his companions was. They seemed as if they were in a hurry, and yet did not wish to seem so; but if he thought anything about it at the time, it was that they were annoyed at having to walk so slowly on account of his foot, and he made many excuses for detaining them. But they did not seem to listen much to what he said, and were evidently thinking of something which subdued their usually high spirits—even Jim's; and William felt him start when he heard some one running behind them, though it was only little Tom Allen running to the baker's for some bread. I say William did not think of this at the time, for he was nearly fainting with pain; and when he reached home, hastily thanking Jim for his help, he gladly went in to rest his foot, and have it bathed and attended to by his mother.

The next morning he was sitting in his father's arm-chair, his injured foot resting on another, when his neighbour, John Steele, came running in with a strange look of horror on his face, and as soon as he saw him, exclaimed,—

'Oh, William! is it true? What were you about last night when you hurt your foot?'

'Jumping over a ditch—at least trying to do so; but I fell in instead. But what are you looking so scared about? I am not killed, nor was likely to be.'

'Then weren't you with Jim Brown, and Bill Newman, and Andrew Day?'

'No, I was not. But what if I had been?'

'Why, they have been poaching on Squire Howard's preserves, and when the keeper came up to warn them off, they set upon him and beat him, and then ran away. But the worst is, they say you were with them.'

'They say! Who says I was with them? Does Jim say so?'

'No; he says you were not there, but he won't say who was, and the keeper is sure there were four. He knew those three, but the fourth he did not know. It was Tom Allen who saw you come back with them last night, and so did some other people,

and you had Jim's arm; and you know you are such great friends. Besides, they say your foot being hurt proves it: because the keeper says he saw one of them fall as they were running away, and he thinks he was hurt. But I don't believe you were there, for it would not be like you.'

Poor William! how he wished he had taken Edward's advice, and never chosen such a friend! He now saw, that even if we do escape damage by friendship with those whose conduct is guided by no right motives, yet at all events we shall be more or less looked upon by others in the same light as they are: so that, even in a worldly point of view, it is well to be careful in the choice of our friends. While poor William was thus sorrowfully and anxiously regretting his intimacy with James Brown, which had brought him into so great trouble, his real friend Edward was little less distressed on his account. He heard all that was known, and all that was suspected, as soon as he went out in the morning. He was at first indignant at the very idea that his friend could be suspected. Then he remembered with a pang his conversation with William the night before, and how he had told him he was going to meet James; still Edward did not doubt him, and was sure he could never have been induced to act in so wrong a way. As he was sadly thinking in what a terrible position William was placed, he met his master walking thoughtfully in the garden. He immediately went up to him, and respectfully addressing him, began pleading his friend's cause. Mr. Howard, on whose grounds the assault had taken place, and who was also the magistrate before whom the offenders would be brought, listened attentively to what Edward had to say, and asked him many questions as to William's past life and general conduct. At last he said,—

'All you tell me of your friend makes me hope that he is innocent, though appearances are against him. But have you any idea where he was last night? Did you see him?'

'Yes,' said Edward, unwillingly, and dreading the next question.

'And did he say where he was going?'

This was a dreadful moment for Edward; he knew that if he told the truth he would have done more to cause his friend's condemnation than anything which was yet known, and yet he hesitated but one moment. He knew also that it was his duty to say what was true at whatever cost, and answered, sadly,—

'Well, sir, he did speak of meeting Jim; but I cannot believe that he could have acted so wickedly. He said he was late, so perhaps they did not wait for him.'

'I must say, though, everything seems against him,' answered Mr. Howard, somewhat coldly. 'Let us hope still,' he added, kindly, as he saw Edward's pained look. 'You may be sure I will not hastily believe anything against him, and it speaks well for him that he is your friend, though I can hardly understand how he can be that of James Brown's at the same time.'

(To be continued.)





**CHAFFINCH, GARDEN-  
WARBLER, BLACKCAP, AND  
NIGHTINGALE.**

By H. G. Adams.



**V**E come now upon a party of songsters, the sweetest of all that gladden the groves and fields of 'merry England,' as it is often called, perhaps because it is so pleasant and full of bird-music. Four happy creatures amid the blossoming boughs of May, all straining their throats, and flooding the woods with melody. First,

there is sweet Philomela, as the old poets loved to call the nightingale, who is the very queen of feathered songsters, as we all know; there is no music like hers, so full, so rich, so varied; she comes to this country early in April, and leaves it at the end of September: she belongs to the family of warblers, in which are included a number of birds mostly of slender and delicate build, which are not able to bear much cold, therefore they are found in northern countries like ours only as summer visitors. They feed almost entirely on insects, being what are called soft-billed birds; to this family belong three out of the four birds in the picture before us. That on the right is the Nightingale, crouching down among the leaves, as she likes to do, being a shy bird, much more often heard than seen. Next to her, in the centre of the picture, stands the Garden Warbler, singing away. Oh, how he is singing! He looks bigger than the Nightingale, but is not so really, only he comes forward, and swells himself out, as if he would say, 'I will be seen as well as heard. He has several names, such as the greater Pettychaps, the Billy White-throat, the Nettle-creeper.

Just above him, a little further back, is the Black-cap, another warbler, second only to the Nightingale in the richness and sweetness of its song. A brisk, lively fellow, with a black velvet cap on his head, or what looks like one; he, too, comes and goes with the sunshine and the warm summer winds, and helps to eat up the caterpillars, worms, and grubs, and save our crops from destruction.

Pleasant would it be to listen to such a concert as these birds are now singing, could we hear them altogether; what an old writer, named Izaak Walton, said of the Nightingale's song alone, we might say with greater force of such harmony:—'Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, that Thou affordest bad men such music on earth?'

But we had almost forgotten that there is a fourth singer, the merry Shilfa, as the Chaffinch is sometimes called, liveliest of finches, and as musical as any of his family, except perhaps the Goldfinch, of whom we shall have to speak by-and-bye. He can claim no sort of relationship with the other warblers in the picture, being a hard-billed bird, feeding much on seeds and grains, and being by no means so delicate and genteel as those travelled songsters, in whose company he does not seem quite at home, for he hides himself away among the leaves, and looks like one who is listening in a sly corner to something that interests him very much; perhaps he has come to take a lesson in music and hopes to get it for nothing. Let us try if we can make out what is that—

#### SONG OF THE WARBLERS.

##### FIRST VOICE—THE NIGHTINGALE.

I came from the strand of a far foreign land,  
Where the breath of the myrtle is sweet on the air,  
I rested awhile, in a sea-girdled isle,  
But I lingered not long, though the prospect was fair,

For away o'er the foam of the ocean, my home  
Lay northward, and eagerly thither I sped,  
Till I reached the green vale, where I'm telling this tale,  
In the blossoming hawthorn, my perch, and my bed.

##### SECOND VOICE—THE BLACKCAP.

Where the cactuses grow, and the spicy gales blow,  
And the flash of the fire-flies illumines the night,  
I have waited till Spring bade me spread my frail wing,  
And over the waters essay my long flight.  
How guided—sustained, till my object was gained,  
And I nestled once more in the woods I love best,  
I cannot explain, though again, and again,  
I have journeyed through space in these woodlands to rest.

##### THIRD VOICE—THE GARDEN-WARBLER.

I have passed many hours amid green myrtle bowers,  
In olive-groves, vineyards, and rose-gardens rare;  
Where I fled from the rays of a sun, whose fierce blaze  
Seemed to burn with its brightness, and blind with its glare.  
And gladly I heard the spring call to each bird  
That lives farther northward, its nestlings to rear,  
Over land, and o'er sea, I have hastened with glee,  
And the glad song I'm singing proclaims I am here!

##### CHORUS.

Let us merrily sing, till the leafy woods ring,  
There's no land like Old England, for shade and for song;  
No woodlands are seen so fresh and so green,  
No groves are so pleasant for nesting among;  
To express our delight, day is short, and the night  
Bows her star-jewelled head to hear our sweet lays;  
Through the world we may roam, but *this* is our home,  
Our birthplace—we tire not in singing its praise!

### THE CROSS ON THE OLD CHURCH-TOWER.



ITH despair in his heart and despairing words on his lips, a gloomy-faced young man strode up the dark stairs that led to his poor home.

'I will struggle and suffer no longer: my last hope has failed, and life has become a burden: I will rid myself of it at once.'

As he muttered wildly to himself, he flung wide the door and was about to enter, but he paused on the threshold; for a glance told him that he had by mistake passed his own apartment and come up higher, till he found himself in a room poorer but more cheerful than his own.

Sunshine streamed in through the one small window, where a caged bird was blithely singing, and a few flowers blossomed in the light. But blither than the bird's song, sweeter than the flowers, were the little voice and wan face of a child, who lay upon a bed placed where the warmest sunbeams fell.

The face turned smiling on the pillow, and the voice said pleasantly—

'Come in, sir. Bess will soon be back, if you will wait.'

'I want nothing of Bess. Who is she, and who are you?' asked the intruder, pausing as he was about to turn away.

'She is my sister, sir, and I'm poor Jamie, as they call me. But, indeed, I am not to be pitied, for I am a happy child, though it may not seem so.'

'Why do you lie there? Are you sick?'

'No, I am not sick, though I shall never leave my bed again. See, this is why;' and, folding back the covering, the child showed his little withered limbs.

'How long have you lain here, my poor boy?' asked the stranger, touched and interested in spite of himself.

'Three years, sir.'

'And yet you are happy! What, in reason's name, have you to render you contented, child?'

'Come, sit beside me, and I'll tell you, sir; that is, if you please: I should like to talk with you, for it is lonely here when Bess is gone.'

Something in the child's winning voice and the influence of the cheerful room, calmed the young man's troubled spirit, and seemed to lighten his despair. He sat down at the bedside, looking gloomily upon the child, who lay, smiling placidly, as with skilful hands he carved small figures from the bits of wood scattered around him on the coverlet.

'What have you to make you happy, Jamie? Tell me your secret, for I need the knowledge very much,' said his new friend.

'First of all, I have dear Bess,' and the child's voice lingered upon the name; 'she is so good, so very good to me! No one can tell how much we love each other. All day she sits beside my bed, singing to ease my pain, or reading while I work. She waits on me all day; but when I wake late at night, I always see her sewing busily, and know it is for me—my good, kind Bess!'

'Then I have my work, sir, to amuse me; and it helps a little, too, for kind children buy my toys, when Bess tells them of the little boy who carved them lying here at home, while they play out among the grass and flowers where he can never be.'

'What else, Jamie?' and the listener's face grew softer as the cheerful voice went on.

'I have my bird, sir, and my roses; I have books; and, best of all, I have the cross on the old church-tower. I can see it from my pillow, and it shines there all the day long, so bright and beautiful. I love it dearly.'

The young man looked out through the narrow window, and saw, rising high above the house-tops, like a finger pointed heavenward, the old grey tower and the gleaming cross.

'Why do you love it, Jamie?' he asked, looking at the thoughtful face that lit up eagerly, as the boy replied—

'Because it does me so much good, sir. Bess told me long ago about the blessed Jesus who bore

so much for us, and I longed to be as like Him as a little child could grow. So when my pain was very sharp, I looked up there, and, thinking of the things He suffered, I tried hard to bear it; but sometimes when it was too bad, instead of fretting Bess, I'd cry softly, looking up there all the time, and asking Him to help me to be a patient child. I think He did; and now it seems like a friend to me, I like it better every day. I watch the sun climb up along the roofs in the morning, creeping up higher and higher till it shines upon the cross and turns it into gold. Then through the day I watch the sunshine fade away, till all the red goes from the sky, and for a little while I cannot see it through the dark. But the moon comes, and I love it better then; for, lying awake through the long nights, I see the cross so high and bright with stars all shining round it, and I feel as happy in my heart as when Bess sings to me in the twilight.'

'But when there is no moon, or clouds hide it from you, what then, Jamie?' asked the young man, wondering if there was no cloud to darken the cheerful child's content.

'I wait till it is clear again, and feel that it is there, although I cannot see it, sir. I hope it never will be taken down, for the light upon the cross seems like that I see in dear Bessie's eyes when she holds me in her arms and calls me her "patient Jamie." She never knows I try to bear my troubles for her sake, as she bears hunger and cold for mine. So you see, sir, how many things I have to make me a happy child.'

'I would gladly lie down on your pillow to be half as light of heart as you are, little Jamie, for I have lost my faith in everything, and with it all my happiness;' and the heavy shadow which had lifted for a while fell back darker than before upon the anxious face of the young man beside the bed.

'If I were well and strong like you, sir, I think I should be so thankful, nothing could trouble me;' and with a sigh the boy glanced at the vigorous frame of his new friend, and wondered at the despondent look he wore.

'If you were poor, so poor you had no means wherewith to get a crust of bread, nor a shelter for the night; if you were worn out with disappointment, what would you do, Jamie?' suddenly asked the young man, prompted by the desire that every human heart has felt for sympathy and counsel, even from the little creature before him, ignorant and inexperienced as he was.

But the child, wiser in his innocence than many an older counsellor, pointed upward, saying, with a look of perfect trust—

'I should look up to the cross upon the tower, and think of what Bess told me about God, who feeds the birds and clothes the flowers; and I should wait patiently, feeling sure that He would remember me.'

With an altered feeling in his heart, and a brave smile on his lips, the young man went away, leaving the child with another happy memory, to watch the cross upon the old church-tower.



## WORDS, WORDS, WORDS!

**M**ANY a sermon, and many a page has been written concerning those idle words about which there is such a solemn saying recorded in St. Matthew, xii. 36. Little evil words, even little thoughtless sayings; little harsh speeches of others, things said half in jest, or not meant at all, have taken root in the heart of others, have grown up into wide noxious crops, choking many a year's toil of wholesome husbandry. Who has not suffered from some such?

But also, who cannot remember little kindly sayings which have been helps, stays, props in the journey of life? I should like to record one such. It often occurs to my mind, and has often saved me from the sin of impatience.

I was a child of about ten, on my yearly week's visit to a little girl of the same age. The grown-up brother of the house was coming home. The college brother of whom all the younger part of the family evidently stood in awe. For Edward, they said, was 'so particular'; 'Edward always takes such notice, if our hair or our nails are not just as they should be, or if we don't behave quite as politely as we should do.' All this is a trial to young people just out of the nursery, and who have only lately begun to have the charge of their own toilet. So that there was almost as much fear as pleasure expressed, when this brother from college was expected.

At last he came. The young ones had on smarter dresses than usual to go down in after dinner, and we behaved as well as we knew how. I did not quite see why, and yet I felt, like my little friends, afraid of their grand brother. He was so tall, and he had such a way of looking over them, which I felt I should get tired of, to say the least, if it came every day.

One afternoon Edward came into the school-room, and rather to my surprise sat in familiar chat among us. Soon he was writing something for his mother, while she dictated, and we stood about near her. It was getting dusk, and by accident I put myself between him and the lights.

'Beautiful, but not transparent, Jane,' he said to me.

I remember I did not understand; I only knew it must be some joke, and that it did not mean I was really beautiful, because I was not, and the others laughed and pulled me out of the light. Soon like a careless child, I was in the light again.

He looked at me with a good-natured smile. 'Beautiful, but not transparent, Jane.' I felt ashamed of being so stupid; and yet those only who know children will know it was really possible for me quite unconsciously to be just in that place again! Even then the grave college brother did not say one hasty word, or make one impatient sign, but he looked up and said, 'Still beautiful, but not yet transparent, Jenny!'

Now, how little that young man knew that that gentle forbearance of his would be a blessing for thirty years to that child, and that to the end of her life it will never be forgotten. Nevertheless, so it is.

J. E. C. F.

## WILD BULL.



**T**HERE is one great charm in England to those who can see it and value it, and that is, that, side by side with the foremost culture of the soil and the highest civilization, there still remain here and there bits of wild and rugged nature. I was one day on Wimbledon Common—that nearly suburban place—it was the year of the first Volunteer meeting. There were tents and targets and many other signs of preparation for the festival. All smacked of contractors, railways, refreshment-rooms, grandstands, fuss, and bustle. All this while the sun was going down, and the moon rose opposite over a lovely wilderness of gorse, and fern, and bramble, intersected by green paths. A few yards made all the difference. Suddenly I hear a hollow, muffled tramp, as of many hoofs on downy grass, when a miniature stampede of horses of all sizes and shapes passed by me, heads and tails up, and eyes on fire, while a rough, little fellow, with red cheeks and a white smock-frock, raced past with a spur on one of his heels only, heading and turning them—shouting. I could not resist stopping this Surrey Gaucho (actually within the lettered postal district of London). I found the horses were the property of a blacksmith near, who buys them in all forms, and trusts to the common to get them right, and who lets them out on hire to the Cockneys. What a contrast, Cockneys and Gauchos!

France and Germany have no such gipsies as England. A day's journey will bring you from London to places which, I am told, look like a forgotten corner of Nature's great workshop. Infinite are the parallels that might thus be drawn; but I will add only one more, and that is, the existence (now in three parks only—and in two of those stunted and hornless) of a breed of cattle, of which there is fair reason to believe that they are the descendants of the wild bulls, herds of which ranged through the immense forests of England in remote times, and which existed even at the time of the Roman invasion.

The head from which our illustration is drawn was given by the then Lord Tankerville to the British Museum. Much has been written about these cattle, whose ways and habits are however exactly those of all the bovine race and many other ruminants besides, that is, they live in herds for mutual protection and society—they are suspicious and curious—apt to take alarm, and in retiring to describe a circle which each successive start narrows until final attack or flight (according to circumstances) follows. The bulls get dangerous when old and ousted from the herd. The cows are dangerous when they have young calves, otherwise, if not wounded or at bay, they fly at your approach.





Wild Bull.

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